THE LITERARY DIGEST

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HOW TO SEND "THE LITERARY DIGEST" TO THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS—*Postmaster-General Albert S. Burleson, with commendable zeal and foresight for the comfort of our soldiers and sailors who will soon be representing their country in the great world-conflict, has arranged that every subscriber for* THE LITERARY DIGEST *can not only enjoy the privilege of reading it himself and having it read in his family, but can afterward, by the attachment of a one-cent stamp to the cover, have it passed along to our sailor boys and soldier boys in the camps and on the war-front. We heartily commend to our readers a careful reading of the Postmaster-General's announcement on the front cover of this week's issue of* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

FOURTH-YEAR HOPES OF PEACE AND VICTORY

WHILE THE GREAT WAR enters upon its fourth year with its close no more discernible to careful observers than when the first shots were fired, "the moral issues involved have been rendered unmistakably clear," the Chicago *Herald* believes, and "the only uncertainty about the military conclusion is the matter of months or years." The faith of those fighting "to make the world safe for democracy" is thus exprest by the New York *Evening Sun:* "We expect to-day as at first that the end will be catastrophic overthrow for the Kaiser and the military party of Germany and a dreary expiation by the German people of their sin in allowing themselves to be dragooned into the most immoral enterprise of the ages." It is but fair to note that the official utterances of our adversaries upon this third anniversary of the war breathe like confidence in the outcome. The Emperor of Germany proclaimed that the thoughts of the German people "stand resolute in the determination to prosecute this righteous war of defense to a successful termination," and told his soldiers: "We are invincible. We shall be victorious. The Lord God will be with us."

THE FIRST SOLDIER OF OUR NATIONAL ARMY.

Henry C. Gilbert, of Washington, D. C., the first man accepted for military service under the workings of the selective draft.

But while the thunder of British guns in Flanders and the shouts of advancing German regiments in Russia seemed to be the loud echoes of these confident assertions, representatives of both sides were at the same time contributing to a symposium on peace. The continuance of the war beyond the three years' duration predicted by Lord Kitchener apparently called for justification from responsible statesmen. The new German Chancellor and the Austrian Foreign Minister gave out press interviews on peace; Allied suspicion of German peace-talk and determination to fight on till victory were voiced by the conferees at Paris, the Foreign Minister at Petrograd and the Premiers and leading statesmen of France and Britain. In other anniversaries of the war America had but an academic interest; now, as the Boston *News Bureau* points out, "the chronicle belongs henceforth to us also." And we find our own Secretary of State telling the nation what the war means to us and why we must conquer a peace.

German peace-hints are prefaced with assertions that the Teuton armies in Belgium and Roumania are fighting a defensive war. In the proclamation already quoted Emperor William affirms that his people may rest assured "that German blood and German zeal are not being gambled with for an empty shadow of ambition or schemes of conquest and subjugation, but in defense of a strong, free empire in which our children may live in security." Chancellor Michaelis denies imputations of coldness toward the Reichstag declaration for a peace without conquest, remarking, however, that "the enemy must also renounce any ideas of conquest." Count Czernin, Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, admits that his country is quite ready for an "honorable peace," and seems to give up both the idea of conquest and the hope of victory when he says:

"I do not care whether this admission is regarded as a sign of weakness or of strength. To me it

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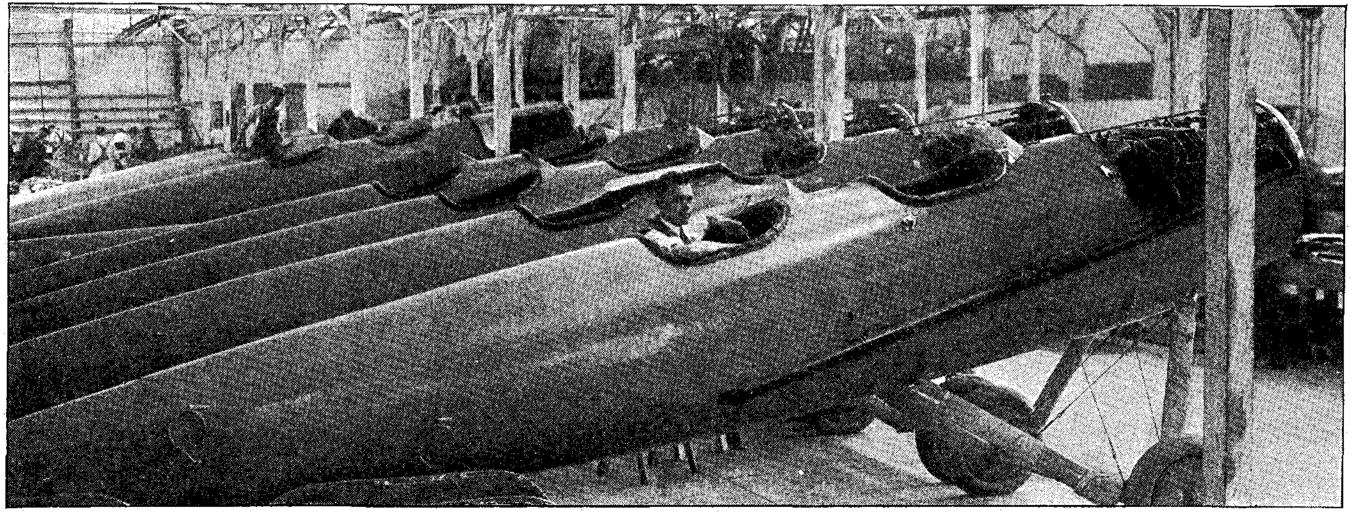

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THE FIRST ESSENTIAL FOR VICTORY IN THE AIR.

A scene in one of the factories where thousands of airplanes are being built for the United States Government. At the same time hundreds of young Americans are learning to fly, and will do their share toward blinding the eyes of the enemy's artillery in next year's battles.

> seems only a sign of common sense and morality which revolt against the idea of prolonging the war. I am absolutely convinced the Entente will never succeed in crushing us, and since in our position of defense we have no intention of crushing the enemy the war will end sooner or later in a peace by understanding. But to my way of thinking the natural conclusion is that the further sacrifices and suffering imposed on all humanity are useless and that it is necessary in the interests of humanity to reach a peace by understanding as soon as possible.
>
> "I shall not put the question who was responsible for the war, because it is useless to discuss the past in this connection. But I shall speak of the future, and I wish to express the desire that the world may succeed after the conclusion of peace in finding adequate means and expedients to prevent forever the recurrence of such a frightful war. . . . . . .
>
> "The democratization of constitutions is the great demand of the time. Both in Austria and in Hungary the Governments are putting their hands to this great work, but they are against intervention from the outside. We do not intervene in the internal affairs of other states and we demand complete reciprocity in this matter."

Austrian readiness for peace has long been evident to our editors, and they suspect that Germany's belligerent official outgivings and the firm grip of the military régime conceal an almost equal longing. The Boston *News Bureau* hears from within the German lines that leading citizens of Germany would welcome even such peace-terms as would be imposed by a victorious enemy, for,

> "They declare that Germany can not stand the loss of 3,000,000 more men, which loss must be faced if the war is to continue. They declare that, irrespective of the final result, the sacrifice of life in Germany has now reached such a point that further drain upon her man-power must be stopt. It is realized that if Germany loses 3,000,000 more men, she will be economically crippled, and will be unable to recover financial or economic strength within a generation."

Even in Government circles, according to a Stockholm correspondent of the New York *Globe*, there are men who would like to drop Belgium, Servia, and Alsace-Lorraine, and agree to pay indemnities if the end of the war can come quickly. The New York *Tribune's* Washington correspondent quotes an Entente diplomat as predicting that Germany will soon come out with a statement disclaiming any intention of establishing a "*Mitteleuropa*," and saying that Germany's claims are confined to restoration of her colonies and the establishment of an independent Poland.

But German peace-resolutions, peace-interviews, and mysterious peace-hints from private sources find little consideration from the nations now planning for a fourth year of war against the Central Powers. In Paris the conferees discussing the Balkan problem told how the nations they represented are "more closely united than ever in the defense of the people's rights," and "are resolved not to lay down arms until they have attained the end which, in their eyes, dominates all others—to render impossible a return of the criminal aggression such as that for which the Central Empires bear the responsibility."

Russian desire for peace and Russian military weakness have played a large part in German peace-plans. But Foreign Minister Terestchenko has sent to his Allies a reassuring message, in which he says:

> "In the presence of an enemy menace the country and the Army will continue with renewed courage the great work of restoration as well as the preparation on the threshold of the fourth year of the war for the coming campaign. We firmly believe that Russian citizens will combine all efforts to fulfil the sacred task of defending the beloved country, and that the enthusiasm which lighted in their breasts a flame of faith in the triumph of liberty will direct the whole invincible force of revolution against the enemy who threatens the country."

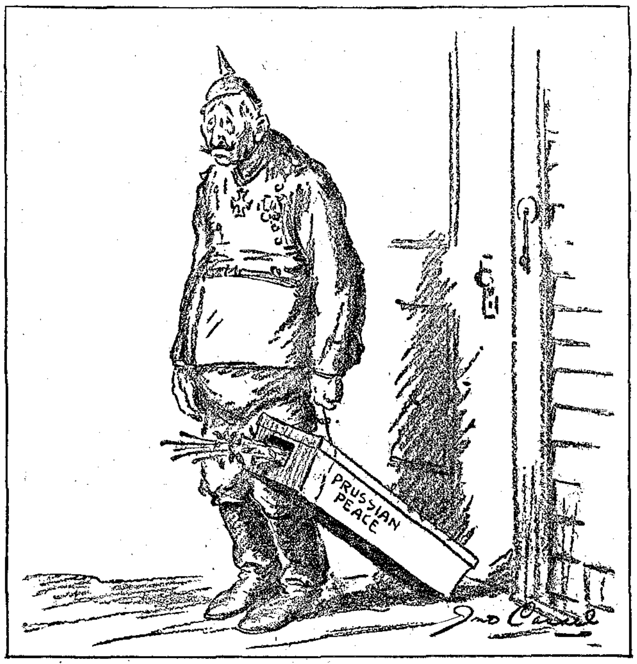
French confidence and determination at the beginning of the fourth year of the war were exprest by Premier Ribot in these words: "Until the people with whom we are at war finally awaken and free themselves from the detestable régime that oppresses them nothing will stop the Allies in their effort that will bring back peace to the world by the triumph of their arms." And in a speech in the Chamber of Deputies the Premier stated the national determination even more emphatically:

> "We wish peace, but peace sincere and honorable. What would peace made to-day be? We should renounce Alsace-Lorraine and be compelled ourselves to restore the destroyed provinces. Ruined France, which deserves to march at the head of civilization, would be allowed to live, but beside us would be the formidable block of the Central Empires, which would be the true masters. Alms would be given to Belgium. We should be made slaves.
>
> "Victory must be won."

"If I could talk with Lloyd George or Balfour," hopefully remarked Herr Mathias Erzberger, the Reichstag Centrist leader, not long ago, "I take it upon myself to say that in a few hours we should be at one over peace by agreement or over the foundation for it, in so far that afterward the official peace-negotiations could immediately begin." But the recent speeches of these two British statesmen do not indicate that peace will be secured in any such easy, offhand way. In answering for Great Britain the German Chancellor's speech which was quoted in these pages two weeks ago, Premier Lloyd George said he saw in it "a sham independence for Belgium, a sham democracy for Germany, a sham peace for Europe," and declared that "Europe has not sacrificed millions of her gallant sons to set up a sanctuary for sham." Mr. Lloyd George admitted that "what manner of government the Germans choose to rule over them is entirely a matter for the German people themselves." But, he added, "as to what manner of government we can trust to make peace, that is our business. Democracy is in itself a guaranty of peace, but if it can not be got in Germany, then we must secure other guaranties as a substitute." Mr. Balfour neatly express a similar idea when he asserted in Parliament that the peace of Europe could not be secured until Germany was "either powerless or free." A resolution in the House of Commons indorsing the principle of the Reichstag peace-resolution was defeated by the decisive vote of 148 to 19. In the debate on this proposal former Premier Asquith dealt with the subject of peace in part as follows:

> "Peace has become the supreme interest of mankind, but subject to an all-important condition, namely, that it is a peace which does not defeat the purpose for which the great nations entered upon and have continued the war and that it does not turn to waste the immeasurable loss and suffering which they have shared and are sharing in common. . . . . . .
>
> "The principle clearly agreed to by every one of the Allies is that in any rearrangement made the governing principle ought to be the interests and the wishes of the populations affected.
>
> "But is that principle acceptable to the Central Powers? Is Germany prepared not only to evacuate Belgium, but to make reparation for the colossal mischief and damage which accompanied her devastating occupation and the practical enslavement of a large portion of the Belgian people? Is she prepared not only to do that, but to restore to Belgium, not a pretense of, but absolute independence?"

Mr. Asquith's inquiry is set down by the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger* as only a rhetorical question, "for Mr. Asquith must know that, aside from a handful of dreamers, nobody thinks of handing Belgium again to England and France." But American editors find it a very practical question—in fact, the question upon which all peace-possibilities hang. As the New York *World* puts it, "until Germany begins to think, and think seriously, of handing back Belgium to the Belgians she may as well stop talking about peace." Only "when the German Government announces that it is willing to rebuild Belgium, to make reparation for the destruction in northern France, to consider the rights of Poland, to give guaranties that it will respect democracy, and thereby pave the way for a permanent world-wide peace," only then, says *The World's* well-informed Washington correspondent, will President Wilson consider peace with Germany. All the Government's plans, asserts the correspondent of the New York *Times*, "show conclusively that the United States has no thought that peace is in sight while Germany maintains her attitude of refusing to pay for crimes she has committed."



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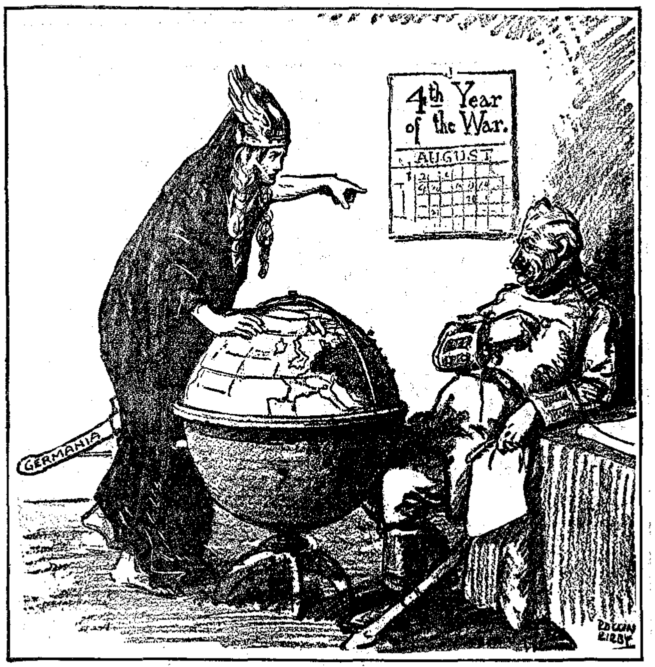
NOBODY HOME!

—Cassel in the New York *Evening World.*



WHERE IS YOUR PEACE WITH VICTORY?

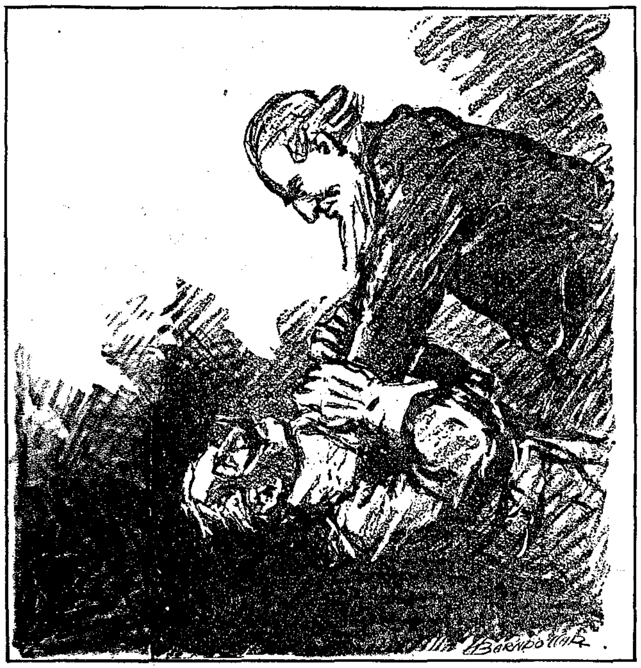
—Kirby in the New York *World.*

The greatest obstacle to any understanding with Germany or any such conversations as Herr Erzberger has suggested is, in the opinion of the New York *Evening Post's* representative at Washington, "the fundamental disbelief in the good faith of the Central Powers." Now, says *The Evening Post* editorially, at a time when Germany "needs all her reserves of good faith and confidence," she finds that she has "squandered her moral assets." As *The Post* continues:

> "A long course of lawlessness heaped upon duplicity, of brutality intermingled with deceit, has made every utterance of the German Government suspect. Hence the amazing, the painful unanimity with which public men and the press in all belligerent and neutral countries have looked upon the repeated peace-proffers of the German authorities as merely a snare for the unwary. Whom are they trying to trick now? What new betrayal are they preparing? For what fresh burst of ferocity is all this a mask? Such are the questions everywhere provoked by the German official advances in behalf of peace. Germany ostensibly holds out an olive-branch; but prudent statesmen insist upon examining it to see if it does not conceal a dagger. . . .
>
> "It is as if the word 'German' had now become the international trade-mark for double-dealing. This is the havoc which the German Government, in three years, has made of the proud old tradition of *Deutsche Treue!* To-day Germans look around the horizon and see nowhere a friend, nowhere a nation that is willing to accept the bare pledge of the German Government."

Mr. Balfour's declaration that Germany must be "either powerless or free" before peace comes has been seized upon by our press as a summary of the Allies' terms of peace. The New York *Times* calls it "the world's decree against Germany." "If the German people choose to be free," says *The Times*, "if they will proclaim and effect their deliverance from bondage to the Hohenzollern dynasty, from an imperialism, from militarism, if they will put down their abominable junker class and substitute the rule of democracy for the sway of the 'triple tyrant' of Hohenzollernism, junkerism, and militarism, they can have peace on terms that will preserve for growth in the arts of peace, for their prosperity and their happiness, the great estate the masters of the Empire have built up for use in war." But if they will not do that, then the Allies will make Germany powerless, and—

> "When she is made powerless she is ruined. She will have hazarded her national destiny upon the stake of a lot of miserable dynastic baggage and will have lost. The great Empire which was so slow in the making, which the German States had to be bludgeoned into creating, that Empire which has had such a marvelous development and became so mighty, will be a ruin of which there may be no rebuilding.
>
> "For to make Germany powerless for evil implies such a sapping of her strength that for long years she would be powerless for good, prostrate, impotent, stunted, without heart and without courage."



AND THEN PEACE.
—Barndollar in the Los Angeles *Times*.

Whatever progress has been made toward peace, says the Newark *News*, Germany "must sink lower physically or rise higher spiritually before we will lay down our arms," or, as the editor of *Life* puts it, "until the Germany that admired and emulated the Huns is done and there is a new one and some one with authority to speak for it, there can be no peace."

The New York *Globe* has no hope of Germany voluntarily making herself a fit neighbor for the rest of the world. As it points out—

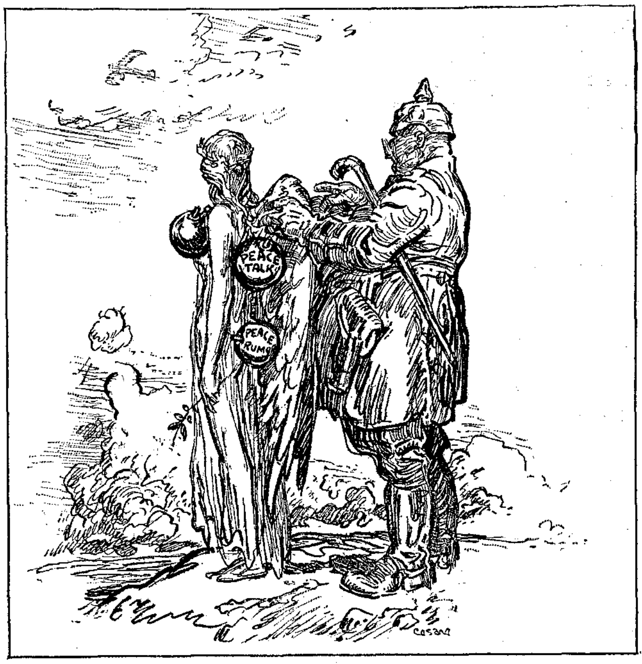
> "For three years the world has waited for the German people to disavow or modify the policy of their masters. The record is that when these masters are able to present basis for hope that their conquering plan will succeed all Germany hurrahs and waves flags. Pacifist propaganda in Germany makes no progress when saying the enterprise on which Germany is embarked is unrighteous. Its only argument is that conquest can not succeed. Should German armies occupy Paris, or the submarine campaign be successful, Scheidemann and his hypocritical colleagues of the German Reichstag would be silent as annexations occurred and indemnities were levied."

But the New York *Evening Mail*, which at one time showed sympathy for the German cause, has hopes that Germany may be made free without being made powerless. It believes that a less uncompromising attitude toward peace-negotiations will result in the complete reformation of Germany, reasoning thus:

> "Michaelis promises a cabinet morally responsible to the Reichstag. The German people can easily make that responsibility an actual one. They will do so as soon as their attention is not monopolized by what they consider a war of defense. If we remove from the German people the pressure of the fear of conquest and dismemberment, we shall set free the forces of German liberalism to work the governmental reform that we desire.
>
> "Join Russia in telling the German people that we are not seeking their dismemberment, and from within they will produce a democracy much more rapidly than it can be imposed from without. German autocracy is defeated to-day. Its admission of defeat is carried in Michaelis's acceptance of a peace that brings the German military leaders no advantage for all the wo and loss they have brought on their land. The nothing that Germany is willing to accept as a war-prize—all this could have been gained by staying at peace. The German people are to-day as ready as any other people to prevent wars in the future."

The most authoritative recent statement of American aims in this war and of our determination to see it through was the speech made by Secretary of State Lansing, at Madison Barracks, New York, on July 29. He said in part:

> "A great people, ruled in thought and word as well as in deed by the most sinister Government of modern times, are straining every nerve to supplant democracy by the autocracy which they have been taught to worship.
>
> "When will the German people awaken to the truth? When will they arise in their might and cast off the yoke and become their own masters? I fear that it will not be until the physical might of the united democracies of the world have destroyed forever the evil ambitions of the military rulers of Germany and liberty triumphs over its arch-enemy. . . . . . .
>
> "This is no war to establish an abstract principle of right. It is a war in which the future of the United States is at stake. If any among you have the idea that we are fighting others' battles and not our own, the sooner he gets away from that idea the better it will be for him, the better it will be for all of us.
>
> "Imagine Germany victor in Europe because the United States remained neutral. Who, then, think you, would be the next victim of those who are seeking to be masters of the whole earth? Would not this country with its enormous wealth arouse the cupidity of an impoverished, tho triumphant, Germany? . . . . Do you think that they would withhold their hand from so rich a prize?
>
> "Let me then ask you, would it be easier or wiser for this country single-handed to resist a German Empire flushed with victory and with great armies and navies at its command than to unite with the brave enemies of that Empire in ending now and for all time this menace to our future?
>
> "Primarily, then, every man who crosses the ocean to fight on foreign soil against the armies of the German Emperor goes forth to fight for his country and for the preservation of those things for which our forefathers were willing to die."



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"DROP THESE OVER THE ENEMY'S LINES."
—Cesare in the New York *Evening Post*.

THE ALLIED DRIVE IN FLANDERS

WHILE THE NEW ANGLO-FRENCH OFFENSIVE launched against the German line in Flanders on July 31 may result, as certain enthusiastic observers predict, in sweeping the Germans back from the sea along the entire Belgian coast, stamping out the *U*-boat base at Zeebrugge, and threatening the entire German line in the West with a flank attack, its immediate purpose, Mr. Frank H. Simonds, of the New York *Tribune*, assures us, is none of these things, but rather the bringing nearer of victory by attrition. "We shall fall into the German trap," Mr. Simonds warns us, "if we accept at once extreme and hardly obtainable objectives and then judge the success or failure of an opening move as it attains or fails to reach ends which can be attained only by long effort and at the close of an extensive campaign." In this connection it is interesting to note that a Berlin dispatch dated the day after the drive began dismisses it as a failure on the ground that it "was intended as an annihilating blow at the German submarines." But in a Paris dispatch of August 1 we read: "It is thoroughly recognized here that the operation is only the beginning of a battle that will last weeks, perhaps months, but it is also hoped and believed that its effects will be in proportion to the extraordinary care and vast scale on which it has been prepared."

A less restrained optimism rings through the words of another French correspondent, who, writing to the New York *Times* on the same date, predicts that "the end of the long nightmare is at hand." After quoting the remark of the Paris *Gaulois* that "on the result of this new battle, destined to pierce the German line from the North Sea to the banks of the Scarpe, depends in all probability the liberation of French and Belgian Flanders," he goes on to say:

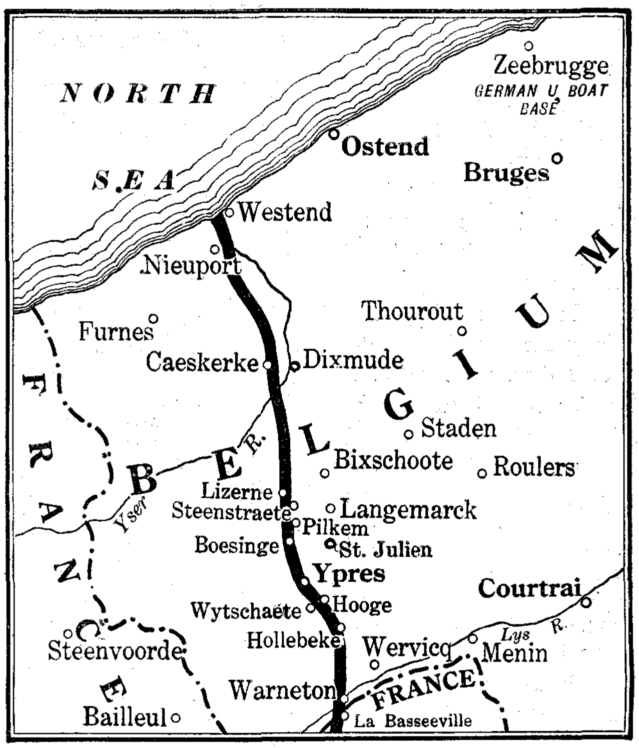
> "For the first time an Allied offensive has been launched with full force under a leader of sufficient caliber to push through the plans to the end, irrespective of difficulties or criticism. In Pétain, France has found her Grant. Every writer on the war has remarked the closeness of the parallel with the Civil War. If Verdun was Gettysburg, Flanders will be the Wilderness.
>
> "For some weeks it has been known that the offensive of April would have been a success—that is, it would have broken the German front—had the attack been prest home. This time there is to be no hesitation such as saved the Germans then."

In our own capital no less than in Paris this new Allied offensive arouses great expectations. Thus in a Washington dispatch to the New York *World* we read:

> "The British-French assault on the German right flank has made a profound impression here, because in the judgment of many American Army officers it is directed at the most vulnerable point on the entire German front.
>
> "Complete success for the Allies, sweeping the German line back from the sea along the entire Belgian coast, would be an immediate answer to the *U*-boat warfare. The main North Sea bases for *U*-boat operations would be stamped out. Behind that achievement then would stand the possibility that the entire German line in France could be endangered by a flank attack. . . . . . .
>
> "The discussion here brought out strongly the fact that many American officers who have studied the situation believe the German right flank offers the only real opportunity to bring the struggle to a decisive issue in a single campaign.
>
> "There are officers who believe that with the Allies' greater forces and more powerful artillery, they now could be certain of fairly quick success if trench-fighting could be abandoned for the shift and strategy of field operations. The Germans, these officers say, also know this, and have no intention, if they can help it, of permitting any change in the battle-scheme."

In the same dispatch other American observers are quoted as saying that unless the drive is supplemented by naval cooperation, with a landing behind the present German front, complete success could not be expected. Returning to Mr. Simonds's interpretation of the new offensive, we read:

> "The test of Allied success or failure will be the comparative casualty lists of the two forces, the ultimate condition of the two armies when the struggle ends because of weather conditions, and the amount of ground conquered will be of only secondary importance. Recall that Grant broke the back of the Confederacy in his campaign from the Rapidan to the James in 1864 without winning a decisive victory or attaining one of his immediate objectives. His campaign led to ultimate success because the South could not replace casualties and he could.
>
> "It is well to bear in mind that the British attack may be shifted to the La Bassée sector—it may be transferred south of Lens or it may continue on the present front. The initiative now remains permanently with the British. And the explanation of the German attacks upon the Chemin des Dames is plainly to be found in the presence of French troops in Flanders. Clearly the Germans, aware of this transfer, sought to prevent it by pressure exerted along the Aisne. And it is clear that their costly efforts were a failure. We are probably at the beginning of the greatest campaign of the war."



GERMANY'S ENDANGERED RIGHT WING.

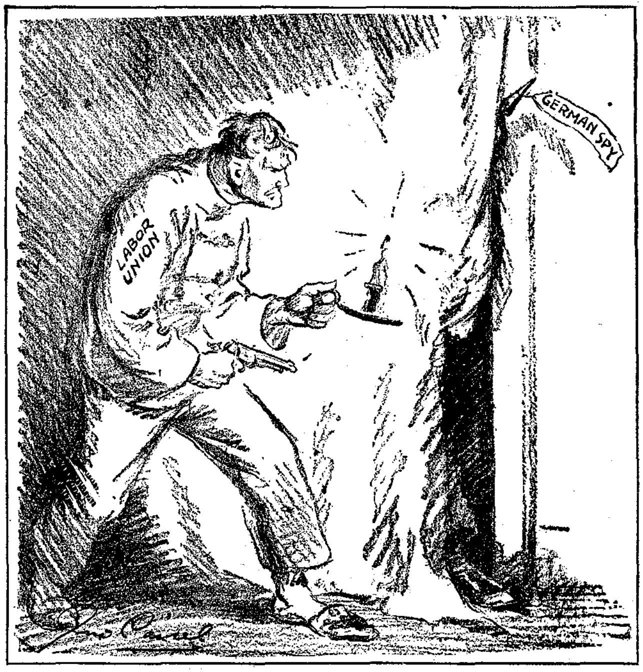
British and French forces attacked on July 31 from Dixmude to Warneton, and took German trenches to a depth of about two miles on a front of twenty miles.

In the fact that the French are cooperating with the British in this drive and at the same time fighting a successful defensive battle on the Aisne, the New York *Globe* sees a crushing answer to the German claim that France is exhausted. Says this paper:

> "The sacrifices of France have been enormous, but French unity and determination to see the war through to success were never stronger than now. France realizes more than ever that French existence is at stake, and power as well as will to fight on remains. The French armies are more numerous than at any time. French factories are producing more guns and munitions, and French economic life shows an improvement. The class of 1918 has not gone to the front, while the German class of the same year has been in the trenches since March.
>
> "France is not exhausted or anything like it, as the achievements of her *poilus* and the spirit of Paris sufficiently attest. France looks for an end of the war as soon as the United States furnishes the air-ships necessary to give unquestioned air-supremacy. Then her incomparable infantry and artillery, with the aid of the British Army of equal or greater strength, will smash the life out of Kaiserism. Germany, given the choice between making herself free or being rendered powerless, has selected the latter, and events proceed to their appointed end."

TO MAKE LABOR'S AMERICANISM SAFE

WAR TO A FINISH is being waged upon all agencies and organizations that aim to spread pro-German propaganda in labor-circles, and this offensive is launched by the American Federation of Labor and the Central Federated Union, of New York, under the name of the American Alliance for Labor and Democracy. According to an interview with Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, in the New York *Tribune*, its purpose is to settle "whether or not the labor-movement in this country shall be American or anti-American. Our work will be to Americanize that element of the working class not yet thoroughly Americanized and combat those who under any name would prostitute the name of labor for the benefit of the foes of the United States and of labor." Mr. Gompers further asserts that labor is loyal to this Government and will support its efforts to carry on the war "for justice, freedom, and democracy to a triumphant conclusion." Attempts of German propagandists to use the labor-movement, and especially the American Federation of Labor, we read in *The Tribune's* news columns, were exposed soon after the beginning of the war when the epidemic of strikes in munition-centers was checked by Mr. Gompers. Later, an effort was made to bribe the Longshoremen's Union to tie up shipping in the port of New York. Mention is made also of the efforts of the Labor Peace-Council which were exposed by grand-jury action resulting in the conviction of David Lamar and Captain von Rintelen. The present movement, against which the American Alliance for Labor and Democracy is designed, we are told, is a coalition of the Socialistic element in some of the larger unions that for years have fought the Gompers régime and pro-German interests allied with the Labor Peace-Council.



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AFTER HIM!

—Cassel in the New York *Evening World*.

In sharp criticism of the proposal of Mr. Gompers and his associates to Americanize the labor-movement, the Socialist New York *Call* says that what he means of course is "to wean the Jewish unions of the East Side and Brownsville of their Socialist—and incidentally their antiwar—proclivities." But it avers that this can not be done, because these unions were organized by Socialists, elect Socialist officers, and support Socialist candidates at election; and addressing Mr. Gompers, this journal adds:

"There is just one thing the matter. The so-called 'American' unions, that is, those whose members are not Jews, happen not to have much numerical strength in New York. The great garment unions, nearly all Jewish, and altogether Socialist, happen to number the bulk of the labor-movement in the city. The printers, and some others, are also numerous, but, adding them all up, the great bulk of the organized workers are of that great group.

"There is nothing that can be done about it, except to try to convert the Socialists away from their folly—if you can—or else to try to organize the so-called 'Americans,' who are 'patriotic.'

"But, may it not be true that those unions that have fought so many gallant and winning fights, those unions that have won so many wonderful victories for labor, are the best Americans of all, despite their Jewish names and their Socialist proclivities?

"That is worth looking into, Samuel."

INSURANCE FOR OUR FIGHTING MEN

PESTIFEROUS PENSION GRAFT will become a thing of the past through the Treasury's indemnity-insurance plan for our soldiers and sailors. This prospect is visioned by certain observers who hold, as the Louisville *Courier-Journal* puts it, that the existing pension system has been "one of the greatest grafts that has been fastened upon the Federal Treasury during the history of the country." The insurance of the lives and the physical ability of our fighting men is a straightforward, businesslike means of providing indemnity and a means of avoiding all payment of huge sums in the aggregate, *The Courier-Journal* says further, to persons whose claims for pensions are wholly fraudulent, "yet succeed because neither political party has the temerity to tackle graft in pensions and cast it out." The Topeka *State Journal* considers the insurance of our soldiers and sailors only a new application of the well-known principle of employees' insurance, especially for those engaged in hazardous employment, and it adds that the wisdom and justice of a great Government in applying the principle to its citizens who for their country's sake engage in the extra hazardous employment of war are apparent to all. The Baltimore *Sun* hopes that the Government's plan will be put in shape as soon as possible, and the Omaha *News* thinks the Administration should have no trouble with Congress when it presents a finished plan, for Congress will be responsive because it will hear from millions of American homes. In the announcement of the project given to the press by the Treasury Department, we read:

"The whole proposition is based on the fundamental idea that the Government should, as a matter of justice and humanity, adequately protect its fighting men on land and sea and their dependent families. It aims to hearten the families of the men who go to the front and at the same time to give to our soldiers and sailors the comforting assurance that whatever may be their fate, their loved ones at home will not be left dependent upon charity. It is proposed to impose on the public treasury the obligation of indemnifying justly the men who have entered, or are about to enter, the American Army and Navy to fight in the cause of liberty. With our men on the soil of France and hundreds of thousands of others about to enter the service of their country, the question is one of justice and fairness and the plan should be as liberal as it is possible for a just and generous republic to make.

"Under the plan discust it is suggested that provision be made for the support of dependents of soldiers and sailors by giving them an allotment out of the pay of the men; and also an allowance by the Government; that officers and men be indemnified against death or total or partial disability; that a system of rehabilitation and reeducation of disabled men be inaugurated; and that the Government insure the lives of sailors and soldiers on their application at rates of premium based upon ordinary risks."

The new system would be administered, it is further stated, by the Bureau of War-Risk Insurance of the Treasury Department, which is already writing war-risk insurance on masters, officers, and crews of American merchant vessels and on American hulls and cargoes. In the August *Public Bulletin* of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, as quoted by the New York *Times*, we learn that it was at first suggested that the insurance companies themselves insure the fighters, but because the wishes of the Government were in the direction of indemnity insurance rather than life insurance, the company officials advised Secretary McAdoo that it would be more economical for the Government to insure the men. The Equitable asks the public to insist upon these things in connection with the insurance plan:

> "1. Immediately to urge a law providing protection for the soldier's dependents during his absence.
>
> "2. To prepare to establish reeducation schools to teach him a new trade if, through injury or sickness, he is prevented from following his usual occupation.
>
> "3. To provide a monthly cash indemnity (heretofore misnamed a pension), which the people shall pay through their Government to compensate him for loss of earning-power due to personal injury or impaired health resulting from military service.
>
> "4. To give his dependents, if he loses his life, a monthly cash indemnity to guard them against want until they are able to take care of themselves."

Instead of the old pension system with "its opening for extravagance, scandal, and fraud," the Equitable favors a plan which will in effect extend the workmen's compensation or indemnity idea from other Government employees to the fighting men of our Army and Navy, and we read:

> "Inasmuch as this is a direct obligation and the money is rightfully due, the word pension, which smacks of charity, should be abandoned.
>
> "Let Congress establish at once a Soldiers' Indemnity Fund and prepare an indemnity certificate or contract to be given every soldier when he enters the service. Let this indemnity contract state specifically, as similar private contracts do, the various contingencies for which the Government promises to pay the indemnity. This contract will give the soldier tangible evidence that the Government will take care of him and his family in case of need. To him it will be an asset as safe and secure and certain of performance as a Government bond. The claims under these soldiers' indemnity certificates should be investigated and adjusted by the Government as they are now by insurance companies. The operation of the entire plan can be carried on in a simple, inexpensive way.
>
> "If you agree that our soldiers should have such a scientific and businesslike indemnity plan in place of the present wasteful, and in some ways disgraceful, pension system, write your Senators and Congressman accordingly. Life-insurance officials responded to the request of the Government to give their views upon this subject of providing a substitute for the present pension system. At the conference it was made clear to the Government authorities that it was unwise to go to the expense of putting this plan into operation through the life-insurance companies, for the Government could itself handle it directly at less cost. The companies were ready to undertake it if the Government so desired.
>
> "It seems perfectly clear that if a workmen's compensation law is a good thing for Government employees (and we now have it), a Soldiers' Indemnity Fund on a similar plan would be a good thing for our soldiers and sailors. Why not let these men have the comfort of knowing when they enter this war that a grateful people have already provided financial protection for them and the loved ones whom they have left to go to the defense of the nation?"

The proposed Federal insurance for America's fighting men marks a new day, according to the Chicago *Herald*, which points out that—

> "The plan has been tested by the sundry belligerent countries. Canada, perhaps, had the most to teach the world, but Germany began the elaboration of a similar method of compensating war-sufferers within two weeks of the outbreak of hostilities."

A NEW NATIONAL PARTY

A NEW THIRD PARTY swings into national prominence with the election of Mr. John M. Baer to Congress from the first district of North Dakota, and as the Boston *Herald* and other journals see it, "only a rash political prophet would venture to talk of its future." Mr. Baer takes the seat in the House of Representatives made vacant by the death of Henry G. Helgesen, Republican, the press inform us, and some editorial observers are particularly disquieted that he ran on a platform which contained the slogan, "This is no time to make an issue of Americanism." It is recalled that he was elected by the Farmers' Non-partizan League of North Dakota, whose first great victory was won in the election last year when, as was related in THE LITERARY DIGEST for January 20, it captured every elective State office except one and elected three justices of the Supreme Court who indorsed the program of State-owned utilities. With such differences as twenty-five or thirty years may cause in political thinking, remarks the Springfield *Republican*, the Farmers' Non-partizan League is "the heir of the old Farmers' Alliance that was the forerunner of the Populist party," and this journal adds:

JOHN M. BAER,

The cartoonist, represents the Farmers' League of North Dakota in the House of Representatives.

> "Even the Farmers' Alliance of Senator Peffer and Congressman Jerry Simpson had socialistic projects on its program, as one may see by reading the Ocala platform, celebrated in its day as an agrarian pronunciamento. Conditions transformed the Farmers' Alliance and the Populist party into a free-silver propaganda, and the defeat of the free-silver movement under Bryan killed Populism in the West. Evidently this new agrarian movement in the Northwest, which now has a Governor and a Congressman to its credit, starts in where Populism minus free silver left off. In view of the hostility of many of the members of the new league to the war in which the United States is now engaged, the speakers of the National Security League should be sent in force to the Dakotas at the earliest opportunity."

The Boston *Transcript* is grieved that North Dakota should become "the storm-center for a sorry combination of old-time grangerism, socialism, I. W. W.-ism, and a form of pacifism with a distinctly German basis." Yet it is not wholly surprized, for it says the farmers of that State, who are a majority of the population, have certainly suffered from that "peculiar organization of trade which gives the farmer a very small price for his produce while managing to collect a very large price from the consumer." Failing to get redress for their grievances from either the Republican or Democratic party, they organized themselves, and while no one would blame them for trying to run their own political affairs their "singular accessibility to perilous social and international ideas, entirely outside of their economic grievance, seems to indicate that they want to do a good deal more than that," and this journal adds:

> "For one thing, they have, as we have seen, sternly condemned 'Americanism.' And they seem to have some basis for this in their blood. North Dakota, by the last national census, that of 1910, had a larger percentage of foreign-born population than any other State. The two elements of foreign born, chiefly Swedes, and of native whites with foreign-born parents, were four-fifths of the whole population of the State. It is well known that most of the Swedes of the Northwest, in those districts where they constitute the majority and have been but imperfectly Americanized, are in sympathy with the Germans in this war. This poison has evidently entered into the veins of the Farmers' Non-partizan League. We must therefore regard the newly elected Congressman from the first

district of North Dakota, Mr. Baer, as the representative of a foreign influence in our Congress. Noting its evil presence, we must earnestly hope that the influence of the struggles and sacrifices of the war, in which North Dakota can not help but take part, will have an inspiring and a nationalizing effect, and will tend to convince the non-partizan opponents of the war, that there is something in Americanism after all. The North Dakotans are in the wine-press with the rest of us. They may come out of it with their blood and their thoughts flowing in the general and loyal stream."

Nevertheless we find the highest commendation of Mr. Baer's platform in *Issues and Events* (New York), a weekly whose sympathies before our entrance into the war were frankly pro-German, which credits him with making a "square fight, not against the war, but against the errors, confusion, and omissions which have so far involved the issues." Mr. Baer's victory, we are told, is one of "sane thinking over popular hysteria, but more than that, a rebuke to that recurring Federalism in our Government which once upon a time threatened to establish a king within the independent Colonies, and fastened upon them for a time the infamous Alien and Sedition Laws." *Issues and Events* informs us further that the platform of the Non-partizan League in the Baer campaign is "sharply at variance with the war-aims of the Administration on several points." It declared unequivocally for "our country, right or wrong," but with this "important qualifying clause": "Still we hold that when we believe our country wrong, we should endeavor to set it right." *Issues and Events* quotes further from the platform as follows:

"We therefore demand that our Government, before proceeding further in support of our European Allies, insist that they, in common with it, make immediate public declaration of terms of peace without annexation of territory, indemnities, contributions, or interference with the right of any nation to live and manage its own internal affairs.

"We demand the abolition of secret diplomacy.

"To conscript men and exempt the blood-stained wealth coined from the sufferings of humanity is repugnant to the spirit of America and contrary to the ideals of democracy.

"We declare freedom of speech to be the bulwark of human liberty, and we decry all attempts to muzzle the public press or individuals upon any pretext whatsoever. A declaration of war does not repeal the Constitution of the United States, and the unwarranted interference of military and other authorities with the rights of individuals must cease."

Hot denial of any disloyalty in North Dakota as reflected in the platform of Representative Baer (whose campaign is sketched on page 40 of this issue) was made on the floor of the House by his Republican colleague, Mr. Patrick D. Norton, who, with reference to an editorial in an Iowa paper, said:

"An attempt is made in this article to discredit my State because of the recent election of John M. Baer. On account of this and of similar slurring reflections appearing in Washington and New York papers I am impelled to say that his loyalty and patriotism need no defense. He comes from a long line of fighting stock. His father was a Union soldier and his brother was killed in the Spanish-American War. His election was not won on a pacifist platform or in opposition to the present war. In his campaign he favored conscription and the carrying on of the war to a successful conclusion. . . . . . .

"If the rest of the people do as well as the farmers of North Dakota there will be no occasion for any one to fear that monarchy and autocracy will not receive a final death-blow in this war, and that a reign of real democracy will have new birth."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

Evidently the Prussian diet is pie for the junkers.—*Chicago Daily News.*

The Army having been drawn, the next thing will be to quarter it.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Norwegian Mission will do plenty of explaining, but our Allies need the food.—*Wall Street Journal.*

The Crown Prince seems to know all the impregnable points of the French line.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Low birth-rate scares Germany, for she can not afford a failure in the crop of future taxpayers.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Rather more than nine persons out of ten guess wrong about the subject-matter of Mary Austin's new novel, "The Ford."—*Boston Herald.*

The soldiers fighting on the Euphrates have come to the conclusion that that story about the Garden of Eden was a myth.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Kaiser imagines that changing the needle changes the tune, but it will be the same old record on the same old machine.—*Wall Street Journal.*

The secret of the sedition of the Mayor of Chicago has been shrewdly guessed. He will be a candidate for the United States Senate.—*Springfield Republican.*

Senator Lewis, of Illinois, fancies the German Chancellor made a "direct bid" for peace. It was not loud enough to be caught by the auctioneer.—*New York World.*

If the tons upon tons of iron crosses awarded in Germany had only been dropt from airplanes, the destruction of London might have been completed.—*New York Evening Sun.*

The active participation of the Crown Prince in the present crisis suggests the belief that the Kaiser is thinking less of a place in the sun than of a place for the son.—*Pittsburg Post.*

Any one who supposes German military authorities would keep silence about it if they really had Kitchener as a prisoner gives them undue credit for reticence and modesty.—*New York World.*

It is comprehensible why the Teuton advance in Galicia should slacken as it approaches the line of Okrimovice, Romanouvka, Jerebki, Colodievka, Polnankaletmanska, Eleonorouvka, and Sorokikrogouletz.—*New York Evening Post.*

Bad as it is, the Russian situation may be less dangerous, with the Germans striking at the heart of the country, than it was in the anxious weeks of truce on the front while German agents sought to effect a separate peace.—*New York World.*

Great Britain's best reprisal for airplane-raids upon defenseless cities would be the same kind of raids upon the bases from which the German aerial squadrons operate. Either way the distance is the same, and it is no more difficult for London to bomb Zeebrugge than for Zeebrugge to bomb London.—*New York World.*

The real peacemakers to-day are at the front.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Germany can lick any army that stops to talk socialism.—*Wall Street Journal.*

The French-Canadians appear to be neither French nor Canadians.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

That Russian "drive" always seems to be pulled off on a circular track. —*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Michaelis sees the Teutons victorious. For a man of sixty, Mike has remarkable eyesight.—*Wall Street Journal.*

The Russian Army appears to have adopted the recall as a fundamental article of its military discipline.—*New York Sun.*

Senator La Follette may have a dark deep plan to make Senatorial courtesy so odious that it will be abolished.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

That North Dakota cartoonist elected to Congress can earn his stipend if he does no more than to enliven *The Record.*—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Peace and freedom" is one of the slogans of the Germans. Let them keep on till they get freedom and they will soon have peace.—*Pittsburg Post.*

It's mighty expensive having a big family these days. Uncle Sam has just bought 2,175,000 pairs of shoes for the boys.—*Spokane Spokesman Review.*

The Kaiser has spoken slightingly of America. But that isn't a marker to what America has said of the Kaiser.—*Philadelphia North American.*

German air-squadrons have been trying to locate the encampment of American soldiers in France. If they will only wait awhile the troops will save them the trouble.—*New York World.*

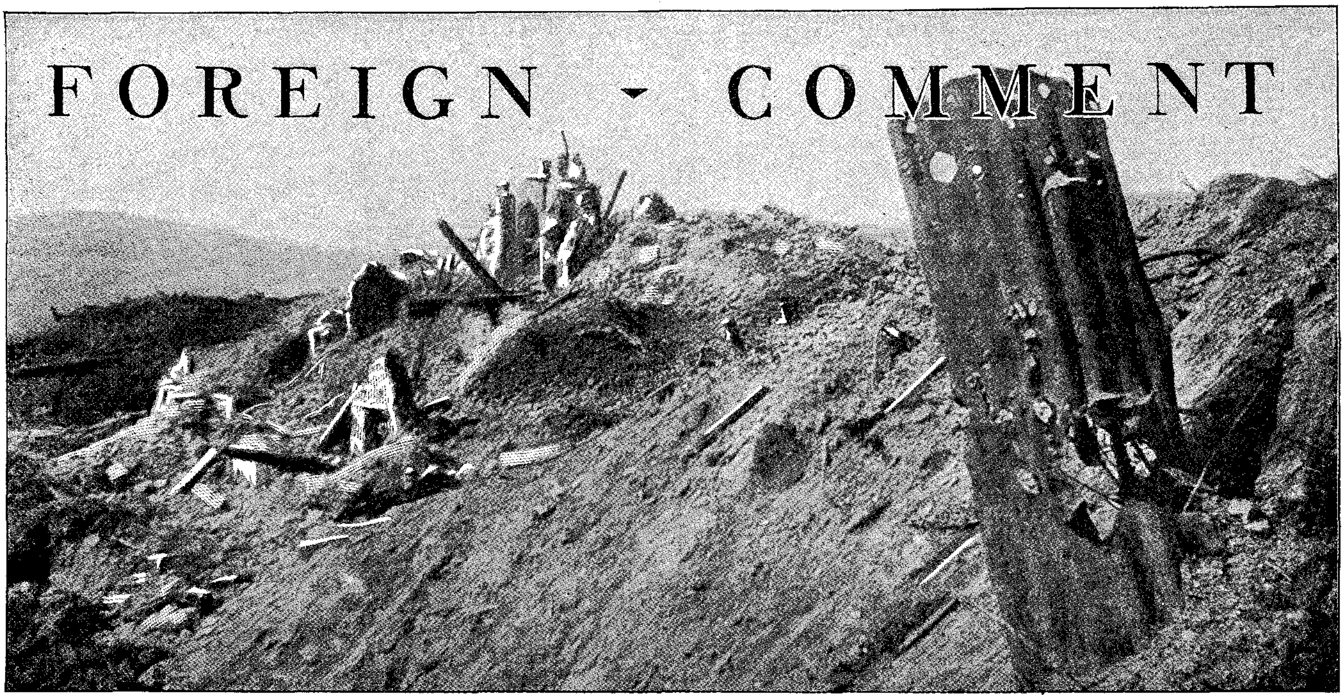
If the Kaiser really expects any credit from the world at large for attending church services, he might run over to Belgium every Sunday and listen to a sermon by Cardinal Mercier.—*Wall Street Journal.*

It is easy to understand Colonel Roosevelt's action in refusing to take breakfast with Mayor Bill Thompson of Chicago. Breakfast is a meal dreary enough without extraordinary annoyances.—*Kansas City Star.*

"Hits on objects aimed at were observed," is the official report from Berlin on the air-raid on Paris. The actual result was the bombing of a Red-Cross hospital and the killing of doctors and nurses. By German testimony, then, this was the object it was sought to attain.—*New York World.*

About the only argument in favor of autocracy that appeals to Americans is found in the fact that under an autocracy the so-called German-American press would not be permitted to misrepresent the American Government, malign the nation's allies, and encourage the nation's enemies. —*Chicago Daily News.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

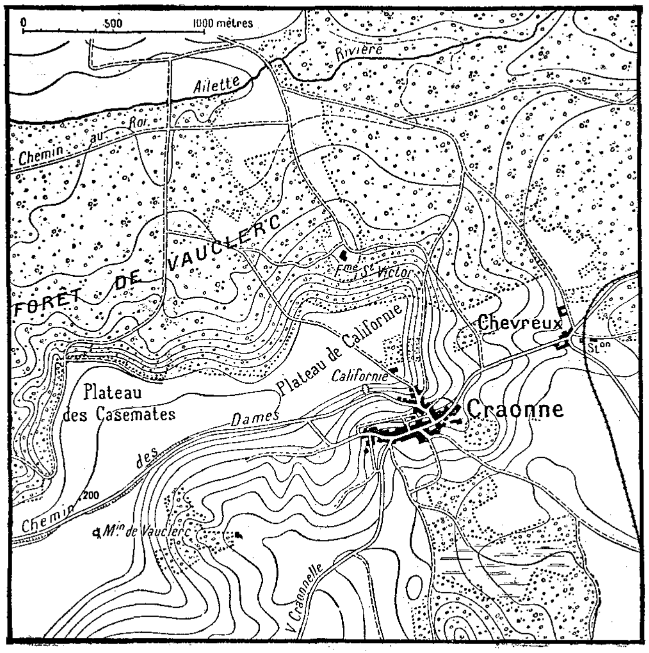


ALL THAT IS LEFT OF CRAONNE, THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

THE BATTLE OF CRAONNE—A SECOND VERDUN

AN UNSPECTACULAR, but none the less one of the most important battles of the war, say the experts, has been in progress since April 16, along the Chemin des Dames—or Ladies' Way—in Champagne and centering around the village of Craonne. Some observers consider that while the battle-line sways back and forth so that hardly any ground has changed hands, even the struggle for Verdun is not surpassed by this battle in importance. The London *Fortnightly Review* gives us a convenient summary of the long struggle. It recalls General Nivelle's failure in this section earlier in the spring, the German offensive under the Crown Prince, and the successful French counter-advance west of Reims on April 16 and 17. It proceeds:

"On the 18th the French troops operating east of Reims carried nearly the whole of the high ground adjoining the village of Moronvilliers. This *massif*, as it is termed in the Paris *communiqués*, and of which Mont Haut is the central citadel, was seized by the Germans after their retreat from the Marne and fortified with the usual elaboration. The position was the key to the whole situation between Reims and Auberive, and as long as the Germans held it the menace to Reims remained. The capture of the *massif* . . . was a brilliant feat of arms, of which our Allies have good cause to be proud."



THE CHEMIN DES DAMES.

In their efforts to take the Casemates and Californie plateaux, which would give them command of the Chemin des Dames—or Ladies' Way—the Germans, under the Crown Prince, are sacrificing men and material to no effect.

From that moment on the battle has raged with an almost daily regularity, the writer tells us, and proceeds:

"After the exhausting three days' battle extending over April 16 to 18 there was a comparative lull in the fighting till April 22, when the Germans gathered themselves together for a series of counter-attacks, which were continued on and off for twelve days and cost the enemy many valuable lives without bringing him any corresponding gains. . . . On April 28, the Paris *communiqué* of that date announced that from the beginning of the French offensive on April 16 the number of prisoners captured amounted to 20,730, with 175 guns, 412 machine guns, and 119 trench-mortars."

The capture of the Craonne plateau, which is the scene of constant German attacks, is thus described:

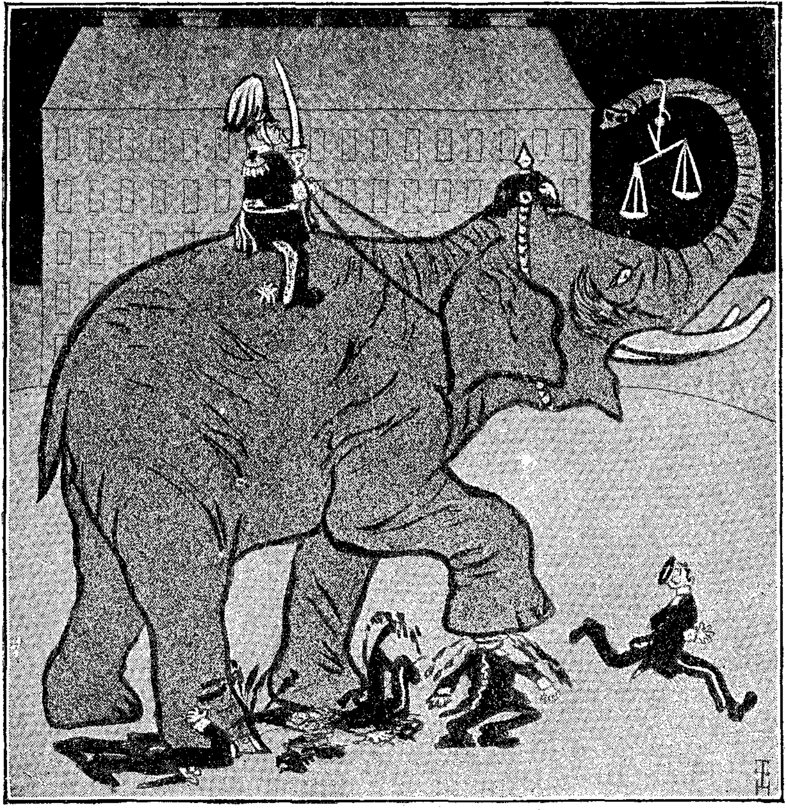
"On May 4 the French returned to the attack, and in a 'brilliantly conducted operation' succeeded in capturing the village of Craonne. While this attack was in progress four French divisions attempted to break through the German lines in the neighborhood of Berry-au-Bac. Owing to causes which need not be discust, the attempt was a failure, and led to the French incurring heavy losses, but next day this tactical set-back was avenged by a brilliant victory which culminated in the capture of the whole of the unconquered portion of the Chemin des Dames between Cerny-en-Laonnois and Craonne. By the evening of May 5 French troops were looking down on the Ailette Valley and the Forêt de Vauclerc on the northern slopes of the Craonne plateau. . . . The salient was flattened out, and the French were masters of the crest on which the Chemin des Dames runs over a front of something more than eighteen miles. The victory was complete, the French objectives being everywhere reached, while as the result of the two days' offensive 5,800 prisoners, including 150 officers, fell into French hands along with seven guns."

The Fortnightly tells us of the effects of this victory, which are still undisturbed:

"The moral effect of this striking victory was even greater than its material gain. The French now feel, as our troops do, that they can beat the Germans on their own chosen battle-ground and force them out of their subterranean lairs into the open field. The capture of the Chemin des Dames plateau was a fitting sequel to the capture of the Vimy ridge. German invincibility is now a legend of the past. Neither our Allies nor ourselves have anything to fear from Hindenburg or from any other German commander who may succeed him. His claim of invulnerability for his 'iron wall' has proved to be an empty boast. The Allies have only to go on as they have begun with a succession of continuous alternative blows, the British striking one day and the French another, and Hindenburg's line, which has already been bent, will be broken into pieces. There is no reason for calling a halt, since we have got all we want with which to carry on a continuous cooperative offensive—men, munitions, and money, and, above all, that priceless asset of a good cause, which is the best assurance of final victory."

The London *Outlook* tells us why the Crown Prince keeps battering away at this front:

"The present German attacks in western Champagne, unlike those on the Meuse, are not designed to produce a *Durchbruch*, but merely to force the French commander-in-chief to use up this year on the defensive the effectives he is supposed to be husbanding for a 1918 offensive. We must also remember that since the Verdun battles the tactics of the attack have been improved in such a manner as to render it more economical than the defense."



IN DARKER GERMANY.

How the military system acts on the individual.

—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

A German view fifteen years ago. This cartoon from the Bavarian weekly appeared in THE LITERARY DIGEST in January, 1904.

The success at Craonne has been costly to France, so costly, we learn, that General Nivelle was removed from his command, and General Pétain, the victor of Verdun, appointed in his place. Discussing this move in the French Chamber, Mr. Painlevé, the War Minister, is reported by the Paris *Temps* as saying:

"Grave mistakes were committed in the course of the last offensive. We do not wish to deny them or to minimize them. France is sure enough of herself to be able to face the truth. The results obtained have been paid for very dearly, and heavy losses have been suffered, without, however, reaching the ridiculous figures which have been spread—we know by whom; but the losses have been too cruel when they could have been avoided, and they must be avoided in the future."

Since General Pétain took hold, says *The Westminster Gazette*, these battles are a series of consistent German defeats, for the Crown Prince is "shattering his forces" in vain:

"Probably the launching of the main offensive of the Germans in Champagne was influenced by the belief that the French would be found weak there after the April failure. That has proved another enemy miscalculation. The Germans have done their best. They have spared neither men nor material. . . . It is all to the good that the Germans should continue these attacks, with the disproportionate losses which they involve—for it means that their strength is weakened at a time when it is no longer possible for them to make good their losses."

What this French success means for the future the Paris *Gaulois* tells us:

"We must expect from one day to another to effect the upheaval of the whole of the Western front, not a mere eruption, which the enemy is endeavoring to delay, if not to avoid, by using all the material means at his disposal, and by throwing all his units successively into the battle."

THE GERMAN SHOCK-ABSORBERS

ARMIES, LIKE AUTOMOBILES, when thoroughly up to date, must be equipped with shock-absorbers. This is the latest discovery of German efficiency, and *Stosstruppen*, or shock units of about four hundred men each, are now attached to each army corps. American correspondents at the French front tell us that the "shock units" are specially formed for difficult operations which the ordinary regiments evidently are regarded as unqualified to undertake, and are formed from among the young, vigorous men of the regular battalions. They are nearly all unmarried men, or, if married, are childless, because the rate of mortality among them is high and pensions are expensive. They, in fact, resemble the "forlorn hopes" of old-time wars, except that they are not volunteers.

From German prisoners it is learned soldiers who are insubordinate or otherwise in disgrace are sent into the ranks of these special units destined to sacrifice themselves in attacks on specially important positions, such as the Chemin des Dames, which have hitherto resisted attack. The London *Times's* correspondent at British General Headquarters thus describes the *Stosstruppen* in action:

"The affair on Mont des Singes, which was much the bigger operation, began with a German success, entirely due to the action of the *Stosstruppen*, and ended in the recovery of the whole of the ground lost in the first surprize, with the exception of one small length of trench. Up to the moment of the enemy attack both sides held trenches just below the plateau on the summit of the hill. The French had, however, managed to push forward a short communication-trench ending in an observation post, from which they commanded some view of the enemy's positions beyond. By a sudden rush a body of *Stosstruppen*, carrying only grenades and working in their shirt-sleeves, carried this post and trench and swept on down the longer communication-trench below it, the French retiring before them as they advanced. Having rushed along it as far as they could without incurring heavy losses, they made way for ordinary troops behind belonging to a division which had lately come from the Russian front, and fell back to the rear, after duly carrying out the job for which they were intended."

The correspondent passes on to compare the French and German methods, and we learn:

"The French have none of these separate 'shock' troops. Their plan is to train behind the front officers, N.C.O.'s, and men temporarily drafted from their proper regiments as specialists in the various weapons of attack, and then, before they rejoin their units as instructors, to put them through a kind of final examination in what they have been learning by posting them for a short time to some section of the front line where, as a separately organized force, they can try their newly acquired knowledge of the handling of hand-grenades, rifle-grenades, machine guns, and machine rifles on the *corpus vile* of the enemy."

How this plan works out in action is shown in his description of a brush at Mont Cornillet. It runs:

"On the ridge between it and Mont Blond, a little to the east, the Germans had still one observation post, the only one left to them on the Moronvilliers *massif*, from which they still commanded a view of a small part of the French lines on the plain. The object of the newly trained detachment was to take this post and two lengths of the front trenches communicating with it. That was their test examination. Only sixty-two of them were employed—squads of grenadiers and a handful of *fusil-mitrailleurs*, supported by machine guns and 37's, and followed by four sections of infantry ready to take over the trenches when they should be captured. They were opposed by two companies, all young men, commanded by Guards officers. The attack was to begin at 3:30 A.M. At three o'clock the enemy made a fruitless attack of his own, which lasted half an hour, and then the sixty-two, who in the whole engagement lost only three killed and seventeen wounded, made their dash. In half an hour the four sections had joined up, and in a very short time, after a stout resistance, the enemy were in full retreat from the disputed trenches, leaving 200 dead behind them."

Contrasting the two methods, the *Times* correspondent says:

"As for the difference between the two systems, it seems to me that the French plan of having no special 'shock' troops, but of, instead, training all regiments to act in that capacity when the effort is demanded of them, is decidedly better than the German method of creating a special *corps d'élite* for special occasions. The one makes the best use of regimental pride and *esprit de corps*, the other tends to weaken that invaluable quality by stripping individual regiments of their best fighters and giving almost inevitably to the residue a feeling of inferiority. But no doubt the Germans need no teaching as to the method which best suits the genius or the limitations of their nation and the necessities of the case."

GREEDY AMERICA AGAIN—We greedy Americans come in for no small denunciation at the hands of the Bremen *Weser Zeitung*. What we dared to do was to take over the South-American trade cut off from Germany by the war, and Germania weeps for her lost markets. The *Weser Zeitung* says:

"The efforts of the North-American money princes and their hireling Wilson to grab trade with South America, and especially to throttle with golden fetters Brazil and Argentina, assume constantly more ruthless forms. Brazil has for some time considered herself at war with Germany, and, according to the latest reports, Argentina is about to break off diplomatic relations. The outbreak of the war was the signal for the Yankees to hurl themselves upon South America, like vultures, and attempt to swallow Germany's share of trade with South America, amounting to $337,000,000 a year."

This organ of the National Liberal party and the great shipping interest of Bremen is not optimistic as regards the future:

"Future developments will depend primarily on the length of the war. The longer Germany is cut off from the South-American market, the harder she will find it to recover her share of trade. It is comparatively easy in the case of imports, but as to exports to South America it must be remembered that the demand for finished products exists and has not to be created; consequently, the longer the South-Americans are compelled to take non-German, and especially American, products, the more accustomed they will become to them and the more anxious to avoid another change."

THE IRISH CONVENTION

SINN-FEIN TRIUMPHS in recent elections have jeopardized, in the opinion of many, whatever chances of success the Irish Convention ever had. Thus *The Westminster Gazette* remarks upon the election of Mr. de Valera, the Sinn-Fein candidate who obtained so sweeping a majority in East Clare:

"There are many predictions as to the effect of the election on the Convention. It will, it is thought, make the Ulster Unionists see the unwisdom of trying to divide Ireland by their policy of separation, and the result of East Clare may be a *rapprochement* between the Ulstermen and the Nationalists, and the formation of a new center party prepared to stand against the extremists by accepting the responsibilities of an all-Irish Parliament at Dublin. The other view is that East Clare has shown that the Irish Convention no longer represents Ireland, and that therefore its decisions, if it comes to any, will not be accepted. In any event, the Sinn-Fein victory is a decisive call to the Home-Rulers of Ireland to have nothing to do with schemes for dividing Ireland."

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT.

This statesman, who, applying experience gained in America, has done more for Irish agriculture than any one man, was unanimously chosen as chairman of the Irish Convention. He has long been a Home-Ruler.

A restrained optimism characterizes the utterances of all Irish schools of thought except those of Mr. William O'Brien's followers and the Sinn-Feiners. For example, the Nationalist Dublin *Freeman's Journal* remarks:

"It implies a full admission by men of all parties that Home Rule is to be accepted. It also implies that the Government is in earnest, that the scope of its application and its shape are matters for Irishmen themselves to determine. The meeting of such a Convention would in itself be a rejection of the principle of definite and prolonged partition."

This journal is also pleased that Mr. Lloyd George has promised to "respect the decisions of the Convention":

"This promise to accept the decision of the Convention upon both the character and scope of the Irish constitution gives its assembly an even greater importance, and will enormously increase the force of its appeal to all the genuine Nationalists of Ireland."

The Independent Nationalist Dublin *Irish Independent* says:

"It is idle to pretend that anything short of full Colonial Home Rule will be regarded by Irishmen as a final settlement, and a final settlement is what the Government professes to have in view. Ireland will not be content with a provincial status within the Empire. Ireland demands, as Lord Monteagle suggests, 'a Dominion status as a self-government unit; her position must be coequal with that of Australia, Canada, and South Africa.'"

Another Nationalist paper, *The Irish News*, is hopeful:

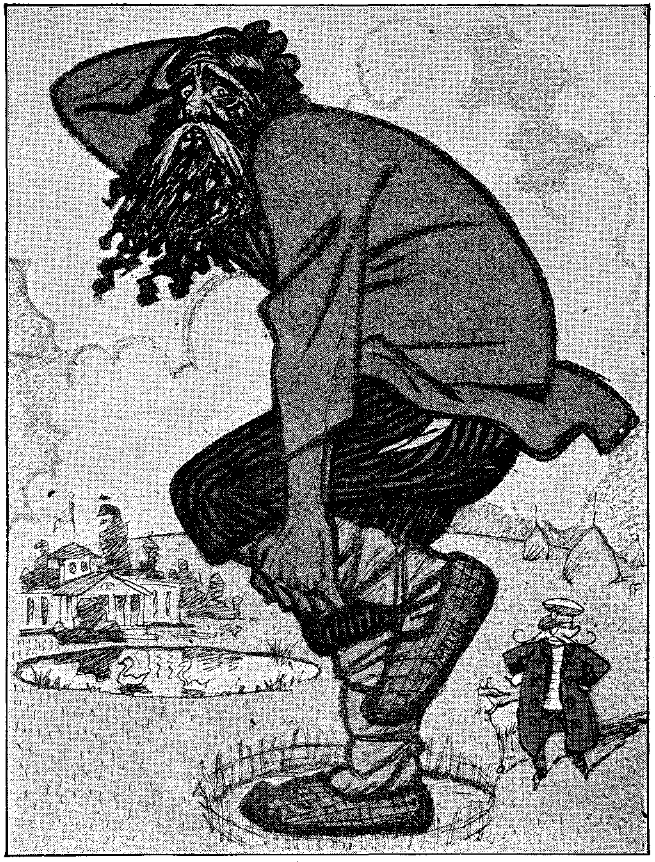
"Nationalists will take part in the deliberations of the Convention honestly and filled with hope, in the spirit of their spokesmen at Westminster. Should the great experiment fail, the fault will not rest with them. The basic fact is that all concerned are sincerely anxious for a satisfactory and final settlement."

The Irish Times, the organ of the Unionists in the Irish capital, says rather moodily:

"The Convention will demand from many Irishmen of all parties a tolerance, a breadth of view, and abandonment of prejudices, a constructive statesmanship which few individual Irishmen of any party have exhibited in recent years. It is possible to believe that they will not be wanting, but it would be folly to think that the recent course of Irish politics has fitted them for this supremely difficult task. The leaders of Irish Unionism do not pretend to be hopeful, tho they have refused to take the responsibility of closing their ears to this appeal."

A more hopeful view is taken by the London *Daily Mail*, which remarks:

"Throughout Great Britain there is no one but wishes well to Ireland in this great undertaking. That sympathy can best be shown by a patient faith in the fruits of time and freedom and in the innate shrewdness of the Irish character. The great mass of the Irish people have a conservative, businesslike side which has never yet found free play in the public life of their country, mainly because the 'wild men' could always throw the blame for their wildness upon the fact that they were denied self-government. That excuse is now being taken from them; their fate—and the whole world knows it—is in their own hands; and if an intractable extremism is permitted to rule the Convention the Irish will be alone to blame and Ireland alone will suffer."



SOMEWHAT CRAMPED.

LANDLORD—"Why stand in that position?"

PEASANT—"Because I can't put the other foot down without trespassing on your property." —*Novy Satirikon* (Petrograd).

GERMAN WAR-WEARINESS— Side-lights on conditions in Germany are constantly appearing in neutral countries. The latest is the report of a recently returned Swedish workingman, a Socialist, who thus writes in the Stockholm *Social Demokraten:*

"The war-weariness has, of course, grown greater day by day. . . . Now, when children of eighteen and old men of forty-eight are seen driven to the railway stations like fresh beasts to be slaughtered, there are no flowers thrown and no singing any longer. The days of glory and jubilation of the patriotic bluff are at an end even in military Germany! . . . The name of the Somme even to the Germans is now the great monster grave; they acknowledge this themselves. They also admit that Germany must return Belgium, the occupied parts of France, and perhaps Alsace-Lorraine also. Such things are, of course, spoken of very cautiously, but I have heard them even from soldiers who come from the front, who are thrown from one front to another in order to break up discontent by this means."

LAND-HUNGER IN RUSSIA

THE INTENSE CRAVING of the Russian peasant for land that he can call his own is vividly described in the Manchester *Guardian* by Mr. I. W. Shklovsky, better known as "Dioneo" of the Petrograd *Russkiya Vedomosti*. He tells us of the deep-rooted faith of the Russian *muzhik* that a millennium will dawn when every peasant will possess forty-five acres of land and how Holy Writ supports the belief. He says:

"The peasant class represents the greater part (77.1 per cent.) of the population of Russia; and, therefore, of all the problems forced into prominence by the revolution, the most urgent, and the one which most absorbs the attention of the peasantry, is the question of the land. To the *muzhik* the land constitutes not only his political ideal but his entire philosophy. The land holds the peasant in thrall; it influences his every act, his every thought; it forms his religious opinions, his notions concerning good and evil, his virtues, his vices, and his ideals. . . . . . .

"Even when he reads the Holy Bible the peasant discovers prophecies concerning his land, and he loves especially to interpret the Apocalypse in this way. Should he read the words 'and add,' he knows that they veil a prophecy the meaning of which is that to his piece of land will be added his landlord's estate. The village sage learns from the Apocalypse that in the day of the 'general partition of the land' (*tchorny peridyol*) to each *muzhik* will be allotted forty-five acres of land."

The peasant, we are told, had a touching faith in the old régime and the generosity of the Czar:

"The peasants' ideas of politics became a tradition which lasted through centuries, and which survived the most convincing disproof furnished by the events of history. The chief of these rooted ideas was that of the democratic quality of autocracy. The young university students who in the seventies spent their vacation working hard at revolutionary propaganda in the villages were always brought up against this firm belief. When they spoke of the hardships of the peasantry the answer was: 'It is true that our lives are hard, but when the Czar knows of all our sufferings he will take away the land from the nobles and will divide it among us.'"

This faith, it appears, has now finally departed, and the *muzhik* pins his hopes upon the revolution:

"The Russian peasantry have long lost their faith in a democratic Czar who will organize a *tchorny peridyol* of the land; therefore they hailed the revolution with joy and hope, as they saw in it the coming fulfilment of their long-cherished dream. When the news reached the trenches the peasant soldiers deserted by tens of thousands, not because they were unwilling to fight nor because they were weary of the war, but because they fully believed that the moment of *tchorny peridyol* had come, and that it was, therefore, urgently necessary for them to return to take their share in it, for only women were left in the villages, and they would not understand anything about the allotments. But when these men discovered that the partition of the land was not to take place immediately, and that the question would be decided by a Constituent Assembly, they returned by tens of thousands to the front. . . . . .

"Generally the peasants decided to await the decision of the Constituent Assembly, and they firmly believe that at last the great moment has come—the time, predicted in the Apocalypse, of the general partition of all the land."

The *Odesski Lisstok* thus reports the action of the peasants in southern Russia, and goes on to tell an anecdote which throws a flood of light upon the way the *muzhik* accepts the revolution:

"The peasants' congress at Odessa decided to give over temporarily to the peasants all the untilled fields belonging to landlords, awaiting meanwhile the decision of the Constituent Assembly.

"In the province of Poltova the peasant congress carried a similar resolution. An interesting incident happened.

"'What shall we do now without a Czar?' asked a perplexed old peasant.

"'Uncle,' replied the village sage, 'the French have no Czar, but God grant that everybody may live as happily and as comfortably as they do.'

"'Very well,' agreed the first speaker, 'we shall do as the French do!'"

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

THE POWER OF THE EYE

HAVE YOU "AN EYE"? If so, you may save yourself much trouble and yet grasp the prize in any one of a number of skilled operations. At least so we are assured by Charles M. Horton, who writes on "The Value of an 'Eye' in Designing," in *The American Machinist* (New York, July 12). It would appear from what Mr. Horton tells us that an eye is especially valuable in the designing of machinery. It may take the place of much careful measurement and be even more accurate. Particularly where emergency work is being done, the man with an "eye" may easily outstrip the plodder, who insists on calculating and measuring everything as he goes along. If one only thinks he "has an eye," however, and happens to be mistaken, probably the calculator and measurer, tho slower, would reach his goal first, like the famed tortoise of the fable. To explain his point, Mr. Horton tells a tale of one Jones who did better work than his fellow designers, without ever visibly calculating or measuring. The narrator determined to discover the secret. He tells us—

CHARLES M. HORTON,

Who admits that "an eye" in designing is a gift, but maintains that it can also be acquired by practise.

"'Jones,' I began, a little timidly, I confess, yet nevertheless bulging at once to the point, 'tell me how you do it.' Jones looked up quizzically and then crawled, as it were, behind his spectacles. He used to do exactly that. I would look into Jones's gray-blue eyes and sometimes see the soul of Jones and sometimes not, as he would withdraw or would not withdraw behind his spectacles—see only the round glasses in their frame. At such times, unquestionably, he was thinking. He was thinking now.

"'I don't quite understand,' he rejoined. 'How do I do what?' 'Design engines without making calculations,' I explained bluntly. 'You do it, I've observed, and I'm looking to steal the trick. If you don't mind telling me, I'd consider it a great favor—' 'Oh!' interrupted Jones, a great light dawning evidently, and he smiled. 'I see.' But he was silent.

"I waited patiently. Perhaps I had been a little cheeky in trying to grab his stuff, as the saying goes among the writing fraternity—so ran my troubled thoughts; but now that I had launched my shaft, I was determined to stand my ground until I either got the secret or got the gate. I continued to wait—patiently. Jones at last laid down his pencil. 'Son,' he began —I was somewhat of a kid at the time—'it's a gift.' He was modest, then, I saw, altho he was still smiling. 'At least, it is with me, tho I don't take any particular credit for it. I had a dad who could guess the diameter of a tree on the farm as far as he could see it. He used to do it for the pleasure it gave him. And I never caught him more than an inch or so out of the way in all his tests—and then, whenever he fell down, the tree was pretty far away and he had the wrong pair of glasses with him.

"'But it can be developed, too,' went on Jones, evidently enjoying my look of surprize. 'Try it—you—now.' He turned to his drawing. 'I haven't marked down the scale of this drawing yet. What is the diameter of that shaft, for instance?' I bent over the board. The drawing was a design of a double-acting horizontal gas-engine, and it was a beautiful piece of work, in so far as the drawing was concerned. I was hardly capable at the time to criticize the design itself. But I took a broad squint at the shaft and made a guess, grinning as I did so. Jones nodded approvingly.

"'Pretty close,' he said. 'You'll come in time. Anybody will, if he goes at it. At college I used to beat out the class on examinations by some four hours by just taking stabs at sizes and rushing through the design. It gave me a lot of fun, besides giving me more time out in the sunshine. But anybody can do it after a little practise.'

"Still I was not convinced. 'But how do you do it here—on the job? You take some big chances, don't you? Suppose you miss a couple of times and something lets go on the testing floor?'

"'It hasn't so far,' said Jones, calmly. 'As to something letting go some time, I don't take the chances you seem to think I do. Whenever I'm struck with a doubt, I do make a calculation, in order to guard against trouble. But I don't make calculations very often, because I'm not often struck with doubt. And I'll tell you why.'

"He went on to tell me. And the more he talked the more I thought of Kipling's *Kim*, who, as every one will remember who has read the story, was coached by the old East-Indian priest to use his eyes in strange and amazing ways. Jones had been using his eyes ever since he could remember. Indeed, it was a habit with him, one that required no especial effort on his part. He did it subconsciously. He saw things, and his mind instantly absorbed them, to come to him again whenever he saw the same thing again, or something similar to that thing. And he spent a good deal of time in the shop. He told me that, too.

"Hanging around the testing floor, and knowing the different sizes of engines on the block, he would see and retain in his mind the relative sizes of these engines; and whenever an order came to him to design a type of like size of cylinder and consequent horsepower, without his going to the work of making calculations he would draw up the design and have it approximately the same—close enough to pass criticism of the engineers. Also, he remembered what he saw in the drafting-room on the boards of other men. So it was easy for him to establish thickness of cylinder walls, size of ports, diameter of shaft, diameter of fly-wheel, all from what he had seen and remembered in shop and in the work of those around him. A kind of remarkable skate, was Jones."

The writer discovered that he, too, had "an eye," and he thereafter made use of it. To critics who object that this kind of work looks too much like "chance-taking," Mr. Horton replies:

"There was an element of chance in it, to be sure. But so is there an element of chance in anything we undertake that is worth while. Life itself is one big and continuous chance. Who knows but what, as he turns a corner, some one will drop a safe upon his head? The bone in his head may successfully ward off serious concussion, even as it may throw off the safe itself. But the element of chance is there. You take a chance with your daily food—ptomaine poisoning is not impossible to any of us. But who thinks of it in that light? Nobody. Just so, nobody in the game of designing machinery ought to let himself be buffaloed out of making a name for himself if, by taking a chance, given proper reason for confidence in his ability, he can carve a niche for himself in the designer's Hall of Fame. There is such a Hall—only, instead of calling the occupants of it designers, they are called scientists. But these scientists for the most part were designers just the same. Bell and Edison and Morse and Holland and Wright and Marconi are all slated for immortality, and not one of them but could rightly be called a designer—a man who gives commercial shape to ideas, even tho, as in a good many cases among these men, the ideas are their own.

"And not one of them, I do bravely state, but what possesses an 'eye.' Ask them and see. Observers, every last man of them, and proud of it. It is a gift, if you have it. If you haven't it, it is not impossible to attain it. And to attain it, all one has to do is to see objectively everything around and about him as he walks through this life of laughter and tears—60 per cent. laughter, if you will cultivate the power of objective observation; 60 per cent. tears, if you don't. As to the length of time necessary to cultivate powers of observation, it all depends on the mental acuteness and alertness of the man. Two weeks of persistent observing on the part of a man mentally slow normally will bring about as quick and surprizing results as two weeks of persistent exercise in a gymnasium will bring out quick and surprizing results in your physical well-being. Try it some time—try both—and see."

RUBBER SOLES UP TO DATE

WITHIN TWO YEARS leather has advanced in price about 120 per cent., and genuine oak-tanned leather is hard to get at any figure. As a substitute, rubber is being found more than satisfactory, we are told by Andrew H. King, in *Metallurgical and Chemical Engineering* (New York, July 15). With comparatively little effort, he says, rubber manufacturers have been able to turn out soles in every way equal, and in many ways superior, to any leather sole ever made. But since the type of rubber sole found in the cheap tennis shoe is the one familiar to the public, a campaign of education has been necessary.

Manufacturers have had to learn the difference between rubber and leather, and the ways of building shoes have had to be altered to suit the new conditions. The general public has been a bit skeptical, but high-priced $8, $10, and $12 rubber-soled shoes are now confuting, at any rate, the charge of cheapness. Mr. King goes on:

> "Tango-dancers long ago discovered the usefulness of the rubber sole. In fact, the modern dances, almost without exception, would be impossible without them. Then the thing became a fad. We are still in this stage, and of course are paying fad prices. It might be possible that a good all-leather dress shoe can not be retailed for less than $8 a pair, but certainly this is a high figure when the soles are of rubber. Necessity for the craze has now passed. People know that a first-quality sole can be made of rubber, and the next thing is to bring it down within range of their buying power.
>
> "The chief advantages of the rubber sole over the leather one are:
>
> "(1) Greater wearing-power; *i.e.*, longer life.
>
> "(2) Being by nature absolutely waterproof.
>
> "The rubber sole properly made will last anywhere from two to three times as long as the leather one. This consideration is by far the most important. Theoretically, for good shoes the uppers and the soles should wear out at about the same time. Ordinarily a shoe will stand at least two more sets of leather half-soles and heels. Consequently with a good rubber sole this theoretical condition is more nearly approached.
>
> "Leather is a porous, fibrous substance, and to be made waterproof requires the use of large quantities of various waxes and greases. Rubber is non-porous and water-tight by nature. This fact constitutes the main objection to the rubber sole, for not only is it water-tight, but air-tight as well. It is claimed that leather allows the feet to breathe and in this way prevents burning. However, this is really only a minor point and can be remedied by using canvas uppers or by some form of a ventilator.
>
> "Another objection is that a rubber sole tends to slip on a wet pavement. With the first ones it was hardly possible to walk with them on rainy days. This trouble has now been almost entirely done away with by incorporating into the rubber cotton-fiber or ground leather, or both. Consequently as the sole wears away a surface is produced which will absorb a little water, and thus prevent slipping.
>
> "The first rubber soles were quite heavy. It did not seem possible to prepare a stock with the desired stiffness, strength, and quality without having it also of high specific gravity. This was not to be thought of, for the addition of even half a pound to the weight of one's shoes has an effect quite noticeable at the end of a day's work. The introduction of ground cotton waste and leather dust as compounding ingredients made it possible to bring the gravity down."

For very rough, heavy shoes, such as are worn by teamsters, iron-workers, and railroad-section men, Mr. King tells us of a new sole consisting of plies of heavy duck built like a belt and stamped out with a die. Such soles have unsightly edges, but from the standpoint of service they are very satisfactory. He goes on:

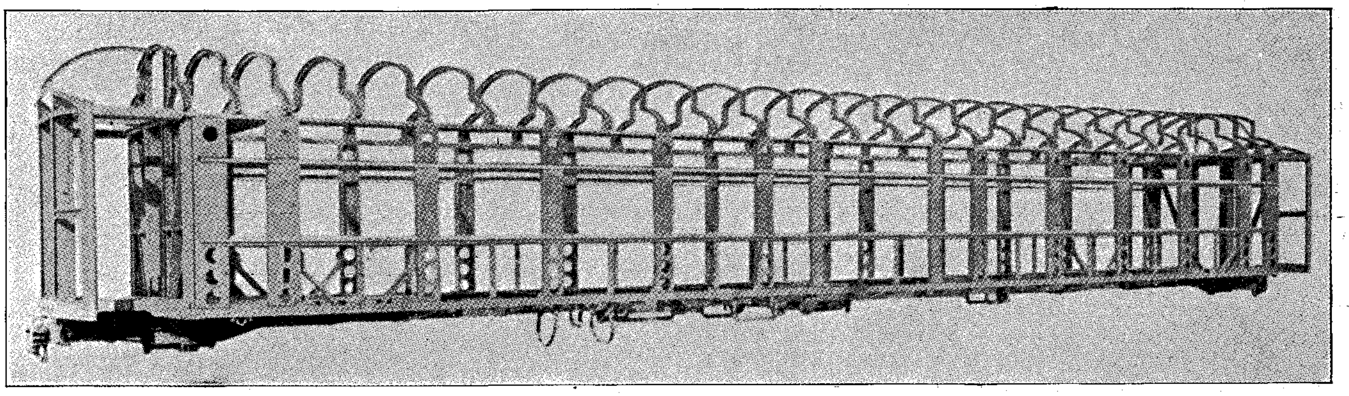
> "To the keen observer it must be apparent that leather shoes are going—in fact, have gone—beyond the means not only of the poorer classes, but that of the better middle classes as well. War-conditions and speculation are largely to blame. It is the American way to beat such a condition not entirely by legislation but by invention—invention of a substitute.
>
> "A number of rubber-soled shoes with canvas uppers are now being placed on the market. Canvas uppers can be waterproofed if desired in a number of ways. For instance, they can be waxed, rubber-coated, or built of three plies, the inside one of fabric which has been frictioned and skim-coated on both sides. The present offerings are but feelers which will, no doubt, be followed up with a good, all-around canvas-rubber shoe. Such a shoe must be neat-appearing, serviceable, and have a long life. There is certainly no reason why it can not be made."

BACK TO THE INDIANS

IF THE INDIANS had never given us anything but "Indian corn," they would have deserved our eternal gratitude instead of what they actually got—of which the less said the better. North of Mason and Dixon's line, we are forgetting what a delicious and valuable foodstuff corn is, thinks the editor of *The Forecast* (New York, June). The war will send us back to our own home-grown food, which will be a fortunate thing for us, since there is nothing better than corn when properly cooked. This means that it must be cooked a long time. Corn-meal in its various forms is usually served half raw, which makes it taste like "chicken feed" and leaves the unfortunate consumer ignorant of the sweetness and fragrance developed when it is properly prepared. Says the editor of the magazine named above:

> "When our ancestors landed on the inhospitable shores of the American continent they found the Indians living largely upon a golden cereal which they had never seen before. This grain produced abundant crops with the scantiest attention. It could be ground into meal with the most primitive appliances. It could also be cooked much more easily and quickly than the Old-World cereals. The settlers borrowed this beneficent cereal from the Indians, not only buying large quantities of it, but learning from them how to plant, grind, and cook it. To it and to the abundant supplies of fish and game found upon the new continent the early settlements owed their survival. It was Indian corn which saved the Jamestown colony during Starving Time. It was the same golden cereal, purchased from the Indians, which brought the Pilgrims through the terrible winter of 1620–21. It was corn which sustained the hunter on the chase and enabled the pioneers to push westward.
>
> "Outside of the South, Americans have almost forgotten the use of Indian corn. We raise normally about three billion bushels of it, but only a small percentage of the crop is sent to market, the balance being used for the feeding of stock upon the farm. But to-day we have come to another Starving Time and must again turn to the great natural breadstuff of the American continent for salvation. The Department of Agriculture has appealed to the farmers to increase their acreage of corn, and a very small percentage on the ordinary enormous crop would give us a large surplus for human use, without encroaching upon the stock needed for the feeding of cattle. If we have to rob the cattle, however, it will be no serious matter, so long as we do not destroy the milk-producers. We eat more meat than we need and could reduce our consumption of flesh foods about one-half without injury to our health, and probably with benefit to it."

In another part of the same magazine, its readers are re-



STEEL FRAME OF A CAR THAT WILL NOT TELESCOPE.

minded that Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, chairman of the American Food Commission and our new food-controller, has called attention to the fact that it is our duty to use corn-meal whenever it can be substituted for wheat flour, because it is a palatable and more or less accustomed food for us, so that we can use more of it without hardship, whereas Europeans, not understanding its preparation, find it hard to eat. The writer goes on:

"An incident of the War of the Revolution is interesting in this connection: a captured British officer thought he was being insulted with 'pigs' food' when a well-meaning American housewife placed before him a steaming dish of corn-meal mush. This mistake would not be made by a European of to-day, but to most of them it is still a half-understood food; they do not know how to make it palatable. Mr. Hoover tells of an American negro who was discovered living in Belgium, and forthwith corralled to show the natives how good corn-pone, corn flap-jacks, corn-mush, and other corn dishes are when prepared by an initiated hand.

"Experiments have been made by the United States Department of Agriculture which prove that any quantity of corn-meal up to 25 per cent. of the total flour required may be used in bread to good advantage. Americans from the Southern States need no education of taste to appreciate the flavor and wholesomeness of corn-bread; and dwellers in other localities will soon learn to like it if they will make the genuine, persistent effort, which is really a form of patriotism.

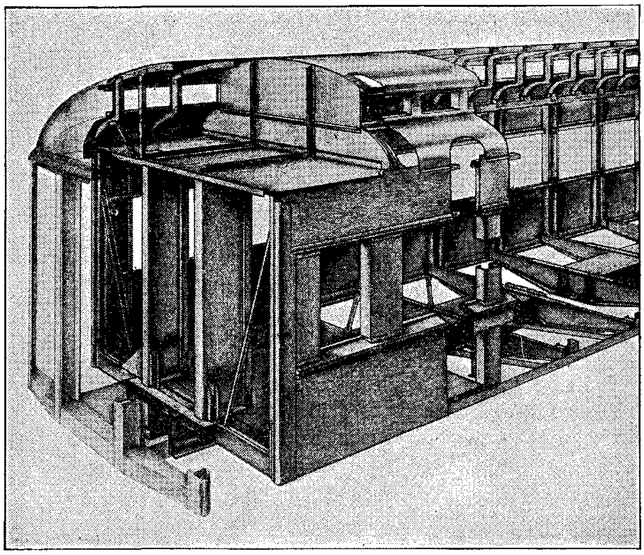
"If you are going to be a loyal devotee of corn-meal mush as a breakfast dish during war-times, thereby releasing more wheat for the Allies, here are some points on its proper preparation. Long, slow cooking is the secret of perfect mush, and the fireless cooker, in which the cooking can go on all night, is very useful for this purpose. Three and a half cupfuls of water and a teaspoonful of salt to each cupful of meal are the rule.

"If you have time, mix the corn-meal to a smooth paste with a part of the water, which should be cold, then add the rest, also cold; heat gradually, then boil. This is thought to be the best method, but if a more expeditious one is wanted the meal may be wet to a paste with a little cold water, then the rest of the water at boiling temperature, stirred in gradually. Corn-meal should be cooked fully an hour and a half.

"Before the days of huge flour-mills corn-meal was made of whole corn, and many old folks lament the change to a meal with the germs of the corn taken out by the bolting process. If you want old-fashioned corn-meal try running whole dried corn through a clean coffee-grinder."

A CAR THAT WILL NOT TELESCOPE

STEEL CARS of a series recently built for the Erie Railroad are noteworthy for unusual strength of the car-body, which has been specially designed with reference to its power to stand collision or derailment without destruction. Despite this increase in strength, the cars are lighter than usual, and hence can be inexpensively constructed. The distribution of metal throughout the car is so effected as to make the frame stiff without using very heavy members at any one point. Furthermore, as shown in the illustrations, two new elements are introduced in the ends of the car-body—an antitelescoping tie of heavy plate, extending across from side to side, and special door-posts of vertical steel beams framed into the sills and to the tie-plate above. The plate serves also as a flat ceiling for the lavatory, passageway, and saloons. Says the writer of a descriptive article in *The Railway Age Gazette* (New York, June 29):



THE ANTITELESCOPING BULKHEAD CONSTRUCTION.

"It is evident that the heavy doorposts, together with the antitelescoping plates which tie the side walls together at the roof-line, and their rigid attachment to the underframe provide an antitelescoping bulkhead of great strength. The vestibules are of the usual construction and obviously are less capable of resisting a severe shock than is the heavy body-end construction. Consequently, if the car is subjected to a violent collision shock, the vestibule structure may be expected to close up against the body of the car and in doing so somewhat cushion the force of the blow. The further progress of the colliding body will be greatly checked if not arrested by the heavy body-end construction. This construction should greatly reduce, if not eliminate, that most common and most destructive form of collision—the splitting open and telescoping of one car by one of its neighbors or by a locomotive.

"This design is the result of a careful study of the effects of collisions and derailments upon cars, particularly those of all-steel construction, which has covered a period of six years. This study has been based upon personal inspection and examination of the photographic records of many accidents involving passenger equipment. As a result it is the conclusion of the designers that the heavy underframes so generally used in steel passenger-train equipment not only afford little protection against damage to cars in derailment or collision, but in themselves not infrequently increase the destruction of life and property because of the effect of their excessive weight. In case of collision the underframe of at least one car in a train is usually raised at one end above that of the adjoining car. When this occurs, the greater the weight and strength of the underframe as compared with that of the superstructure of the neighboring car, the more effective it becomes in destroying that superstructure.

"The additional weight of material incorporated in the heavy body-end structure is more than offset by the reduction in weight effected elsewhere in the design. The complete weight of the coaches, including the four-wheeled trucks, but excluding the lighting equipment, is 111,000 pounds each. The weight of the car body is such that it may be carried on four-wheel trucks with journal loads well within the limits prescribed by good operating practise.

"The framing system of the through-line cars is similar to that employed in the Erie suburban cars, with the exception that the windows are rectangular, whereas those of the suburban cars were of the Gothic form. In each case the vertical members are framed together into a girder, the depth of which is equal to the full height of the side walls, and which acts as a load-carrying member. This not only produces a car-structure free from appreciable deflection, but greatly increases the safety of the passenger space in case of accident."

INTERNING GERMAN SCIENCE

SHALL WE RELEGATE GERMAN SCIENCE and German scientific methods to a back seat, as seems to have been the prevailing fashion among the Allies before our entrance into the war? Disparaging allusions to the scientific abilities of the enemy do not seem to *The Scientific American* (New York, July 14) as quite in good taste. After cherishing the idols of Teutonic scientific ability for years, the suddenness with which Germany's opponents discovered that these idols had feet of clay appears "matter for mirth, tears, and bewilderment." To belittle the intellectual achievements of Germany merely because they were being used against us would seem to him "an excess of zeal that completely missed the mark" and produced only the proverbial effect of the boomerang. Happily, he believes, these manifestations have now abated, and they have not been repeated on this side of the Atlantic since our own entry into the war. He goes on:

"They were unworthy of scientific minds because—if for no other reason—they were grossly illogical. A good thing is no less good because it is used for unworthy ends. The genius and industry of German men of science are not, in themselves, one whit less worthy of admiration and emulation to-day than they were three years ago. Indeed the results which German science has achieved when used as an agency of destruction furnish conclusive proof that its powers have not, in the past, been overrated by the world at large; tho, of course, there have always been some extremists who could see no good in anything that was not 'made in Germany.'

"Scientific knowledge is too precious a thing to be suppressed or rejected because we disapprove of the source from which it comes. Let us indulge our patriotic sentiments, if we please, by removing sauerkraut and pretzels from our bills-of-fare, or by finding indigenous substitutes for the German names of streets and villages. Nothing vital to our national welfare is sacrificed by such proceedings. But it would be an error of judgment to banish a single sound German text-book or reference-book from our shelves.

"Boycotts, of one sort or another, of the intellectual products of Germany have been seriously proposed. It has been suggested, for example, that our scientific journals might refrain from publishing translations and abstracts from German during the war. Undoubtedly the publication of such literature is a compliment to the intellect of our enemy. But since a fine intellect is, unfortunately, not incompatible with perverted ethics, recognition of the former implies no sort of approval of the latter. Moreover, it is not the part of prudence to underestimate the mental ability of one's antagonist.

"When we attempt to define our personal relations to the Germans who were lately our honored coworkers in the cause of science we tread upon delicate ground. We feel that they are misguided and that the sentiment of patriotism—which has little to do with logic, either at home or abroad—has overpowered their judgments on certain subjects. No doubt this opinion is quite reciprocal.

"Probably the prevailing attitude of American men of science toward their late colleagues in Germany is not one of bitterness, but of infinite sadness that circumstances have made so wide a breach between them. We use the word 'circumstances' advisedly. Are we not all the victims of circumstances over which we have no control, or next to none?

"Certainly, if nations were governed by scientists instead of politicians there would be no wars. Hence, it is a hopeful sign of the times that the war—which has done so many other unlooked-for things—has given science far more political prestige than it ever enjoyed before."

A NEW WAY TO FIND STEEL FLAWS

IT IS IMPORTANT THAT OUR STEEL RAILS, great guns, and bridge-trusses should be free from flaws. Now it has been found that flaws in steel, incapable of detection by any of the ordinary methods, cause alterations in magnetic qualities that may easily be ascertained. Hence it is possible that magnetic tests may take the place, in future, of many of the mechanical tests hitherto relied upon by engineers. An editorial writer in *The Electrical World* (New York, July 14) tells us that as things are at present there are no tests applicable to the material as a whole that will bring out physical, as opposed to chemical, deficiencies in iron and steel. Stretching, measurements of hardness, and microscopic examination, while useful in many cases, fail to give an idea of the complete state of the material. But everything that changes iron or steel mechanically appears also to change its magnetic characteristics, especially when there are alterations in crystalline structure, as there frequently are in case of flaws. Magnetic tests will reveal these conditions. A future application of the test which appears most promising is in the examination of the parts of the large guns used in army and naval operations, as well as in car and locomotive axles, automobile axles, crank shafts, bridge-members, and aeroplane stay wires.

In the course of a paper printed in *The Iron Age* (New York, July 12), Dr. Charles W. Burrows, of the United States Bureau of Standards, gives the following additional information:

"Since the magnetic and mechanical properties of steel suffer changes with the lapse of time and under ordinary service conditions, the magnetic method offers a very promising means of examining, without destruction, the changes that develop during the life-history of a structure. Some of the things to be looked for are the ordinary results of wear and tear. A good example of this is the mine- or elevator-cable.

"A structure may fail by the development of flaws. For instance, a steel rail may render apparently satisfactory service for several years and finally develop a transverse fissure which results in a dangerous accident. Periodic examinations of rails which are under suspicion because of excessive duty or other causes may be made, and we may thus detect the presence of such a flaw in an early stage of its development.

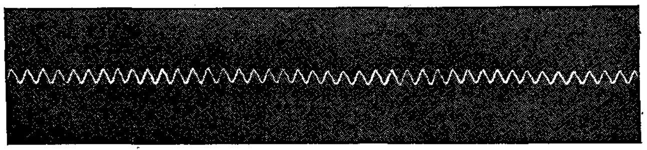
"Magnetic analysis may be of use in the development of a new design. It is customary when a new design or a new model is developed to run a service test and at intervals to dismantle the apparatus and go over in detail the various members of the structure. This procedure is common in high-grade mechanisms such as automobiles, adding-machines, etc. Such an examination will detect errors in design or faulty material which result in fracture or excessive wear.

"Another field which has not as yet been tried, but for which the possibility has already been established, is in the study of the state of stress of a given structural member. The fact that steel suffers certain changes in its magnetic properties when put under tension and certain other changes when put under compression renders such a determination possible.

"The apparatus required and the procedure of testing depend to a great extent upon the nature and size of the material tested as well as upon the characteristic flaws to be expected. Apparatus for examining safety-razor blades is necessarily quite different, notably in size, from apparatus for the testing of steel rails. In the case of a lathe tool in which only the nose is hardened the examination differs from that of a locomotive driving rod which is more nearly uniform throughout."

SPEECH AND DISEASE

IT HAS BEEN FOUND that many diseases betray their presence by peculiarities of speech, even in such early stages that other characteristic symptoms are not yet noticed. For this purpose speech is analyzed by an instrument in which the voice imparts vibration to a membrane like that of a telephone, and these vibrations are inscribed by a needle on a rotating drum. It is hoped, we are told by Prof. E. W. Scripture in *The Volta Review* (Washington, July), to establish "speech-signs" for all nervous and mental diseases, so that the method will do for such troubles what the x-ray has done for broken bones. He says:



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Volta Review," Washington, D. C.

FIG. 1—PORTION OF "AH" BY A NORMAL VOICE.

Each wave represents one vibration from the larynx. The waves rise smoothly from the start and continue regularly.

"There is a disease known as disseminated sclerosis that most frequently attacks young men. Its cause is unknown. In its early stages it is frequently confused with other diseases. In its later stages the speech-troubles are very extreme. I have found that even in its earliest stages, where no speech-trouble is evident, inscriptions by the graphic method always reveal the disease.

"Fig. 1 is a piece of an inscription of a normal vowel; the waves are quite regular. Fig. 2 is a piece of the same vowel spoken by a sclerotic. It shows a few irregular, jerky waves. These waves are never absent in a record of this disease; they never occur in any other disease that may be confused with it.

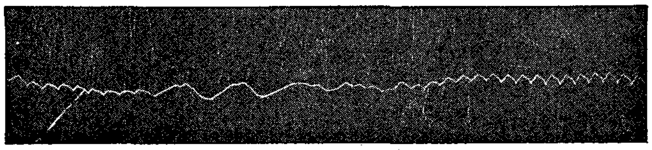


FIG. 2—PORTION OF "AH" BY A PATIENT WITH DISSEMINATED SCLEROSIS.

The irregular vibrations show that it was a case of laryngeal ataxia. The laryngeal ataxia is a never-failing sign in disseminated sclerosis. The case had been wrongly diagnosed as hysteria.

"General paralysis is a disease whose speech manifestations are often extreme. Inscriptions show that one sign is never lacking. In normal speech the typical sounds each have about the same length and the same strength. An inscription of 'Peter Piper' by a paretic is shown in Fig. 3. The paretic varies his sounds for 'p' in both length and strength. Any single 'p' would be correct in some language or dialect. A normal person learns just one type of 'p,' and he can not vary from the type. The paretic's loss of control of type may be termed 'asaphia.' This sign does not occur in neurasthenia or any other disease confused with general paralysis. It can be detected in the speech-inscriptions long before the speech-trouble can be heard by the ear.

"These studies have been extended to the various nervous and mental diseasese. A characteristic epileptic speech has been found.

"The records of speech in hysteria can never be confused with those of epilepsy; a differential diagnosis is always possible. Certain peculiarities have been observed in the speech of dementia præcox.

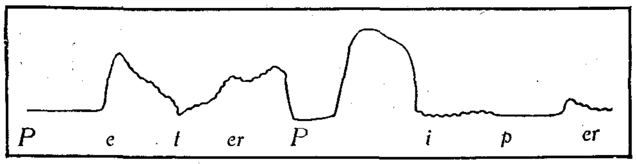


FIG. 3—INSCRIPTION OF "PETER PIPER" BY A PATIENT WITH GENERAL PARALYSIS.

There are no marked defects in the sounds. Each sound would be correctly made if considered alone. The occlusions, however, vary from one another in length and the explosions in height. The characteristic of the record is thus a lack of precision in making sounds according to a type.

"In the course of time we may hope to establish the speech-signs for all the nervous and mental diseases so definitely that the disease can be diagnosed by an analysis of the speech inscription alone.

"This method will then do for such troubles what an x-ray does for broken bones.

"It is interesting to note that some of the troubles hitherto regarded as being the most characteristic speech-defects are shown to be in no sense cases of diseased speech. Probably if one were asked to give the most striking speech-disease he would name stuttering. It is quite true that the inscriptions of stuttering show most grotesque abnormalities, yet these never in any way resemble the inscriptions found for any troubles that involve the speech mechanism, either bodily or mentally. Since the whole ground has now been covered in outline, we can declare that stuttering is not a speech-disease at all."

DISCOVERING A COMET BY ACCIDENT

A REMARKABLE STORY of astronomical coincidence is that told by Director W. W. Campbell, of the Lick Observatory, in a letter to *Science* (New York, July 13). An astronomer was notified by telegram where to look for a comet. He looked in the wrong place, owing to a mistake in the transmission of the message, but he found the comet! Not the one he was looking for, of course, but "another one, just as good!" This is not the whole story of the coincidence, which is even more remarkable when studied in detail. The affair occurred back in 1896 and was described by Mr. Campbell in a technical periodical in 1903, but his friends have urged him to tell the general public about it, and hence his letter to *Science*. Here is the story:

"Prof. Charles D. Perrine, of the Lick Observatory staff, discovered the first of his many comets on November 17, 1895. This was Comet *c* 1895. He observed it night after night until December 20, 1895, when it was lost to sight in the glare of the sun's rays. . . . Because the comet was following its predicted path so closely, we decided not to squander money in cabling the fact of its reobservation to European observers. Perrine observed his comet morning after morning as weather permitted, for fifteen days, until on February 14, a cablegram was received from Kiel, Germany, announcing that Lamp had reobserved Perrine's Comet that morning. The cablegram in cipher code was received at the Lick Observatory by one of the astronomers, in perfect order . . . the translator made an error of twenty-four minutes of time, equivalent to 6 degrees of arc. The erroneous translation was handed to Perrine. He compared this with what he knew to be the real position by virtue of his observations in the preceding half month, and saw that there was a discrepancy of about twenty-four minutes of time. Inasmuch as the check word in the cablegram was correct, he judged that the object observed by Lamp in Kiel must be a different comet from his own. The following morning was clear and he pointed the 12-inch telescope to the position that was handed to him. In looking through the finder of the telescope he saw an eighth magnitude comet in the field of view. This did not surprize him. He observed the position of the new comet, and we transmitted the observation by telegraph and cable, as usual, as belonging to a new comet discovered by Lamp in Kiel. . . . Several weeks elapsed before the tangled situation was unraveled at Mount Hamilton by our looking up the original cipher cablegram and detecting the error of twenty-four minutes in the conversion of arc into time, made after the cipher message had been translated and checked.

"It is a surprizing fact that the error should have directed the telescope upon an unknown comet, but the surprize increases when we consider another attendant fact. When the cablegram was written in Kiel on the morning of the 14th the new comet was six or seven degrees from the cabled position. When the erroneous position was handed to Perrine on the morning of the 14th the new comet was three degrees from that position. When the first opportunity came, the following morning, to examine the erroneous position, the rapidly traveling comet had moved into that position. Had the telescope been pointed to that position on any other morning whatsoever, the celestial visitor would have been far outside the finder field, and would probably have come and gone unseen."

LETTERS - AND - ART

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS CARTOONIST

CELEBRITIES IN LETTERS, the arts, or in politics from overseas are habitually interviewed on their arrival in this country, but for the first time probably in the history of American journalism interviewers have pounced upon a cartoonist. More striking still, they do not consider him so much as a cartoonist, but rather as a kind of apostle in the cause of the war to make democracy safe. Louis Raemaekers appeared to a representative of the New York *Tribune* "not as a newspaper cartoonist, not entirely as a hard, vengeful fighter, but as a prophet as well—a Peter the Hermit of crayon and drawing-ink." Ever since the early months of the war we have been becoming more and more familiar and imprest with his drawings, and now he comes to the United States in person to draw pictures here, as he frankly avows, to make us realize what it means to be at war. Personally he is described by the *Tribune* representative as a little man whose face is mild in repose, with a red, mottled complexion, and hardens only when he speaks of Germany. This informant proceeds:

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RAEMAEKERS,

Who is humiliated at the low price of 12,000 marks which Germany has put on his head.

> "He is not nervous, but his hands are never still—the slim, delicate hands of the artist. Always, as he talks, they move. It is as if they were ever eager to continue the work to which he has given his life—as if, since they have begun striking at Germany with their terrible skill, they have no desire to rest until the job is done.
>
> "These are the hands that first set the stain of Belgium upon the escutcheon of Prussia. They have opened the eyes of the neutral world to the horror that is German war. They have painted the hypocrisy and cruelty and treachery that is Prussia in its true light. They have drawn the Kaiser, von Tirpitz, Hollweg, and the other war-lords as civilization must learn to see them.
>
> "And they belong to a man, insignificant in stature, mild of face, rather shy in manner, and yet a fighter for all that men hope to preserve—a hard, bitter, unrelenting warrior from his little feet, in their gray spats, to the shining hair of his round head."

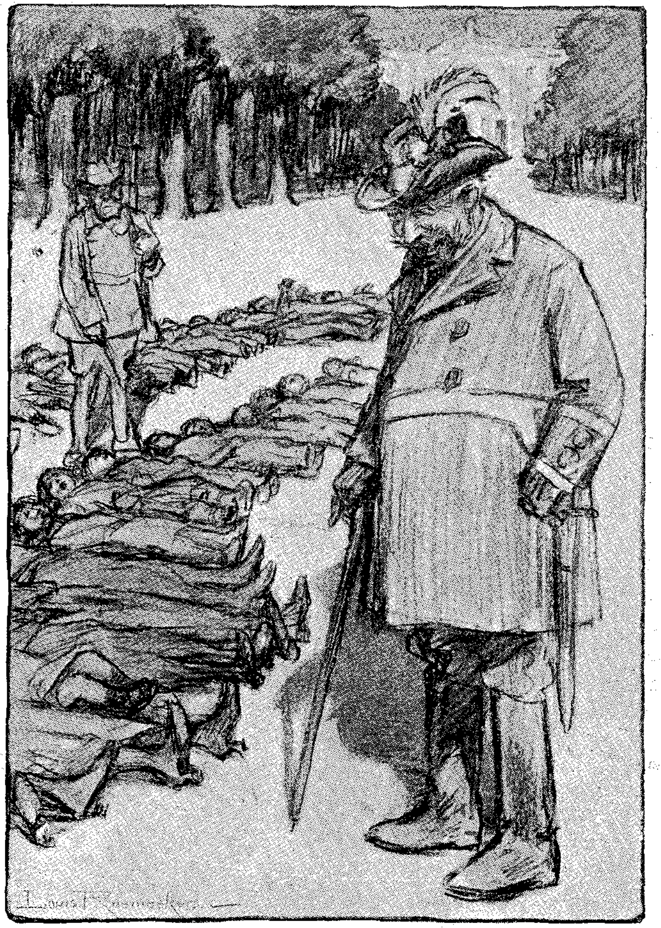
The New York *Globe* quotes him as admitting that his mother was a German and as disavowing that he is an anti-German fanatic. He can understand that there are many good citizens among our German population, but the Germans who came here in 1848 and 1864 and immediately after the Franco-Prussian War are "a different breed from the Prussian superman." In *The Globe* he says also that if all the Hohenzollern dynasty should die to-day and Scheidemann or even Liebknecht should become President of a German Republic to-morrow, it would not alter Germany, for—

> "'Germany is an idea. The modern German has been so insistently and methodically taught that he is a superman, chosen by God to impose his will on the world, that he believes it with all his heart. He never doubts it. The German Socialist is no exception.
>
> "'There is only one way to reach the modern German. Beat him over the head. He understands nothing else. The world must go on beating him over the head until he says "Enough." Otherwise the world can never live with him.
>
> "'Germany never has made any secret of her philosophy or her intentions. Always she has been as frank as egotists always are. I have been sighting the German idea more than twenty years. A generation ago I saw, as every one who cared to see did, what Pan-Germanism and the rest of the program were leading to. In fact, Germany told us what it would lead to.'"

His awakening to the Germanic idea and the story of his beginning in cartoon work were almost simultaneous, according to the New York *Evening Post*, in which paper he is quoted as saying that about nine years ago he produced some children's books. They were small, consisting of poems written by himself and of drawings of *Pierrot* boys with *Pierrot* fathers and *Pierette* mamas. Because the Amsterdam *Handelsblad* liked the lines in the illustrations they invited Raemaekers to draw a cartoon once a week, and he relates:

> "'At first, they tried to make the subjects of the weekly cartoons themselves. It was hopeless. Three or four of the editors would suggest ideas; then they would try and combine them all in one. Ah, hopeless! I made my own subject. Then it was all right. But I wanted to draw interpretations of international politics. They wanted the gas-works and the village pump or some other communal or national subject. They were not so much interested in international affairs. It was foolish.
>
> "'And trouble came when I tried to show how dangerous for the world was the Pan-Germanism which I found in my studies to be gaining every day. It got me into trouble with the editors. I had been living at Roermone, in Holland, which is only six miles from the German frontier, and knew many German families and had many German friends. Because of this and of the fact that my father was an editor, which stimulated my passion for the study of international politics, I gained more information and knew more than most of our people about the threatening Pan-Germanic movement.'"

Mr. Raemaekers tells us further in *The Evening Post* that after two years with the *Handelsblad* he became associated with the Amsterdam *Telegraaf*, where his celebrated war-cartoons first appeared. The editors were afraid that they would make trouble, but the people welcomed the interpretation of the German idea he was giving, and in a month's time the editors gave in to the people and the cartoons were continued. In the first months of the war the Dutch newspapers were very careful of their neutrality, and if they published a cartoon against the Germans one week, during the next would appear one against the English, then one against the Russians, until the scores had been evened up. Now the cartoons are anti-German, and altho Holland the country is strictly neutral, there is no restriction on the opinions of individual cartoonists. Mr. Raemaekers is further quoted as saying:



THE *ZEPPELIN* BAG.

"'When I thought I could do the most good in England, I went to London to try to show the people what the war really was. They did not realize it either. They said they were fighting for the Belgians, for liberty; but they were really fighting for themselves. And I am here because America is the center of gravity for the war; here is where I can do the most good to-day. Americans to-day believe that they are waging war for the tragedy of Belgium; they are yet merely at war for themselves. But do not misunderstand. Not in one of my six or seven hundred cartoons is there a line of distrust of the American people and of their feelings. I am only convinced that America is so far away the people don't know what it is all about, so far as they are concerned. The Germans have crusht Belgium—they wanted to crush France, crush England, and then the whole world would be crusht for them.

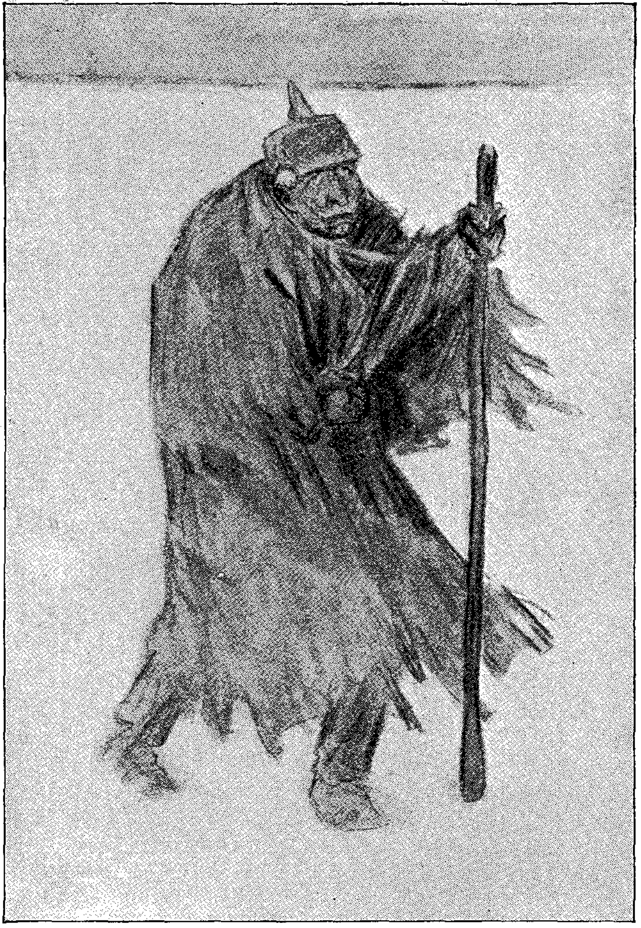
"'There are only two real things in the world to-day—most awful Prussian despotism pitted against democracy and liberty for civilization. You over here have photographs, movies, and reports. I have seen what it is with my eyes. Six weeks I passed at the English and French fronts under permit. I know what war means. I have talked with the mothers, with the fathers of the warring populations. I know what they think about their girls who have been taken to Germany to work in the fields, as the *Boches* say. Work in the fields! The German officers can select their "orderlies" from the girls of Lille.

"'I made a cartoon for the Paris *Journal* about the girls of Lille who were dragged to Germany. The Parisian editors said it was too cruel. Later they said go ahead, it was all right—perfectly all right. I drew the picture, "Slaves of Lille," in two parts—"Departure at Lille" and "Arrival at Germany." The French said I was tearing open their wounds. But I had to do it.'"

In the meager comment he makes on his own work, he says in *The Evening Post* that first he finds out what is happening, and then draws it to explain it to the people "all over the world and give them the whole story in one picture," and he proceeds:

"'I read from the news of all the world, then try and combine the whole situation. I must simplify the picture of the history of the moment. Every day we are making a living history. Let the Waterloos rest. We must take care of to-day. I am working to make the greatest number of people in the world understand the struggle for liberty—not the street man alone, nor the professor, but everybody. Sometimes the more educated will understand better than the man in the street; sometimes the man in the street will know better. And please make understanding' (the phrase is Raemaekers's very own) '*that I am not* trying to be witty or trying for personal success as an artist or a cartoonist. I want people to know, to think, to see the war as it is.

"'I want the world to know the Kaiser as he is.' (Raemaekers has never seen the Kaiser, but has studied the man for years, so that it is current talk that there is not an artist who depicts Wilhelm more correctly than he does—even friends of the Kaiser have admitted as much.) 'I have studied his doings, and the doings of the Crown Prince, so that I know them inside and out. Sketch the Kaiser in words? Well, he is a versatile man, a man who, I believe, exactly fits the description his father gave of him: "Be careful of Wilhelm, because he is just as stupid as he is square-headed. He has a religious mania, is full of bigotry and conceit."'



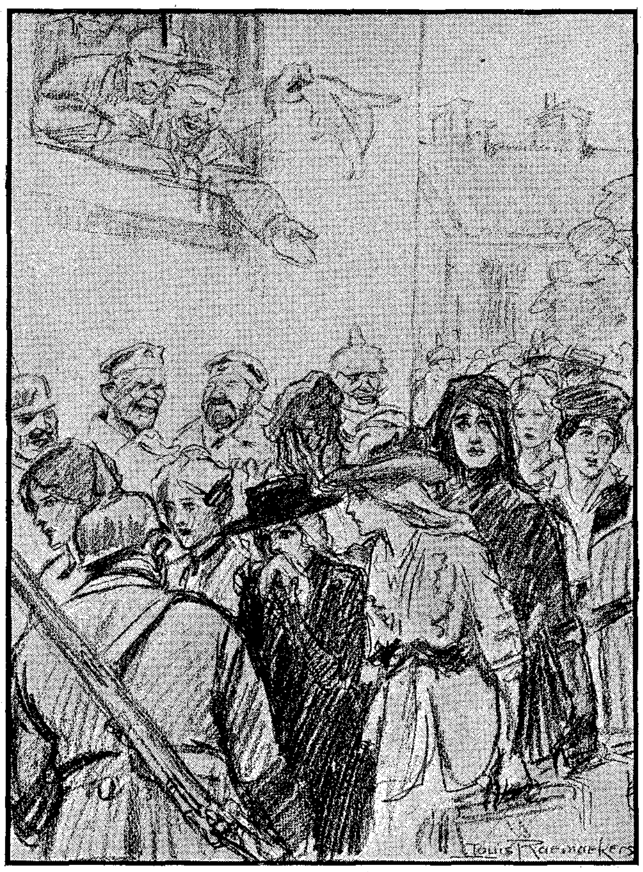
THE WANDERING JEW.

"Once I turned the Christ from my door; now I must wander from the Northern to the Southern seas—from the Eastern to the Western shores—asking for Peace, but never finding it."

"'He is hollow. He poses for a stronger man. He is not a strong man. The persons who want to lead him can do so by letting him think he is acting voluntarily and then giving him the credit of his actions. He is too conceited to be strong.'"

IMPOVERISHMENT OF GENIUS

ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES have not "spared their best" in the offerings they have made to the conflict of civilization. They have, says Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, President of the London Board of Education, been "acutely sensitive to the multitudinous spasms of the great upheaval caused by war," because in both England and France the casualty list has been "filled with names which, but for the fatal accidents of war, would certainly have been made illustrious for splendid service to the great cause of life." Mr. Fisher, stating in the London *Times* the puzzle that has been broached in many countries concerning the relation of war to the arts, feels that "a Government actuated by a cold calculus of economic expediency would have made some provision for sheltering from the hazards of war young men on whose exceptional intellectual powers our future progress might be thought to depend." But this course has not been adopted and this educational leader feels it impossible to estimate "the extent to which the world will be impoverished in quality by the disappearance of so much youthful genius and talent." Going on to balance the losses and gains of this conflict, he touches with a mood of depression upon those aspects of civic life with which his duties connect:



GERMAN CHIVALRY: THE DEPORTATION FROM LILLE.

> "It is quite possible that this convulsion will leave us with a better and more powerful industrial organization, with our productive processes improved and accelerated, and with our science enriched by many new and fertile ideas and discoveries. It is at least possible, so far as the economic tables of loss and gain may be reckoned, that the British Empire will come out of the struggle unwounded. But the spiritual loss to the universe can not be computed, and probably will exceed the injury inflicted on the world by the wide and protracted prevalence of the celibate orders in the middle ages."

Mr. Fisher turns to glance at one positive gain of the war—the great body of poetry that it has produced, giving also a hint of what it has done for Germany:

> "I remember reading a year ago that no fewer than a million poems have been produced in Germany as a result of the war, and for all I know the output may have been maintained at the same hectic level since. There has also been a smaller but not inconsiderable body of war-literature in England, some part of which has taken the form of lyrical poetry. In the poems from the seat of war I notice certain features which I believe are typical of the English university spirit. In the first place, they are markedly individual, and then they are entirely free from hate and execration. There is no reviling of the enemy. Our young soldiers look to poetry as a deliverance from the grim necessities of the hour rather than as a means of expressing martial emotion. They do not gush concerning patriotism, but they feel it none the less."

MUSIC AND THE MOVIES AS ALLIES

EARLY IN THE DAYS of the moving-picture drama-producers learned that a musical accompaniment is a positive necessity, not merely to keep the sense of hearing occupied, but to emphasize the effect of the pictures. By way of compensation for the first aid thus rendered, moving-picture theaters now exert no slight influence in spreading the propaganda of good music. There is no question but that this influence will increase, writes Mr. William Henry Humiston, in *Musical America* (New York), who reminds us that efforts to secure musical accompaniment for moving-picture plays at first were mere makeshifts. There was only the pianist, and in the smaller houses the pianist still rules supreme. Later came such devices as wooden blocks to provide an imitation of horse-trotting, and thunder-storms on the screen were accompanied by a roll on a bass drum. Then a trap-drummer was added to the pianist, and gradually were included the violinist, the clarinet-player, and others. With the development of the picture-play the demand for good music has grown apace, and Mr. Humiston adds:

> "It is obvious that there are practically only three methods of providing music for the picture-play. The simplest, given the proper talent, is improvisation. This is, of course, limited to one instrument, the piano or the organ. Modern organs are so rich in tonal resources that much can be done in this way if the organist is a good improviser. But this requires unusual talent to be done well, and this is not always available.
>
> "Another method is to provide a score especially written for each scenario by a competent composer. This has been done in some cases, the orchestral parts have been printed, and a set rented or sold with each copy of the film sent out—there are often a hundred or more copies of a given film in circulation. This is the ideal method—naturally, the music then fits just as closely as well-written, incidental music to a drama. But there are so many pictures produced that even if every composer in the world were to give his entire time to the task there would still be many photodramas unprovided with accompanying music.
>
> "The third method is the adaptation of existing music. This is the method used, for example, for the weekly productions at the Rialto Theater, where the productions are given under the direction of S. L. Rothapfel, with the assistance of his capable conductor, Hugo Riesenfeld. This method, to produce the best results, requires a wide knowledge of existing music, especially that available for orchestral use. At the Rialto there is a splendid orchestra of almost symphonic proportions, so near it that it would have taken an expert to realize, on hearing the 'Scheherezade' music, played a short time ago, that it actually is a few wind instruments short of full requirements of the score. The library of the theater contains a vast amount of all sorts of orchestral music, from popular music to symphonies. . . . . . .
>
> "The way the musical setting is chosen for the photoplays is as follows: At first the picture is viewed in silence to learn the plot and get an idea of the musical atmosphere required, 'local color' and the like. Music is then selected and the second time the picture is 'screened,' the music chosen is played on the piano, fitted and cut according to the scenes of the picture. After all selections are made, however, it sometimes happens that there remain gaps for which no appropriate music seems to exist. Then the 'composing staff' goes to work,

composing and orchestrating the necessary music. Then, after the music is numbered and laid in rotation, the orchestra rehearses it and the necessary finish is given."

KULTUR BY THE MILLIMETER

A DELICIOUS SATIRE on the mechanical methods of German scholarship occurs in the course of a Phi Beta Kappa address delivered by Dr. Fred Newton Scott, of the University of Michigan, now published in the University of Missouri *Bulletin*. The address describes an imaginary "Congress of Letters," convened in China to establish "the ultimate principle of literary art" and presents in transparent disguises various theories of literary criticism, hitting off Shaw and Chesterton, who came as delegates. After representatives from various nations have been heard, the German delegate, Dr. Wehmuth-Weissacker, is introduced. He is a professor of chemical physics, and therefore peculiarly fitted to discourse on literary art.

"The German representative exhibited an apparatus which he had invented for the purpose of measuring the subject's reaction upon literary masterpieces. It was well known, he said, that pleasurable emotion of every kind was accompanied by the expansion of the whole bodily organism, just as disagreeable emotion was accompanied by organic contraction. It had often been popularly observed that persons in a state of elation seemed visibly to expand, whereas the same person passing suddenly into a state of depression seemed to shrink and dwindle. This vulgar opinion had now been corroborated by experiments in the laboratory and established as a scientific law. Taking advantage of this principle, he had constructed an apparatus for the measurement of bodily contraction and expansion. It consisted of a suit with a double lining to cover the whole person of the subject, the outer lining constructed of sole-leather and the inner of sheet-rubber, with an air space between connected with a manometer and a registering apparatus. When the subject had donned this suit, seated himself with a volume of prose or poetry before him, and when the proper adjustments and connections had been made, it was possible to read off on the tracing made by the instrument the most minute alterations in the subject's bulk. He had thus been able to determine the coefficient of expansion of the human organism under the influence of what he might call an increase in literary temperature."

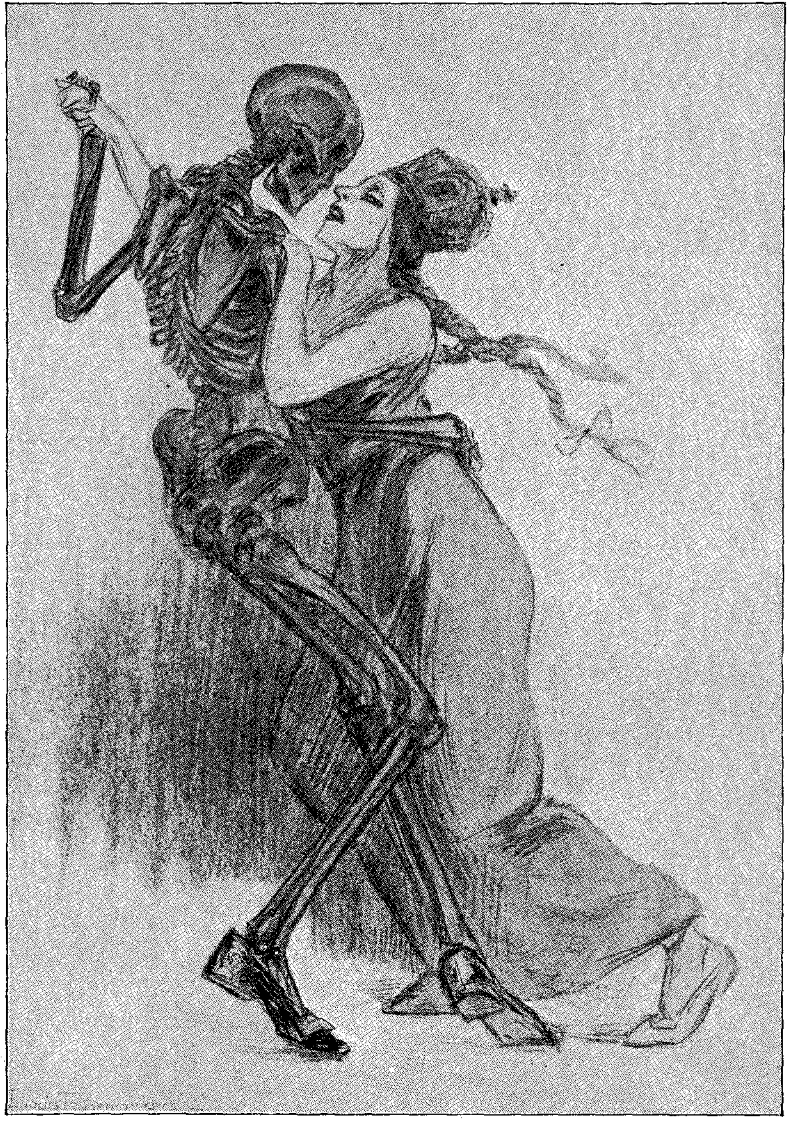
The doctor's announcement was greeted with great applause, it seems, whereupon he said he would now make public for the first time the law of literary appreciation at which he had arrived after ten years of experiment and calculation, and which he felt would revolutionize methods of literary criticism and establish the science upon a new and stable foundation. If this law were adopted by the Congress, as he felt confident it would be as soon as it was heard, all other literary laws would be superseded and rendered obsolete. He even ventured to congratulate the Chinese nation upon the opportunity thus offered them of putting themselves not only on a par with Western nations, but actually far in advance. At this point, amid vehement applause and much disorder, the members left their seats and crowded around the speaker to felicitate him on his great discovery.

"Order being restored, the representative from Ho-nan moved that the thanks of the Congress be voted to Prof. Dr. Wehmuth-Weissacker for honoring the Congress by this first communication of his great discovery, that the law be adopted by the Congress, and that he be recommended to the Government of the Republic for a suitable honor and reward."

But at this point it occurred to the chairman that before he put the motion, it might be well for the Congress to hear the interesting law read.

"Amid ill-suppress excitement on the part of the entire Congress, the German representative then announced the law: 1.72 cubic millimeters per square millimeter of ten-point type for prose and 1.89 cubic millimeters per square millimeter of eight-point type for poetry."

The announcement was received in profound silence. The chairman automatically asked for a second to the motion. Still there was profound silence. At last the Chairman, being a nervous man, said they would pass to the next order of business.



Illustrations by courtesy of the International Feature Service.

THE GERMAN TANGO.

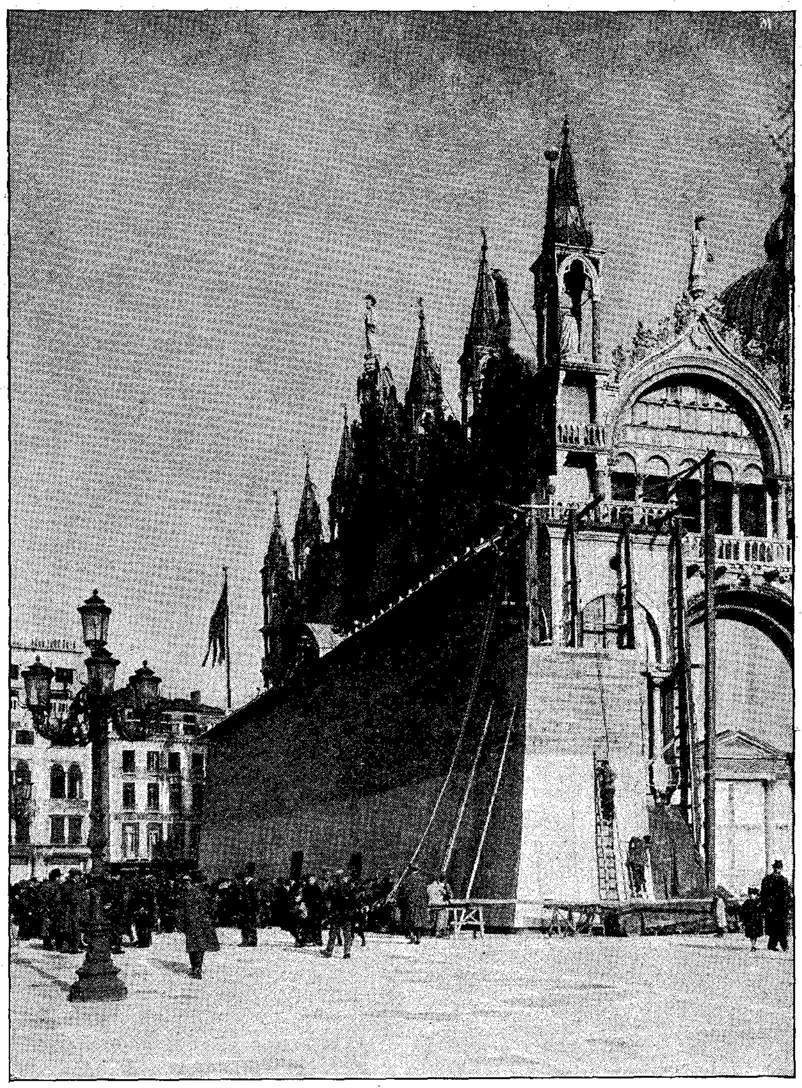
"From East to West, and West to East, I dance."

"The German representative meanwhile bundled up his apparatus and testily left the room. To a reporter of the Hearst newspapers in the lobby who asked him whether he would give for publication his impressions of China, the professor replied, '*Um Gottes Willen, nein*,' which the reporter, not being familiar with German, understood to mean 'Godless villains, nine'; and since there are nine members in the Chinese cabinet, he telegraphed to his paper that Prof. Dr. Wehmuth-Weissacker in his address had denounced the President's cabinet as composed of godless villains and had been expelled forthwith from the Congress by unanimous vote."

The Congress came to an "untimeous end" through the discovery that the Chinese members were secret agents of the Steel Trust. They were promptly beheaded, except one laundryman who escaped to tell the tale.

HOW THE TRENCH OUTRANKS THE PULPIT

A SCATHING CRITICISM of the ineffectuality of the Church in meeting war is uttered by Eden Phillpotts, the distinguished novelist, who finds on all sides among the belligerents exactly similar phenomena. The intelligent man in the trenches, he tells us in *The English Review* (London, July), writes home his impressions, and often the storm and stress of his soul awaken into song. But from the pulpit another story emerges, and "if Christian Germany permits her pastors more childish explosions of public hate" than can be heard in England, despite the more reserved temperament and restrained culture of the English, they "commit errors as transparently foolish," and Mr. Phillpotts adds:



ST. MARK'S TREATED AS A MUSEUM.

Italy's anxiety to preserve her historic monuments from destruction practically robs some of her churches of their religious functions.

"We loudly proclaim the Christianity of Germany to be a spurious article, and declare that the Fatherland is inhabited by atheists and savages who have forgotten God. The pulpit fulminations of Germany and our own lie on the same lowly intellectual plane; both spring from an identical spirit of blind antagonism without imagination; each takes its standpoint in the assumption that the enemy has thrown over the religion of Christ, with every sacred precept and injunction therein contained and enjoined. If both are right, there is no Christianity left in Christendom; but for each to claim the Light at the expense of the other is grotesque. Both stultify Christianity; the attitude of both displays a deliberate apostasy of the princes of the Church on either side.

"For a live Christianity should always be too proud to fight save for its Founder. Those ministers and priests in both countries who had, above all things, the welfare of their religion at heart, who recognized in it a sacred treasure committed to their charge, must, if independent of temporal considerations, have thundered, not against an enemy nation, but against the infamy for which all who profest and called themselves Christians were responsible. Not for them to take sides, palter with politics, or pretend the enemy less Christian than themselves. Their part was to join hands for their Savior and, in his Name and no other, protest before humanity at this outrage on the sacred professions of the fighting millions. Live Christianity had done that, and a living Church might have gone far in the name of righteousness to limit the war and lessen its evils, if powerless to win a complete victory for the Prince of Peace."

But no such attempt was made, remarks Mr. Phillpotts, who says that Christianity is "found as backward in international ideals as Socialism itself." She lacks the universal spirit claimed for her and "proves less competent than Freemasonry" to summon mankind to the banners of a common cause. The understanding of the trenches is higher, more gracious, more humanist, and more acute than the comprehension of the pulpit, we are told, for those whose business it is to slay each other do not curse each other, and those "who should seek to link the nations with a golden chain of shared faith and understanding tell each other that they are atheists and henceforth beyond the pale of men's recognition and of God's forgiveness." We read then:

"Two great opposite theories underlie practical politics to-day, and while our ideal tends toward democracy, freedom of thought and action, liberty of conscience, and respect for the weak, Germany, long ruled and trained by her archaic war-caste, disavows these aspects of government, conceives of herself as God's vicegerent in the comity of nations, and believes herself a supreme and chosen people, unto whom the earth and the fulness thereof is destined as a divine reward for her own virtues.

"The Allied theory has grounds in ethics and philosophy, but that of the Fatherland is frankly based on religion.

"To call Germany atheist is grossly to libel her, for abounding faith in God lies at the roots of her policy, and from the Kaiser through all ranks of society there obtains most active profession and practise of religious observations.

"As to the question of this gulf between the soul of trench and pulpit, the reason seems direct enough. The man in the trench is free, the man in the pulpit bound hand and foot. While religion continues to be a creature of the state and ethics and philosophy are unfettered and innocent of any such union; while fighting men may think and feel what they like about the foe, but preaching men only say what their masters would approve, it follows that the true opinion and aspiration of humanity shall be sought from the soldier rather than the priest."

There is nothing to choose between the churches of the belligerents, according to Mr. Phillpotts, who says that while to the English Established Church a larger liberty belongs than the German Lutherans can boast, the difference is only of degree. Neither tells the truth of its faith before this war or scourges its nation for such complete unfaithfulness to Christian precept or dares to criticize its nation's conduct of war. Mr. Phillpotts goes on to say that "not a Church on earth can afford to speak the truth that it professes," and of his nation's Church observes:

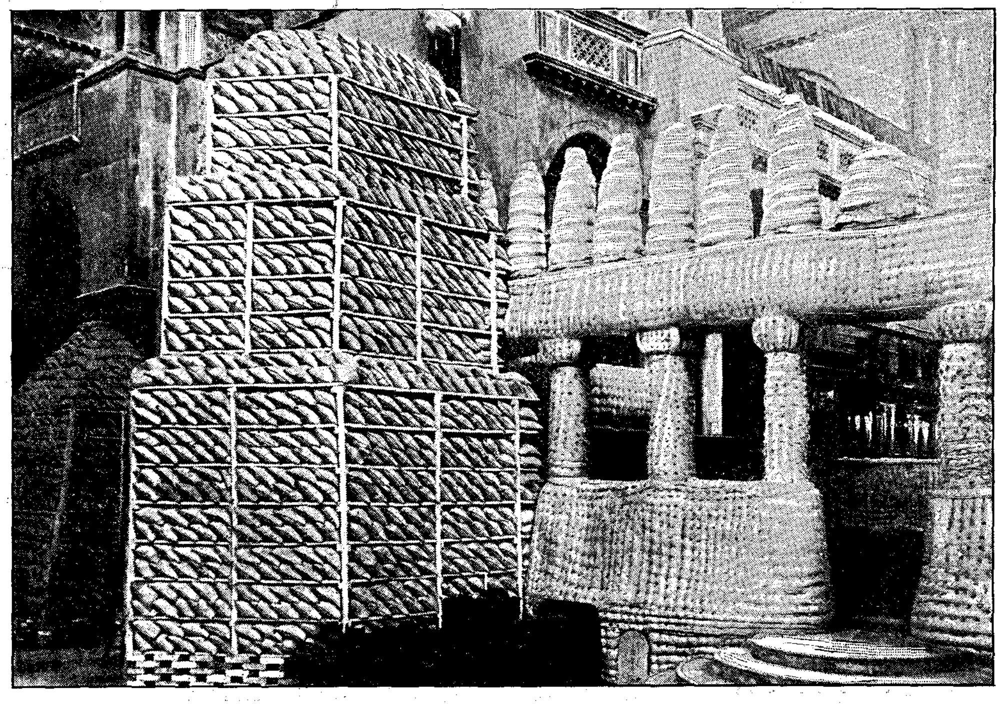
> "If the war disestablishes the Church of England and thus shows its real strength or weakness, one measure of valuable ethical progress at least may be recorded; for until such divorce we are unable to judge the validity of its claims or the vitality of its organism. We only recognize that through the war it has spoken with contradictory voices, uttered a bewildering flood of fatuity—futile on any scale of values, but doubly impotent contrasted with the speech of mankind at the front. The war has rent the veil of the Temple in twain and revealed nothing of the least consequence behind it. That could not be otherwise while the Temple remained a side-chapel to Parliament and its ministers lay under the dominion of those who neither respected their achievements nor acknowledged their supernatural authority. Let the Church of England free herself if she would endure; and so win liberty of conscience to pursue her own spiritual ideals unfettered and utter her true inspirations without fear. Then, at least, she will preach and teach as honestly, if not as worthily, as the man in the trenches, and perhaps recover a measure of that respect and attention reserved to-day for him."

"THE PSALM OF THE ALLIES"—Just after the change in the German Government the Kaiser and his family, the new Chancellor, Hindenburg, and Ludendorff were all present at Divine worship and were comforted by an edifying discourse by the court chaplain. The service was said to have been "one of the most impressive held in the cathedral during the war," and, according to the dispatches, the text of the sermon was this verse from the ninety-third Psalm: "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea." Several of our editors have commented ironically upon the appropriateness of this text, and the New York *Times* observes that "not the ninety-third, but the ninety-fourth, Psalm furnishes the right text for a sermon on Germany, the sweet German humanities in this war." And these verses are quoted:

> "O Lord God, to whom vengeance belongeth; O God, to whom vengeance belongeth, show thyself.
>
> "Lift up thyself, thou Judge of the earth: render a reward to the proud.
>
> "Lord, how long shall the wicked, how long shall the wicked triumph?
>
> "How long shall they utter and speak hard things? and all the workers of iniquity boast themselves?
>
> "They break in pieces thy people, O Lord, and afflict thine heritage.
>
> "They slay the widow and the stranger, and murder the fatherless.
>
> "Yet they say, The Lord shall not see, neither shall the God of Jacob regard it."

That, according to the writer in *The Times*, "is the Psalm of the Allies." He might also have quoted the cheering hope held out by the last three verses of this Psalm:

> "They gather themselves together against the soul of the righteous, and condemn the innocent blood.



THE ROOD SCREEN AT ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

Encased in padded covering to protect its priceless carvings.

> "But the Lord is my defense; and my God is the rock of my refuge.
>
> "And he shall bring upon them their own iniquity, and shall cut them off in their own wickedness; yea, the Lord our God shall cut them off."

BOOKS FOR THE SOLDIERS

MANY WILL BE GLAD to send reading-matter to the soldiers in France—our boys especially—if it were known what to select. The query is answered in the New York *Times* by the National War-Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. Cablegrams have already been received from officers of General Pershing's army asking that books and late issues of the leading magazines be sent without delay. The appeal is first made to New York, but the whole country will later be asked to contribute. Later it would not be unreasonable to expect that a series of cheap reprints of the classics, such as the London *Times* issued for use of the English troops, will be brought out by some American publishing house. Already the various public libraries of New York have offered to receive books intended for overseas troops at their various branches and to forward them to the receiving-room of the New York Public Library at the Fortieth-street entrance. For more explicit direction we read:

> "Good books of all kinds, so long as they are in fair condition and of good type, are acceptable. They should be put up in packages and marked 'American Overseas Forces.' It will be appreciated if the donors write their names in the books so as to add a personal element to the gift. Young Men's Christian Association workers have been unable to obtain in France reading material for the troops. All suitable books received in this way will be turned over to the National War-Work Council of the Young Men's Christian Association to be forwarded to France."

In a statement issued by J. I. Wyer, Jr., librarian of the State of New York and General Chairman of the War-Service

Committee of the American Library Association, information is given based on the experiences along the border, and the results of preferences expresst by the British soldiers in France. Thus:

> "Books of fiction and drama will be wanted most, books of adventure, sea-stories, detective stories, historical novels, and collections of short stories, especially humorous ones. Such authors as Kipling, Doyle, McCutcheon. O. Henry, Stockton, Bindloss, Tarkington, Hopkinson Smith, Oppenheim, have been found popular authors with men.
>
> "Foreign language study-books, especially French grammars and dictionaries, are much needed—possibly more than any other non-fiction books; also books of travel, biography, and history, especially lives of heroes and travels in the countries at war; technical books on aviation, wireless telegraphy, submarines, automobiles, signaling, first-aid and hygiene, drawing and lettering, and ethical books on patriotism, courage, good citizenship, with simple non-sectarian devotional books.
>
> "Books for the uneducated are needed. Some of the men have not reading habits. All grades of men must be helped by these libraries. Some books must be included which are not over their heads. Don't be too fastidious, but help the humblest reader by sending some titles which would not find a place in your library.
>
> "Fresh, attractive magazines are greatly desired, especially magazines of the character of *Century*, *Harper's*, *Everybody's*, *Outlook*, THE LITERARY DIGEST, *Popular Mechanics Monthly*, *Popular Science Monthly*, *Scientific American*, *Saturday Evening Post*. Probably no magazines more than two years old should be included."

The address of the War-Council of the Y. M. C. A. is 124 East Twenty-eighth Street. Further information may be had by inquiry at that office.

CAN YOU LOVE YOUR ENEMIES?

TRYING DAYS ARE THESE for the divines of all nations, and especially for those who hold to the Christian doctrine of loving your enemies. The New York *Tribune*, which mildly insinuates its sympathies with such while pointing their feeble efforts, sees that the Germans are in a somewhat better state as their difficulties are made "inconsiderable" for them. From the beginning it has been seen that their leaders have "made it plain that Germany was not on the same footing with ordinary nations and could not therefore be governed by the common standards of conduct." If they hated it was with a "German hate," and "if they committed murder it was in a divine cause. Even in their excursions against helpless civilians the airmen were blest, for were not the *Zeppelins* formally promoted to the celestial hierarchy, a little below the seraphim?" But in other countries, so it is observed, the compromise is not so easily worked, and—

> "The inability of the clergy to adapt their doctrine to the demand for reprisals has of late been a cause of offense to many hot-headed and revengeful people in England. The Archbishop of Canterbury himself expresst open disapproval of the project, and since he set the example some minor prelates and many priests of the Church of England have been signing petitions against it. The effect on those who hold the opposite view has been most unfortunate. 'Let the bishops stick to their belfries!' cries the Duke of Argyll in a towering rage, and, indeed, he finds not a few who agree with him in wishing for the old Tudor days when bishops 'were but dumb dogs.'
>
> "But not all laymen agree with the duke. Some are seriously alarmed at the growing dislike displayed on all sides against the Germans, whom they ought as good Christians to love, even tho they be obliged to kill them. Thus Lord Hugh Cecil at a recent meeting of the House of Laymen of the Province of Canterbury warned his fellow churchmen that, whatever any one might say, they 'were not entitled to hate Germans,' but, on the contrary, 'were bound to love them and to defeat them in this war for the good of the whole of Christendom.' It was a hard doctrine, and it is greatly to be feared that some of his hearers found it beyond their powers.
>
> "But what has enraged the revengeful above all else of late is the attempt of the Lower House of Canterbury Convocation to abolish Psalm 58 from the Prayer-Book. It is singular that imprecations which have been tolerated cheerfully for hundreds of years should suddenly prove distasteful to-day, but so it seems to be, for in answer to one who defends the psalm the Archdeacon of Gloucester asks plaintively: 'Does he really wish to see the teeth of the ungodly broken in their mouths?' There is no doubt that many will answer cheerfully that they do, and that when they pray in church on Sundays for victory the breaking of teeth and the smiting of jaw-bones are among the very least of the evils implied. They will even go so far with the Psalmist as to rejoice at the sight of vengeance, and the Duke of Argyll for one would doubtless be willing even to wash his footsteps in the blood of the ungodly. The bishops and archdeacons do not seem as yet to have made many notable converts."

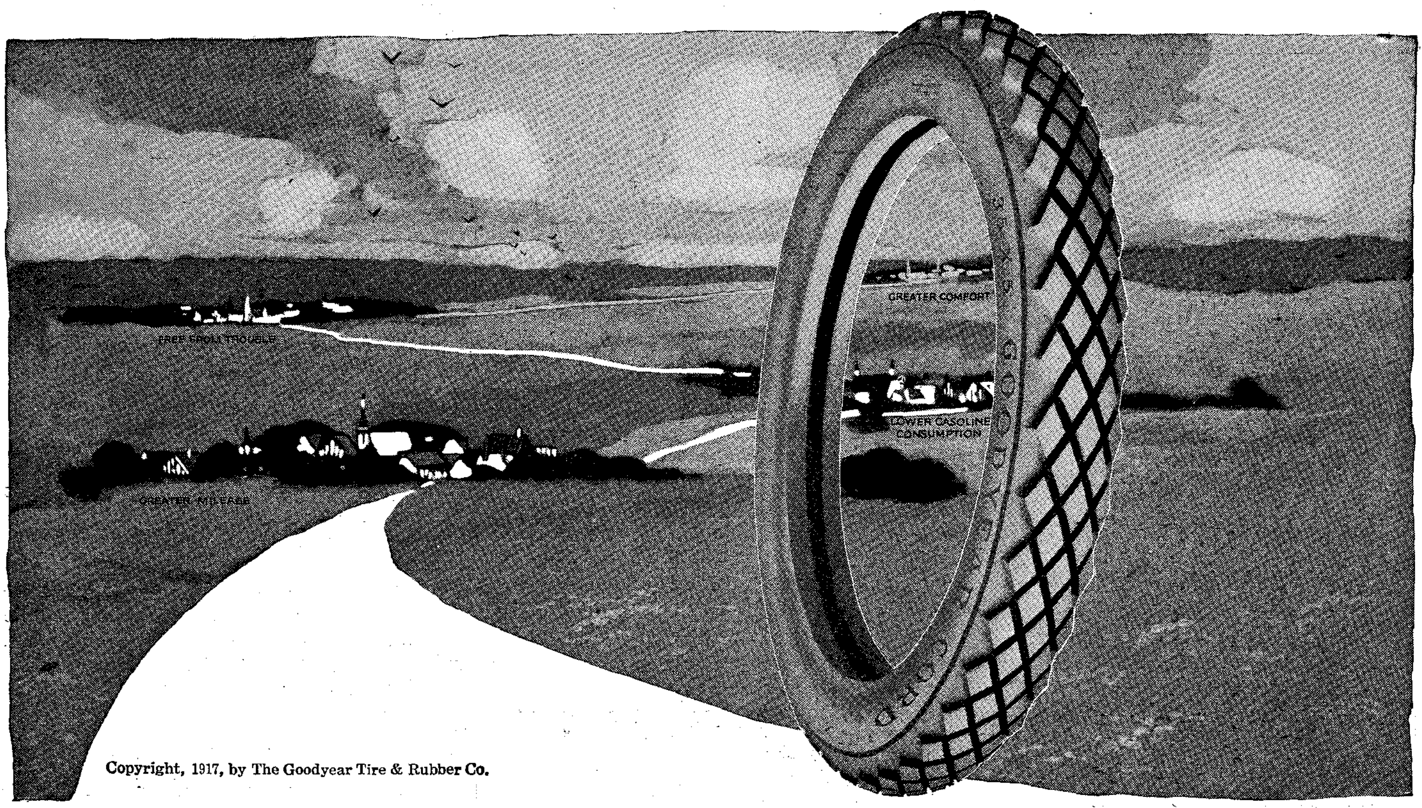
DECLINE OF CHURCH DISCIPLINE

DEAD AS A DODO is discipline in the average Baptist Church, so it seems to the editor of *The Standard* (Chicago), and his remark that "except for major crimes that cause public scandal, few churches resort to the painful process of exclusion," is doubtless applicable to other Protestant denominations besides his own. Yet once, we are reminded, it was otherwise. During the time when Elder Aaron Leland was pastor of the church at Chester, Vt., between 1786 and 1832, "the Church exercised a watch-care which contrasts strongly with the laxity so conspicuous to-day." And the Baptist editor quotes a few significant instances of discipline taken from the church-records and by the author of a history of the Leland pastorate:

> "1. Brother —— has neglected to attend upon the worship of God with the Church without giving sufficient reason.
>
> "2. Brother ——, for neglect of public worship on the Lord's day: (*a*) for letting his children roam from house to house and from field to field on the Lord's day in secular pursuits and vain amusements, (*b*) for selling two sheep, delivering and taking the money for the same on the Lord's day, all of which is thought to be hurtful to the Christian name.
>
> "3. Sister ——, for going with young people in dancing and other carnal amusements; wishing to be discharged from the Church that she might go on in carnal mirth with less remorse, her treating other solemn obligations with great indifference and contempt.
>
> "4. Brother C. complains of Brother P., member of the church in Westmoreland, a church within our knowledge, on account of his making two attempts to cast out devils, in which he thinks he was successful, justifying himself in the same.
>
> "5. Brother —— has encouraged persons to bring instrumental music into our Church-worship since he knew the mind of the Church thereon.
>
> "6. Brother T. concerning a calf which he sold for veal, which was supposed to have been choked. Settled on condition that the persons who bought the veal give a statement that they were satisfied.
>
> "7. Whereas, Sister —— has appeared to embrace the Universal sentiment, and in her conversation countenanced the same, also brings so unreasonable charges against the Baptist Church. After due course of discipline, voted to give her a letter of exclusion, but not till after our next conference, that she may have still further opportunity of considering the solemnity of being cut off from communion with the Church."

It may be thought that our great-grandfathers overdid this matter of discipline, but the editor of *The Standard* is willing to say frankly that—

> "it is far less dangerous when discipline is overdone than when it is underdone. But in the year of grace 1917, it is not done at all, and this is the serious part of it. We have fallen upon times when the ethical requirements of church-membership need sharper definition, and the way to define them is not by nominal adherence to a set of paper rules, but by actually putting them into practise in daily living. It is a sad day for our churches when it does not mean something in the realm of social ethics to be a member of the Christian Church."



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Tires That Surpass Our Every Claim

FROM time to time we have told you that Goodyear Cord Tires gave longer mileage, more comfort, greater gasoline economy and larger freedom from trouble than other tires.

It may seem peculiar that all these virtues—so necessary to complete tire satisfaction—should be found in one tire.

It *is* peculiar—so peculiar, in fact, that an entirely new type of tire construction was needed to accomplish it.

This new construction differs basically from the construction used in the fabric tire.

The body of the fabric tire is built up from tightly woven canvas.

To understand the effect of its construction, interlace the fingers of your two hands together and try to bend them.

See how stiff and rigid they become, when laced as canvas is woven.

Precisely this result is experienced in the fabric type of tire.

The body of the Goodyear Cord Tire contains *no* canvas.

It is built up from thousands of stout rubber-impregnated cords laid diagonally in layers one upon the other *without interweave.*

To understand the effect of this construction, lay the fingers of one hand diagonally upon the fingers of the other and again try to bend them.

See how free to exercise they are, how elastic and unhampered in movement.

Such freedom, elasticity and unhampered movement, combined with strength, are absolutely necessary to maximum tire efficiency.

These are the reasons for the unusual advantages in Goodyear Cord Tires.

Proof of these advantages is found in the experience of Goodyear Cord Users.

Here are letters from two of them, picked at random from thousands—read what they say:

"The Cheapest Tire in the World"

Tanner Automobile Livery,
Pasadena, Cal.

Gentlemen:

We are about to close our season and we thought an expression from us as to our experience with your tires would be acceptable to you. As you know, we are operating 85 cars, mostly Pierce Arrow, Packard, Cadillac, Locomobile and Hudson cars. These cars are sent on trips anywhere and used in the highest class service.

About two years ago, we were prevailed upon to give your tires a chance and we purchased a quantity; we went through the entire season without a single mishap of any description and have done almost as well this year.

We did not know that luxury and absolute perfection could be coupled with economy in the case of a tire, but the combination certainly exists in your product. *We know* that the Goodyear Cord Tire is the cheapest tire in the world.

Tanner Automobile Livery,
By (signed) C. C. Tanner.

"17,600 Miles and Still Running"

H. H. Cotton,
Real Estate Investments,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Gentlemen:

A year ago last March I purchased a seven-passenger 1-35 Packard touring car, equipped with Goodyear Cord Rib Tread Tires.

The four original tires on the car I used for 12,600 miles, making a trip all through Northern California and a great many trips into the country from Los Angeles, so that at least fifty per cent of the mileage was on rough country roads.

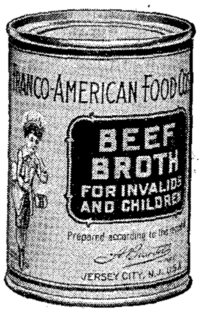
At the beginning of this winter season, I removed the rear tires and replaced them with two Goodyear Cord All-Weather Treads, leaving the original front tires, which ran 17,600 miles and are still running.

I have never had any tire trouble, never had a puncture, and the tires have never been off the rim. I consider this a remarkable performance for such a large car, and I can assure you that from my experience I am a confirmed Goodyear booster.

This record is so different from the previous experience I have had with tires that I am very glad to give this as an unsolicited testimonial.

(Signed) H. H. Cotton.

GOODYEAR
AKRON
CORD TIRES



First "aides" to the physician

Extra nourishment for the weakened system

By virtue of their strong, pure meat juices, Franco-American Broths are tonic, bracing, splendidly stimulating to the weakened digestive system. In addition they are excellent carriers of other foods, rendering them palatable and acceptable to the halting appetite.

Franco-American Broths

(*Sterilized*)

for Invalids and Children

To provide the patient or the child (well or sick) with additional nutriment, simply add to these broths any of the following:—barley, white of egg, whole egg, oat meal, flour ball, arrowroot, farina, sago, tapioca, cracker crumbs, zwieback, rice, etc., etc.

Doctors, nurses, and mothers often find the Franco-American Broths invaluable in thus conveying extra nutriment which would otherwise be rejected by the finicky appetite.

Beef Chicken Mutton

May be taken hot or cold!
Require no preparation
Sold by leading grocers

15 cents the can

HEALTH IN PURE SOUP

Makers of
FRANCO-AMERICAN SOUPS

CURRENT POETRY

RALPH HODGSON has long been known to those who care greatly for poetry as a writer of extraordinary talent, but until now no book of his poems has been published in this country. Readers of the volume called simply "Poems" (The Macmillan Company) will be inclined to believe that what they have hitherto considered talent really is genius. There is not a page in this book that is not beautiful; to come upon a volume of this sort is a rare pleasure to the critic wearied with much technically excellent, but commonplace and perfunctory, verse.

A true poet does not need an unusual theme, or an unusual method, or an unusual point of view. During the last few months many of our poetical radicals have been turning to Genesis for their inspiration, making Eve preach feminism, or anarchism, or some other fashionable ism. The result has been interesting, but not convincing, and none of the poems has had more than momentary notoriety. Ralph Hodgson makes Eve the central figure of one of his poems, but he does not find it necessary to represent her as a suffragist or anything else that she does not seem to be in the Bible. He follows the Bible narrative closely, writes with the simplicity of belief, and makes what most readers will agree with the London *Nation* in calling "the most fascinating poem of our time."

EVE

By Ralph Hodgson

Eve, with her basket, was
Deep in the bells and grass,
Wading in bells and grass
Up to her knees,
Picking a dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Down in the bells and grass
Under the trees.

Mute as a mouse in a
Corner the cobra lay,
Curled round a bough of the
Cinnamon tall. . . .
Now to get even and
Humble proud heaven and
Now was the moment or
Never at all.

"Eva!" Each syllable
Light as a flower fell,
"Eva!" he whispered the
Wondering maid,
Soft as a bubble sung
Out of a linnet's lung,
Soft and most silverly
"Eva!" he said.

Picture that orchard-sprite,
Eve, with her body white,
Supple and smooth to her
Slim finger-tips,
Wondering, listening,
Listening, wondering,
Eve with a berry
Half-way to her lips.

Oh, had but simple Eve
Seen through the make-believe!
Had she but known the
Pretender he was!
Out of the boughs he came,
Whispering still her name
Tumbling in twenty rings
Into the grass.

Here was the strangest pair
In the world anywhere,
Eve in the bells and grass
Kneeling, and he
Telling his story low. . . .
Singing birds saw them go
Down the dark path to
The Blasphemous Tree.

Oh, what a clatter when
Titmouse and Jenny Wren
Saw him successful and
Taking his leave!
How the birds rated him,
How they all hated him!
How they all pitied
Poor motherless Eve.

Picture her crying
Outside in the lane,
Eve, with no dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Haunting the gate of the
Orchard in vain. . . .
Picture the lewd delight
Under the hill to-night—
"Eva!" the toast goes round,
"Eva!" again.

Here is another sample of Mr. Hodgson's magic. In the last four stanzas of this poem we find a suggestion of a poet with whom we are sure Mr. Hodgson would gladly acknowledge intellectual kinship—Richard Le Gallienne. The idea in the last stanza of this poem has been exprest, with equal felicity, in Richard Le Gallienne's "*Flos Ævorum.*"

THE BRIDE

By Ralph Hodgson

The book was dull, its pictures
As leaden as its lore,
But one glad, happy picture
Made up for all and more;
'Twas that of you, sweet peasant,
Beside your granny's door—
I never stopt so startled
Inside a book before.

Just so had I sat spellbound,
Quite still with staring eyes,
If some great shiny hoopoe,
Or moth of song-bird size,
Had drifted to my window
And trailed its fineries—
Just so had I been startled,
Spelled with the same surprize.

It pictured you when springtime
In part had given place
But not surrendered wholly
To summer in your face;
When still your slender body
Was all a childish grace,
Tho woman's richest glories
Were building there apace.

'Twas blissful so to see you,
Yet not without a sigh
I dwelt upon the people
Who saw you not as I,
But in your living sweetness,
Beneath your native sky;
Ah, bliss to be the people
When you went tripping by!

I sat there, thinking, wondering,
About your life and home,
The happy days behind you,
The happy days to come,
Your granny in her corner,
Up-stairs the little room
Where you wake up each morning
To dream all day—of Whom?

That ring upon your finger,
Who gave you that to wear?
What blushing smith or farm-lad
Came stammering at your ear
A million-time-told story
No maid but burns to hear,
And went about his labors
Delighting in his dear!

I thought of you sweet lovers,
The things you say and do,
The pouts and tears and partings
And swearings to be true,
The kissings in the barley—
You brazens, both of you!
I nearly burst out crying
With thinking of you two.

It put me in a frenzy
Of pleasure nearly pain,
A host of blurry faces
'Gan shaping in my brain;
I shut my eyes to see them
Come forward clear and plain,
I saw them come full flower,
And blur and fade again.

One moment so I saw them,
One sovereign moment so,
A host of girlish faces
All happy and aglow
With Life and Love it dealt them
Before it laid them low,
A hundred years, a thousand,
Ten thousand years ago.

One moment so I saw them
Come back with time full-tide,
The host of girls, your grannies,
Who lived and loved and died
To give your mouth its beauty,
Your soul its gentle pride,
Who wrestled with the ages
To give the world a bride.

Then we find this charming melody. It is a song, a song so musical that it seems to carry its own music in its rime and rhythm.

TIME, YOU OLD GIPSY-MAN

By Ralph Hodgson

Time, you old gipsy-man,
  Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
  Just for one day?

All things I'll give you
Will you be my guest,
Bells for your jennet
Of silver the best,
Goldsmiths shall beat you
A great golden ring,
Peacocks shall bow to you
Little boys sing,
Oh, and sweet girls will
Festoon you with may,
Time, you old gipsy,
Why hasten away?

Last week in Babylon,
Last night in Rome,
Morning, and in the crush,
Under Paul's dome;
Under Paul's dial
You tighten your rein—
Only a moment,
And off once again;
Off to some city
Now blind in the womb,
Off to another
Ere that's in the tomb.

Time, you old gipsy-man,
  Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
  Just for one day?

We are tempted to quote "The Song of Honor," and "The Bull," and other long poems from this book. But this would not be fair; to read them those who are attracted to Mr. Hodgson by the foregoing excerpts must turn to the pages on which they were originally printed. But we can not resist the desire to exhibit these three exquisite lyrics—poems so delicately lovely that it would be absurd to attempt to criticize or characterize them further.

THE MYSTERY

By Ralph Hodgson

He came and took me by the hand
  Up to a red-rose tree,
He kept His meaning to Himself
  But gave a rose to me.

I did not pray Him to lay bare
  The mystery to me,
Enough the rose was Heaven to smell,
  And His own face to see.

Thirty-four years old and President of a three million dollar corporation

© U. & U.

The story of his success and how he achieved it

Five years ago a studious-looking young man—he was twenty-nine then—came to New York City.

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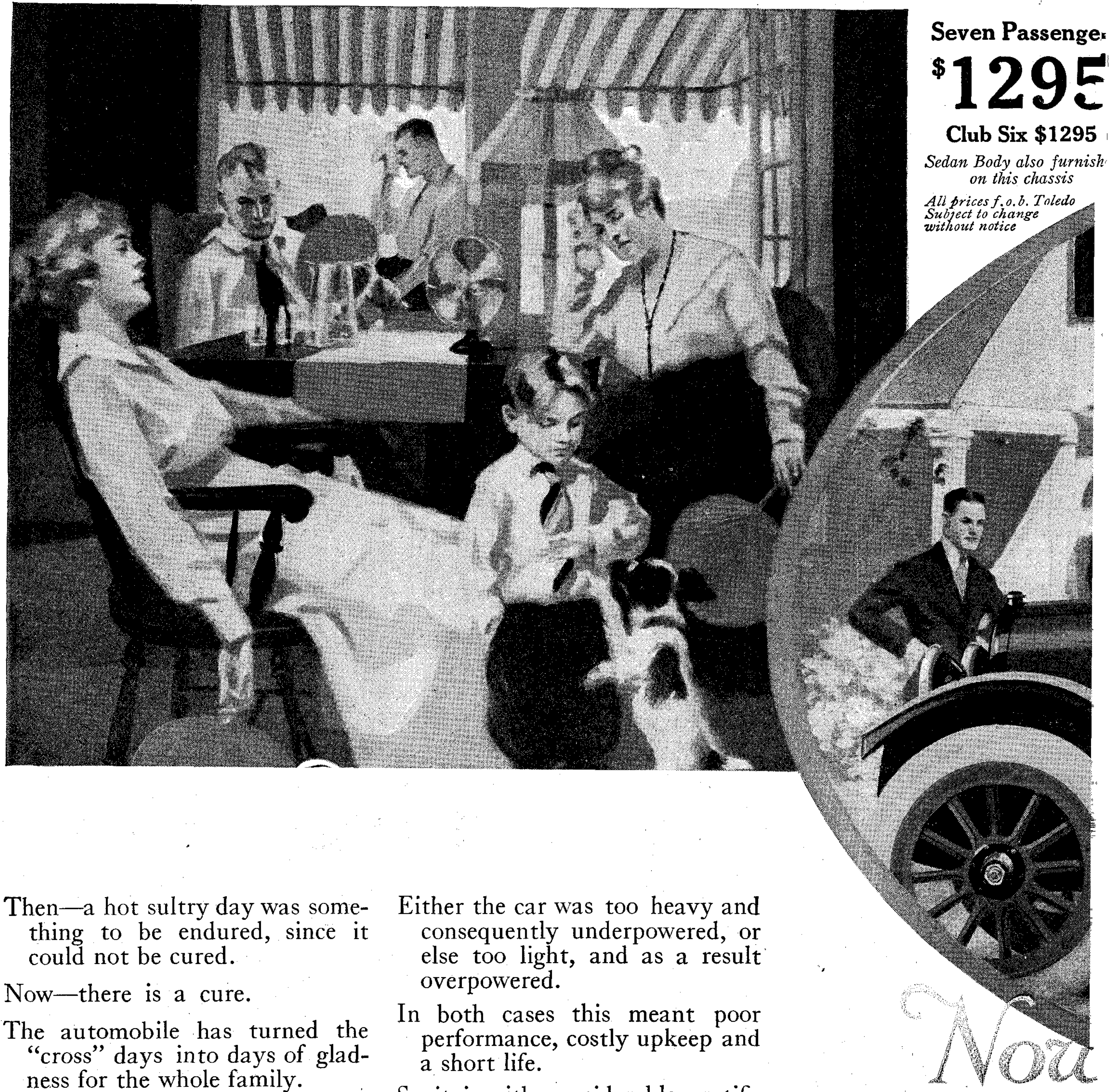

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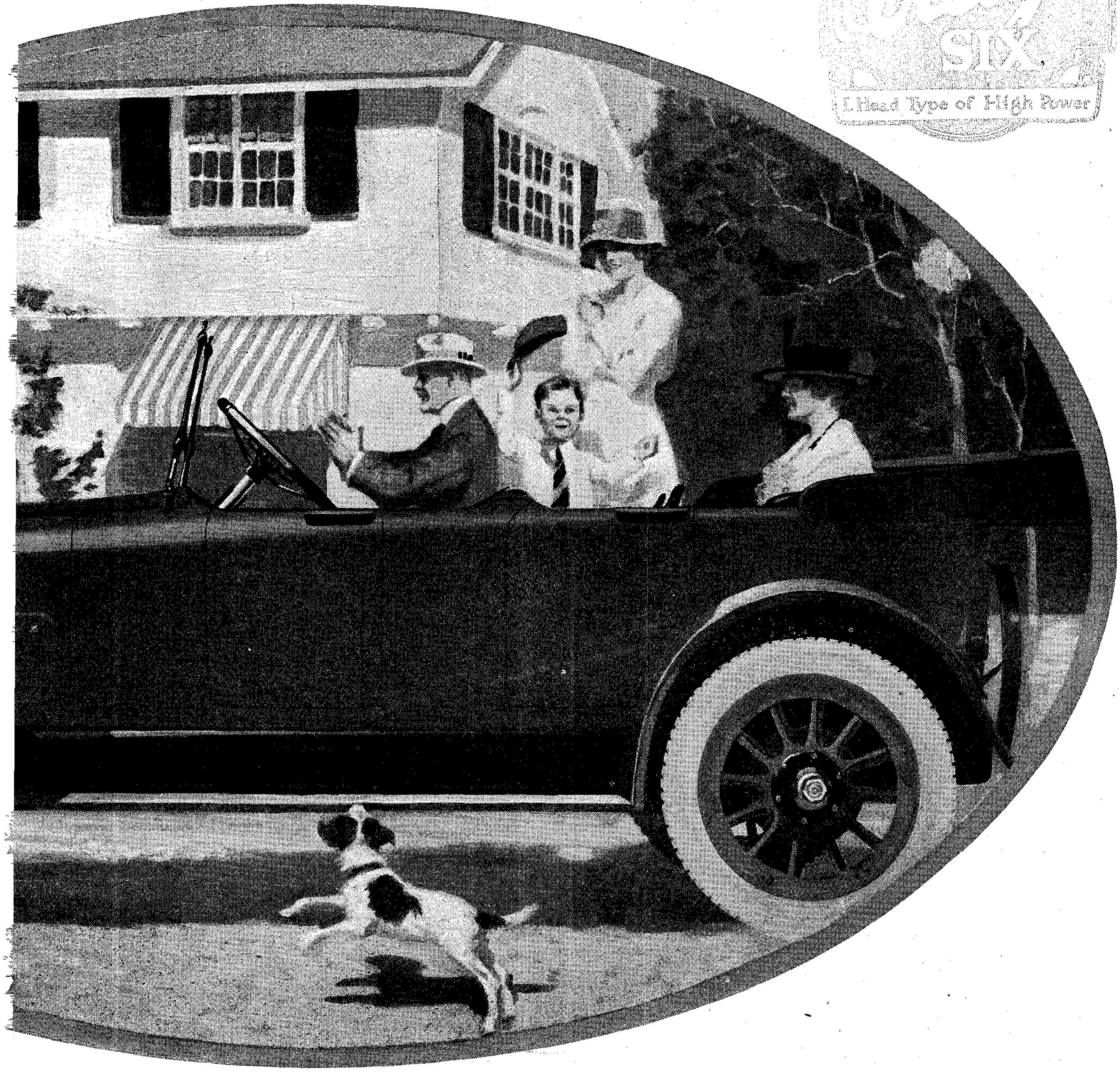

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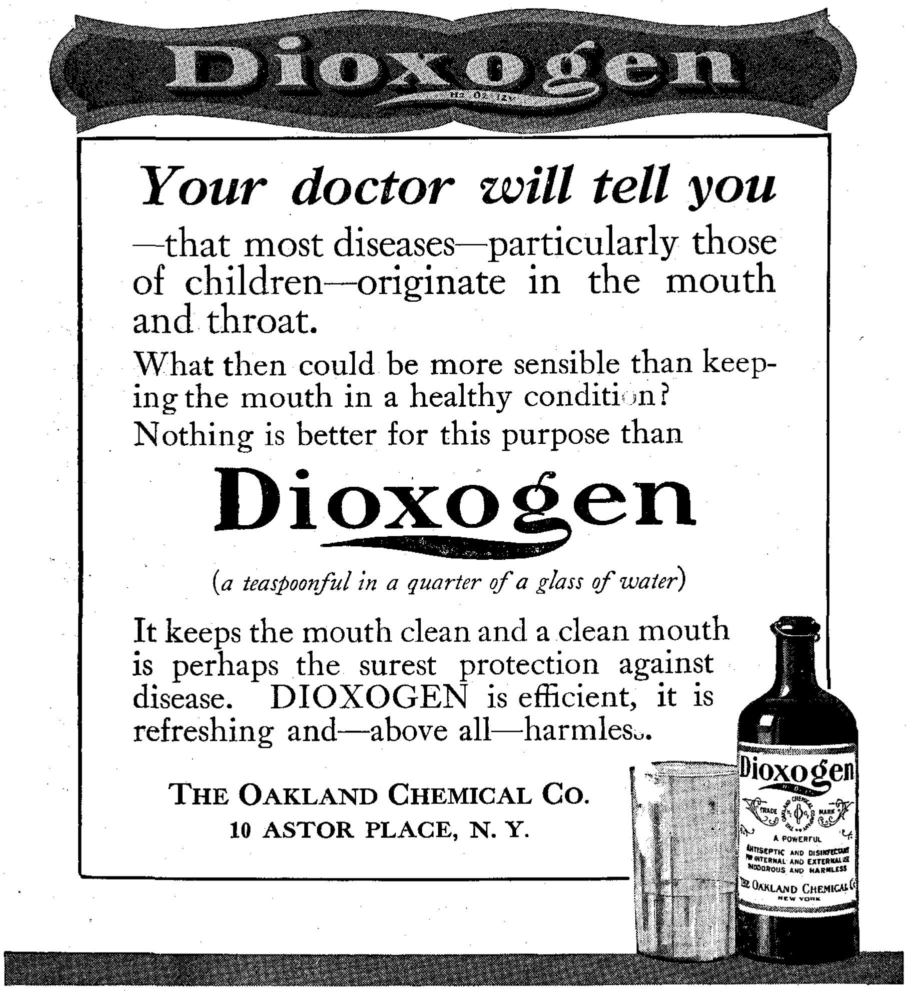
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THE SWALLOW

BY RALPH HODGSON

The morning that my baby came
  They found a baby swallow dead,
And saw a something, hard to name,
  Flit mothlike over baby's bed.

My joy, my flower, my baby dear
  Sleeps on my bosom well, but oh!
If in the Autumn of the year
  When swallows gather round and go—

STUPIDITY STREET

BY RALPH HODGSON

I saw with open eyes
Singing birds sweet
Sold in the shops
For the people to eat,
Sold in the shops of
Stupidity Street.

I saw in vision
The worm in the wheat,
And in the shops nothing
For people to eat;
Nothing for sale in
Stupidity Street.

Out in Minnesota there is a poet who writes over the signature Hugh J. Hughes. His poems appear in *Farm, Stock, and Home*, and many of them are so excellent that they would do credit to any of our monthly literary periodicals. This poem, one of Mr. Hughes's late contributions, expresses admirably the love for democracy and the hope for democracy which brought the United States into the war. But we wish that Mr. Hughes had not ended his last stanza with a preposition—that last line is too weak for so strong a poem.

THE KINGS

BY HUGH J. HUGHES

The Kings are dying! In blood and flame
  Their sun is setting to rise no more!
They have played too long at the ancient game
  Of their bluer blood and the bolted door.

Now the blood of their betters is on their hands—
  The blood of the peasant, the child, the maid;
And there are no waters in all the lands
  Can bathe them clean of the dark stain laid.

They have sinned in malice and craven fear—
  For the sake of their tinsel have led us on
To the hate-built trench and the death-drop sheer,
  But the day will come when the Kings are gone.

The Kings are dying! Beat, O drums,
  The world-wide roll of the democra[illegible]
O bugles, cry out for the day that [illegible]
  When the Kings that were shall [illegible]arveled at!

From the August issue of a [illegible] poetry magazine call[illegible] *The Lyric* [illegible] two little poems—one a charmingly tender fancy and the other an interesting epigram.

YOUNG MOON

BY CLEMENT WOOD

A thin and ruddy crescent,
  Over the Hudson's flow;
And you're the same young moon I saw
  Oh so long ago!
And then your thin blade lighted
  An Alabama sky . . .
You have traveled from your home
  Just as far as I!

REMEMBERING NOW

BY MAURICE SAMUEL

Her face was like a brimming well
  For a weary soul to drink of—
Not beautiful to look upon
  But beautiful to think of—

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

THE WASHINGTON OF RUSSIA

ONLY a few days after the European press had been enthusiastically comparing him with George Washington, Prince George E. Lvoff resigned as Premier of Russia. Perhaps his action serves to strengthen the likeness, for it was his contention that the proclamation of the Republic should await the voice of the people—the Constitutional Convention that is to frame the charter for New Russia which is still without a constitution. Lvoff's view of the matter is evidently shared by Boris Bakhmeteff, the Russian envoy to the United States, who, in a recent interview, discust the situation in his country. "The men and women who are not at the front," he said, "are busy in the fields gathering food for the army. Everything must wait for the convention."

In describing his gravity of manner and character as similar to the historical estimates of the Father of Our Country, a correspondent of the London *Mail* declares that Lvoff was placed at the head of the Government "because his personal traits will confer a certain responsibility, not to say respectability, upon accomplished facts." A writer in the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* presents this picture of Prince Lvoff:

> His conspicuous genius is for order, administration, and the reduction of chaos to system. He is at the head of a rather motley combination of journalists, labor-leaders, religious fanatics, lawyers, and idealists, all saturated with socialism.
>
> No tribute to his personality could be finer than the fact that these men all trust, respect, and admire Lvoff. The scholarly altho energetic Miliukoff, no less than the impetuous and vehement Kerensky, will submit at all times to the sway of Lvoff, who, while a man of great wealth and very aristocratic birth, has lived among the poor in mean streets at home and abroad.
>
> It was highly characteristic of the Prince that on the occasion of his visit to this country years ago he donned overalls and worked in railroad-yards and machine-shops for the sake of practical experience. He studied farming methods in the great West by driving a thresher. His exploration of Western civilization in France and England, as one who knows him says in the French paper, suggests that his model was Peter the Great.
>
> When he returned to his immense estates in the province of Tula he introduced American agricultural machinery by setting an example in its use and actual operation. Prince Lvoff told his brethren of the local nobility that their reformers invariably failed because they deputized too much.
>
> "The Russian peasant must not be lectured and exhorted to mend his ways," he said. "He must see the new idea in demonstration before his eyes."
>
> Lvoff scandalized the nobility by doing manual labor on his estate never before undertaken by one of his rank. One of his motives was the improvement of his

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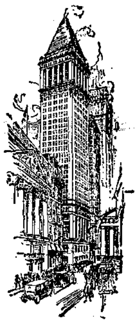

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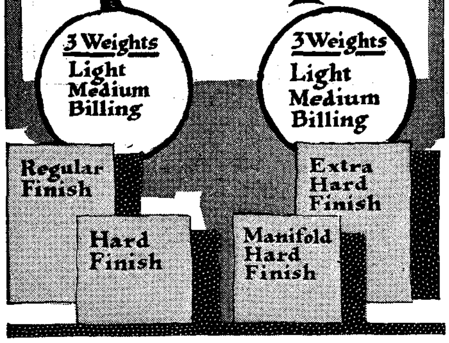

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physical frame, which in early life was emaciated and undeveloped. To-day, thanks to his open-air life and vigorous habits, he possesses strong lungs and a glorious digestion.

Lvoff set his face like flint from the first against a practise popular among the court circle of using hair-dye. His remarks on this subject reached the ears of a certain grand duchess who supposed herself particularly criticized by the words of the Prince, and he was forever after a disgraced man with the powerful clique she led. He might have been forgiven his labors in the cause of the *zemstvo*, but his attitude to hair-dye, according to our contemporary, was impossible.

It soon became a recognized affectation in the court circle to regard Lvoff as a joke, to parody his gravity of manner, and to turn his propositions for reform through the *zemstvos* into a jest at his expense. After his election as mayor of Moscow was nullified by Imperial authority, it became an understood thing to ignore his existence at court and never to mention even his name.

We have another story to account for the deep disgrace that fell upon the Prince at this period. It makes it appear that a favorite in a certain grand ducal circle was drawing exorbitant commissions on the sale of shoes for the Army in Manchuria during the war with Japan. Lvoff was at the front feeding the troops when this inadequacy of the shoes came under his notice.

He wore some of these himself and thus proved by a practical test that they had soles-of-paper. Upon his return to the capital it transpired that he had a collection of the worthless boots in all stages of dilapidation, distributing them as object-lessons where they would attract attention. This particular scandal was never fully investigated, but the connection of Lvoff with its exposure was another grievance against him. He would not play the game.

The Lvoff estate in the government of Tula supports one of the finest schools for the people of Russia. There is a popular misconception in Europe and America concerning the Russian peasant, who is sometimes found in a state of prosperity and intelligence that would amaze some readers of Tolstoy and Chekoff.

This is particularly true of the region in which the Lvoff estates lie. They are within a few hours' ride of the Tolstoy property at Yasnaya Polyana. The influence of the teaching of Tolstoy is evident in Lvoff's treatment of his people in Tula, but it must be remembered that the Russian peasant of our time is often himself a landowner, with accumulated private property and sons who are becoming merchants and even millionaires as well as cab-drivers and factory-hands.

Lvoff is not a great noble in the Russia of Turgenef but a wealthy man in a region whose humblest inhabitants are rising rapidly from outworn social dependency into a modern world of comfort and of ideas.

This must be borne in mind when Lvoff is referred to as a democrat. There is no great yawning social abyss between himself and the inhabitants of a Tula village even if he be a Prince and the descendant of a line of princes. He recognizes this always in his dealings with his neighbors at home. Never does Lvoff undertake to "uplift" anybody, or unbend graciously to people "beneath" him, even if they happen to wear blouses. Lvoff, too, shares the simple piety of the peasant and he can be seen to cross himself when he is at home as devoutly as an old woman before an icon.

Lvoff's ideas, as gleaned by a correspondent who attended a dinner at which the Prince spoke freely, are radically republican. Democracy, he contends, is more efficient than aristocracy.

The happiest people in the world, he thinks, are they who live in the interior of the United States. They care not for the outside world because they live in a world of their own.

So far from being incapable of self-government, the Russian masses, he believes, are highly endowed with the political and administrative faculty, as their local institutions prove.

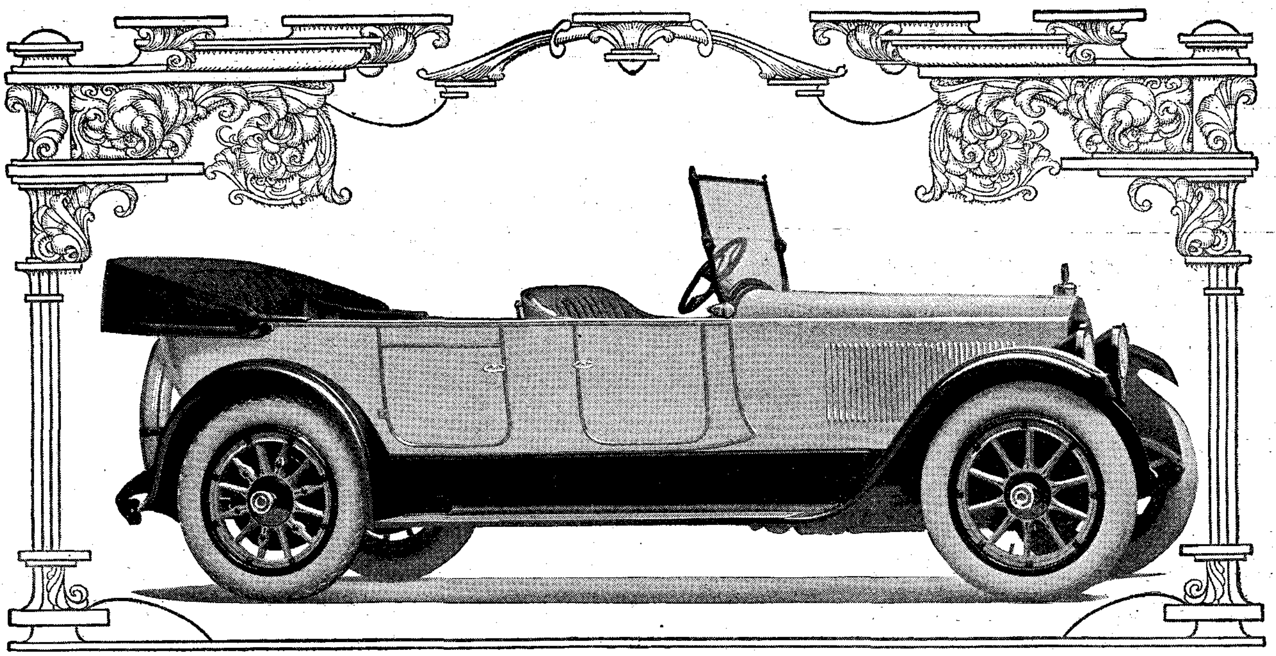
Had there been no Lvoff there could have been no revolution in Russia, because he alone combined the daring with the wisdom that gives effect to high resolve. His character gives the assurance that the work of the Provisional Government will be lasting, for his genius is of the kind that translates an idea into an accomplished fact.

Many a landed proprietor before Lvoff longed to improve the lot of the peasant and failed. Russia is filled with disillusioned members of the nobility, some of whom beggared themselves to make their people happy. Lvoff is an instance of a territorial aristocrat who found a great estate in ruin and who redeemed it. The task confronting him now is on a larger scale, but it is still the same.

HOW RELIGION CAME TO LAUDER

As Mr. Britling, in the fiction of H. G. Wells, found God through the death of his son in the war, so religion came to Harry Lauder, the Scotch singing comedian, through the slaying of his boy in the trenches in France. The Kansas City *Star* tells the story:

> You may have seen, some months ago, a picture of "Harry Lauder and His Wife and Son"; it was printed everywhere, the face of the genial old comedian beaming with pride in his son, just enlisted and going to the front. Lauder had lived for his boy, John. He had planned to buy him an estate in Scotland and give it to him on the day he should marry.
>
> The news of John's death came while Lauder was singing a comic song in a music-hall in London. They handed him the telegram when he came off the stage, and he fell into a chair. In his agony he rushed over to France and saw the grave of his son, and heard there the story of how the boy had turned to God in the trenches and of how bravely he died; and then Lauder hastened to comfort his wife in their Scottish home. There a good old Scottish dominie went to console him. He found Lauder in an armchair by the fireplace.
>
> "Ah," said Lauder, "the loss of my bonny boy greeted me sore" (greet is Scotch for grieve). "We were pals, my boy and I, and if you could have seen that little white cross in France you might imagine a little of the ache that came into my heart and the emptiness that came into my life. When a great blow like that hits a man, he takes one of three roads. He may give way to despair, sour



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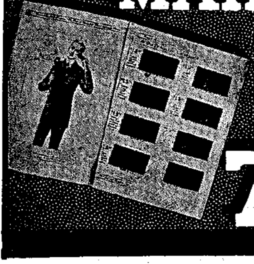

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on the world, and become a grouch; he may try to drown his sorrow in drink and become a wreck, or he may turn to God. I have chosen my road. I have turned to God."

Since then Harry Lauder has been singing and preaching to the soldiers in the concentration-camps in England and in the camps behind the battle-line in France and Belgium.

A worker for the Y. M. C. A., recently returned from the front, tells of a meeting held one Sunday night in a big dugout so close to the battle-line that bits of bursted shells, falling upon its board roof, sounded like the tattoo of hail. In the light of a few candles, a hundred men, fresh from the front and familiar with death, sat on the ground and listened while Lauder told how he had turned to God.

A CARTOONIST IN CONGRESS

LEAVING the candidates of the regular political organizations limping along in the stretch, John M. Baer, the man without a party, romped into Congress from North Dakota with a comfortable plurality of 3,000. Baer, who is only twenty-five years old, is a cartoonist on a Fargo newspaper and he just naturally chalk-talked himself into the national assembly at Washington. Baer was educated for an engineer, but turned his attention to farming until he discovered that his talent for drawing had a greater call. As a cartoonist he found it necessary to make a study of men and national affairs, and in this way he drifted into politics. The Kansas City *Star* says of his campaign:

> Naturally, the young men were for him. Drainage engineers spoke for him because they thought his technical training would be of use in discussing public-improvement projects. Cartoonists and artists sent drawings for a traveling exhibit boosting his cause—one newspaper humorist gave up his job to go out and give illustrated speeches for him. In the Fargo *Courier News* all Baer's drawings bore the union label—and the workingman was favorably inclined.
>
> Then there were the farmers, whose lot he once had shared in his brief twenty-five years of life. The Republican and Democratic candidates sought to impeach his record on the soil. Why, they charged, he made himself the laughing-stock of the community by covering a wagon-load of flax to protect it from the frost. It seems that flax is impervious to chill, and the charge was a grave one to make in that agricultural district. It appeared at one time that Mr. Baer could not survive this indication that he was unfitted to sit in the national councils.
>
> But Baer got out his artists' crayon and drew a picture of the farm-wagon driving through a terrific wind-storm. The tarpaulin, he proved to all within hearing or sight, was necessary to prevent his harvest from blowing away. Having thus displayed a statesmanlike ability for explaining away damaging evidence, the race was conceded to he young Non-partizan.
>
> As a political drawing-card, all the old party oratory could not equal Mr. Baer's chalk talks. Farmers would drive fifty

miles to see the "young feller" draw those pictures—crude likenesses of anything—from a State-owned grain-elevator to a fat Minneapolis miller gouging the men who raised the wheat.

In vain the Democratic candidate adopted a Norwegian accent and spoke of his Scandinavian parentage. Without avail did the Republican aspirant assure the farmers that they were being misled by such socialistic ideas as State-owned flour-mills and packing-houses.

The day before the election thousands of farmers in motor-cars called on their bankers, merchants, and fellow citizens in the cities and urged them to vote for John M. In some places motor parades were formed with one hundred machines filled with farmers' wives and children. At each town a stop was made and the Non-partizans whooped it up for Baer for Congress. One of these processions started with fifty machines at Buxton, and when it reached Grand Forks more than a hundred were in line.

Baer's election marked the entry of the National Non-partizan League into national politics. Lively interest was manifested throughout the Nation because the League has now spread into eight States, Kansas, Missouri, and Nebraska among them, with a total membership of 100,000, nearly half of which is in North Dakota.

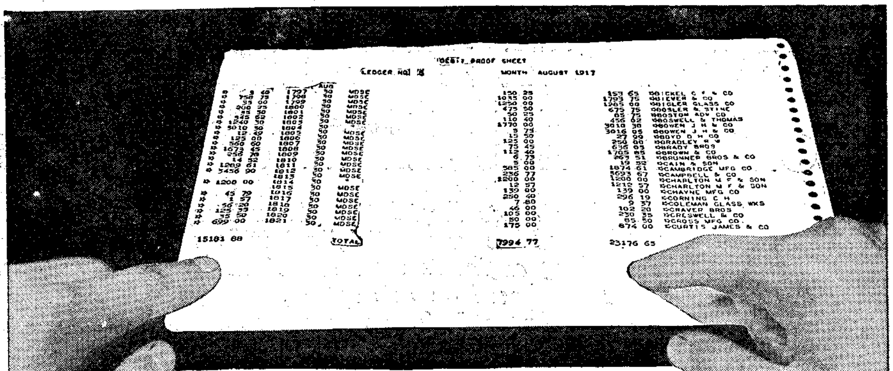
OUR BUSY "CONGRESSWOMAN"

THERE has never been any difficulty about selecting a name for boy babies. If those which had had a popular run in the family were being too heavily taxed, there was always "our Congressman," a whole or a part of whose name could be applied to the new member of the family of a constituent. But, until the election of the lady from Montana, girl babies have never enjoyed such a distinction. Mothers are quite alive to their new opportunity. Miss Jeannette Rankin had hardly taken her seat in Washington when the postman brought her the photograph of Miss Jeannette Rankin Smith, and, says Theodore Tiller in the New York *Sun:*

Since then Miss Rankin has received nearly one hundred letters informing her that the sweetest baby girl in the world was born last week and has been duly named Jeannette or Jeannette Rankin. In many instances a photograph is not sent by the fond mother. Thereupon Miss Rankin dictates a letter asking that a photograph be sent immediately, and when it arrives it is placed in the baby-gallery which the woman member of the House is displaying at her apartment.

While this has been one of the pleasantest of the new experiences of Miss Rankin, Congressional life has been just one wonderful thing after another. She finds three secretaries are necessary to handle her correspondence, and the big war-problems that have arisen on the floor of the House have caused her much perturbation, even since her first unfortunate experience in voting against the war-measure. *The Sun* says:

There has never been published an



Elliott-Fisher "Proof Sheet"

showing Old Balance, Folio No., Description of Goods, Debits, New Balance and the name of account to which the posting was made. (Credits appear on a separate proof sheet.) Each posting is immediately identified by the name of the account. Leafing back through the ledger is entirely eliminated. Column totals are obtained automatically as the postings are made.

End-of-the-Month Proof of Accurate Bookkeeping

The end of the month tests the efficiency of every bookkeeping department. *Without* the proof sheet, the bookkeeper with a machine-posted ledger out of balance is in identically the same position as if his ledger had been posted by hand, and must do just what the hand-bookkeeper does—check through the ledger to find mistakes.

With the proof sheet, such as Elliott-Fisher Bookkeeping Machine furnishes, there are *permanent* tracks of all the month's work. The bookkeeper can, at the end of the month, locate quickly errors which have been made during the month and find out definitely if corrections were made.

M. A. Donohue & Company, Printers and Publishers, of Chicago, speak highly of what Elliott-Fisher Machine Bookkeeping has done for them. An extract from one of their letters is well worth reading.

"By reason of the daily proof of all work done on the machine, we are automatically in balance by the end of the month, so that immediately after the posting of the last closing entry we proceed to ***mail out our*** *statements, resulting in much more* ***prompt returns on settlements*** *than was at all possible under the old method of pen posting. To illustrate, we closed our books at half-past four on the afternoon of August 31st and our customers' statements were all in the mail box by 12.30 Friday noon, September 1st.*

M. A. DONOHUE & CO."

Nothing-to-Do-at-the-End-of-the-Month-But-Mail-the-Statement

Elliott-Fisher Bookkeeping Machine is a business necessity. It is *not* a luxury—not merely desirable if conditions are right—but a real necessity. From the standpoint of economical results, prompt trial balances, quick billing, efficient results, every business should use Elliott-Fisher Bookkeeping Machines.

We have offices in all important cities. Our representatives will gladly call and explain without obligation how it would benefit your business. Write for complete information.

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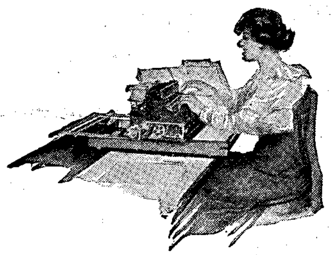


That Elliott-Fisher Bookkeeping Machine will fit any business is further shown by the experience of E. R. Godfrey & Sons Co., Wholesale Grocers, of Milwaukee. Before installing Elliott-Fisher they had two kinds of accounts to keep and four separate trial balances to get—but read what Mr. Godfrey says:

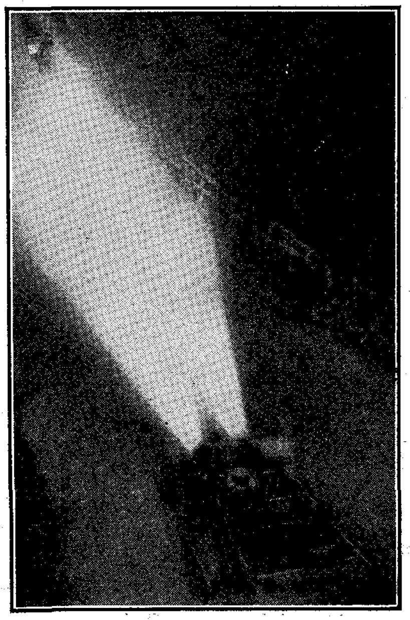
"After making use of three of your bookkeeping machines for one year in our business, where service, efficiency and speed are vital factors, especially in our perishable goods department, where we require thousands of weekly statements, and in our grocery department, which is on a monthly basis of settlement, we find ourselves as enthusiastic over results obtained as we were a year ago. We feel that a compliment is in order on constructing such a complete and thorough bookkeeping machine.

Yours respectfully,
E. R. GODFREY & SONS CO.
(Signed) J. D. Godfrey"

Elliott-Fisher
Bookkeeping Machine
with the Proof Sheet and the Flat Writing Surface

New York State Legislative Committee Defines Ideal Automobile Headlight

The New York State Legislative Committee, after a thorough study of automobile headlighting, prepared an exhaustive, scientific report on this subject. Foremost automobile and illuminating engineers were examined by the committee. The New York Automobile Headlight Law, based on this report, was passed May 12; signed by Governor Whitman, June 9; in effect August 1. Three important features of the committee's report are quoted below.



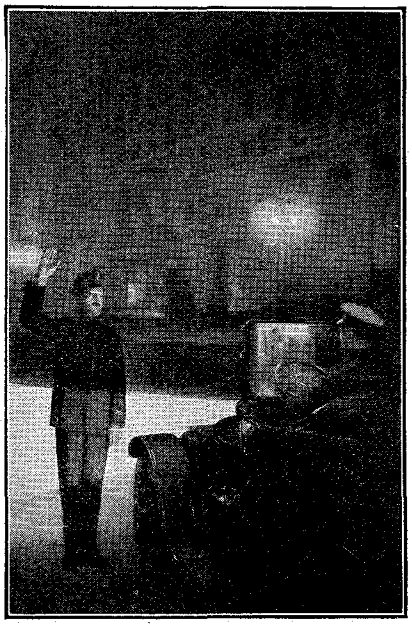
Long Range

An automobile headlight must have *long* range. *The report in this connection says:*

"The primary object of headlights is to provide the driver with sufficient illumination to reveal objects and road conditions ahead of him. A car traveling at the rate of 20 miles per hour covers 29 feet per second. A minimum range of vision of 250 feet allows the driver only 8 seconds' time to travel that distance.

"If any considerable amount of illumination of the foreground is produced, the vision of the driver for distant objects is seriously impaired. The immediate vicinity of the driver must be kept in relative darkness.

"This principle makes it obvious that the devices which diffuse or otherwise deflect any considerable portion of the beam in the immediate foreground are radically wrong. They are liable to give a false sense of security to the driver."



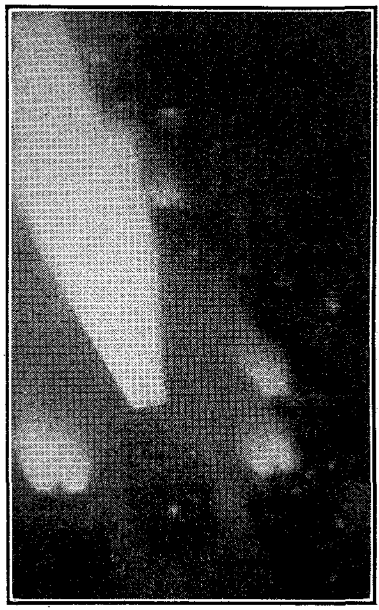
No Glare

A headlight must have absolutely no glare. Glare means constant danger. The ideal headlight glass so controls the light that it shoots out along the road giving long range, but not blinding motorists or pedestrians.

The report says:

"Wherever the problem of headlight regulation has been considered it seems to have been assumed that most of the light projected at a level more than 3½ feet above the road is dangerous to other users of the highway.

"Since according to the rules of traffic, all vehicles are required to travel on the right side of the road, no light projected to the right of the axis of the car, either above or below the 42-inch level, can produce glare in the eyes of a driver or pedestrian."



Ability to Pierce Fog

The report devotes one section to "Advantage of light of yellowish-tint in headlight service." The yellowish-tint causes the light to pierce fog and dust.

This section in part reads:

"When driving in fog, dust or smoke with an ordinary headlight, the diffusion of light, 'back glare' acts to cut down the range of vision. In extreme cases it is impossible to see even a few feet beyond the car. By using some device which eliminates the blue and violet rays, and thus projects a beam predominant in yellowish-tint, back glare is reduced to a minimum, and the range of vision of the driver is greatly increased. To secure the best possible illumination in headlight service, the beam should be of a predominant yellowish-tint."

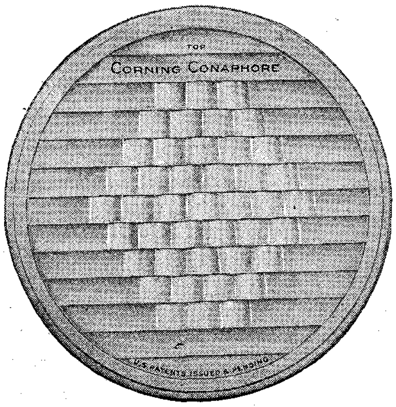
New Scientific Automobile Headlight Glass Meets All Requirements

The only automobile headlight glass which complies with all the requirements in this report is the Conaphore.

The Conaphore is a new *scientific* headlight glass, made by the Corning Glass Works, largest manufacturers of technical glass in the world.

LONG RANGE—The Conaphore gives a range of more than 500 feet. *All* the light is utilized. It shoots along the road and roadside, giving ample illumination for safe night driving.

ABSOLUTELY NO GLARE—Conaphores have no glare. The light is so controlled that the beam cannot hit approaching motorists or pedestrians in the eyes. *The Conaphore complies with all city and state no-glare laws.*



THE CONAPHORE—Smooth front surface. Cannot clog with dust or mud. Easily cleaned.

PIERCES FOG—Conaphores are made of yellowish-tint Noviol Glass (*patented*). Noviol Glass enables the light to pierce fog and dust, by eliminating back glare. No other headlight glass can be made of this patented glass with its fog-piercing feature.

Conaphores are also made in clear glass. Clear glass Conaphores comply with all no glare laws, and give wonderful range, but lack the ability to pierce fog.

Conaphores can easily be installed in any car in place of the regular headlight glasses. Sizes are made to fit all cars. Prices range fom $1.30 to $6.00 per pair, depending on the size.

Copy of New York Report on headlights will be sent free.

Address, Conaphore Sales Division, Edward A. Cassidy Co., Inc., Mgrs. 282 Madison Avenue, New York City, or Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

> explanation by Miss Rankin of her vote against war, a vote dramatically cast at a House session that lasted past midnight and far into the morning hours.
>
> "It is looked upon as a woman's vote rather than the vote of a Representative of Montana. Is the first woman in Congress a failure?" wrote a constituent a few days later. She received a number of letters of this tenor, and to them she replied:
>
> "I am glad to have an expression of your opinion because I am glad at all times to know what the people think. In the campaign last fall, I judged the sentiment in Montana was overwhelmingly against war. Of course, the situation had changed when the vote was taken and yet the letters and telegrams that came to me from Montana were sixteen to one against the war-resolution. I tried to let Montana people know that whenever a question arose on which I had received no definite instructions from them I would vote in accordance with my highest ideals. If the letter from you had come before the vote as well as afterward it would have been appreciated."
>
> Except for her actions on the night of the vote, that is Miss Rankin's explanation of her course. Her actions that night conveyed the real story of the fight within a woman's heart. She was nervous and depresst during the long roll-call. Altho in the hall, she did not respond on the first call of the roll. Evidently the battle still was going on within her. The clerk repeated her name twice before she voted on the last call, and then she broke precedent by interrupting the call to say:
>
> "I want to stand by my country—but I can not vote for war."
>
> Miss Rankin takes her job in the House seriously. She is a rather steady attendant upon the floor even when the debate lags. She reaches her office before ten o'clock, generally it is around nine, and begins work. There are other members of Congress who consider themselves early if they reach the office by the time the House convenes at noon.
>
> Miss Rankin, so far as is known, is the only member of the House who keeps a visitors' book. Every visitor to her office, whether of high or low degree, is asked to write his or her name in a little leather-covered register. The lady from Montana intends to have an unusual souvenir of her public career when she leaves Congress.
>
> Dr. David Starr Jordan, peace-advocate and lecturer, registered in Miss Rankin's little book recently. Right under his name appears that of Benny Leonard, lightweight-champion pugilist. Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey, a woman lawyer, of Washington; Miss Katharine Anthony, the writer; Miss Helen Louise Johnson, head of the economics department of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and many constituents and tourists have inscribed their names in the book since Miss Rankin came to Congress. Practically every suffrage worker, of course, visits Miss Rankin when on a visit to Washington. She is the sole feminine representative of "the cause" in Congress.

Miss Rankin's three secretaries are kept constantly busy answering letters and receiving callers. Her mail reaches approximately three hundred letters a day, and they touch on every subject from the business of the Nation to—well, as to matrimony, the writer in *The Sun* says:

> It was ungallant to press the question, when no definite answer was forthcoming, as to whether Miss Rankin's correspondence has contained any proposals of marriage. The office force said they didn't recall any, and Miss Rankin blushed confusedly and gave no answer.
>
> Miss Rankin recently purchased an automobile. She has found that a member of Congress must do considerable running around among the departments. One constituent wants information about a civil-service examination; another wants to get into or out of the Army; still another wants a pardon obtained for some friend in the penitentiary, and a fourth demands action on a homestead entry. There are always errands to do for one's constituents, and since Montana has but two Representatives in the House, Congressman Evans and Miss Rankin, the demands of the State at large keep two members busy.

Miss Rankin succeeded Congressman Stout, who, it appears, had such a heavy demand from his constituents in Montana for garden-seed, which the Government distributes through its legislators, that he exhausted his supply. When Miss Rankin arrived she hadn't a seed or a bulb to her credit. So, when the folks back home began to write to their Congresswoman that they would like to do a little spring planting in the dooryard, she was in a quandary until some one suggested that she borrow from some city member whose constituents were not interested in gardens. With the aid of her secretaries, she succeeded in placing the loan. Of her secretaries, *The Sun* says:

> Most members of Congress get along with one secretary. But no one secretary, male or female, could attend to the work in Miss Rankin's office, so she brought along Miss Florence Leech and Miss Belle Fleigelman, two Montana girls who had been with her in suffrage campaigns. In Washington she added another to the force, Miss Louise Puffer.
>
> Miss Rankin, her mother, two nieces, a sister, and the Misses Leech and Fleigelman live together as one big family in an apartment in Washington. There is a spare room besides for feminine constituents who drop in from Montana now and then to learn about the progress of the suffrage movement.
>
> In her first speech Miss Rankin showed little nervousness and she handled her subject capably. She is no stranger to the stump and campaigned as vigorously as any man in the preelection contest last fall. The lady from Montana is not of the militant-suffragist type; in fact, she is, gentle, modest, and a bit retiring, but she knows how to campaign and will descend into a mine or climb a mountain-peak to speak to the voters of her State. Her voice is pleasing.
>
> Right here let the false report be nailed that Miss Rankin is red-headed. Her hair is a wavy brown, with here and there a prematurely gray strand showing. She has an attractive personality and makes friends easily. One wouldn't describe her as beautiful, neither can she be called

A pipe tobacco that keeps on being liked

When you go into a strange hotel and look around the lobby, you gather in a minute a pretty definite impression of the kind of cigars and tobacco sold there.

Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco is the kind that *is sold where Corona Coronas are sold*—not because Edgeworth is in the price class of Corona Coronas, but because the kind of man who smokes a 50c cigar usually turns to Edgeworth when he decides to smoke his pipe.

Edgeworth is a favorite tobacco with men who buy their smoking tobacco in the larger-sized packages. We know this to be true because *so much Edgeworth is sold in this way.*

It is a tobacco that suits the smoker who keeps one generous supply at his office and another supply at his home—the type of smoker who likes his pipe so well that he does not carry his entire supply of tobacco around in his hip-pocket.

Edgeworth has that quality of keeping itself well-liked that some cigars have. There are cigars, you know, that have developed into conspicuous box-sellers. Like Edgeworth, they have that steady capacity for being liked, that makes a man feel assured that he is acting wisely when he buys a quantity.

We do not mean to infer that nobody ever switches from Edgeworth. We know they do, but they most always come back to it and like it better than ever.

Now, we realize that it would take considerable urging on our part to induce you to go forth and buy a dollar package, or even a 10c tin, just on the strength of our statement that Edgeworth is a much appreciated tobacco.

You may have samples of Edgeworth free if you will write for them.

We say samples because Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco comes in two forms. Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Plug Slice is the original form and is very popular among certain pipe-smokers. The tobacco has been pressed by powerful machines into compact square plugs which are sliced into regular oblong slices.

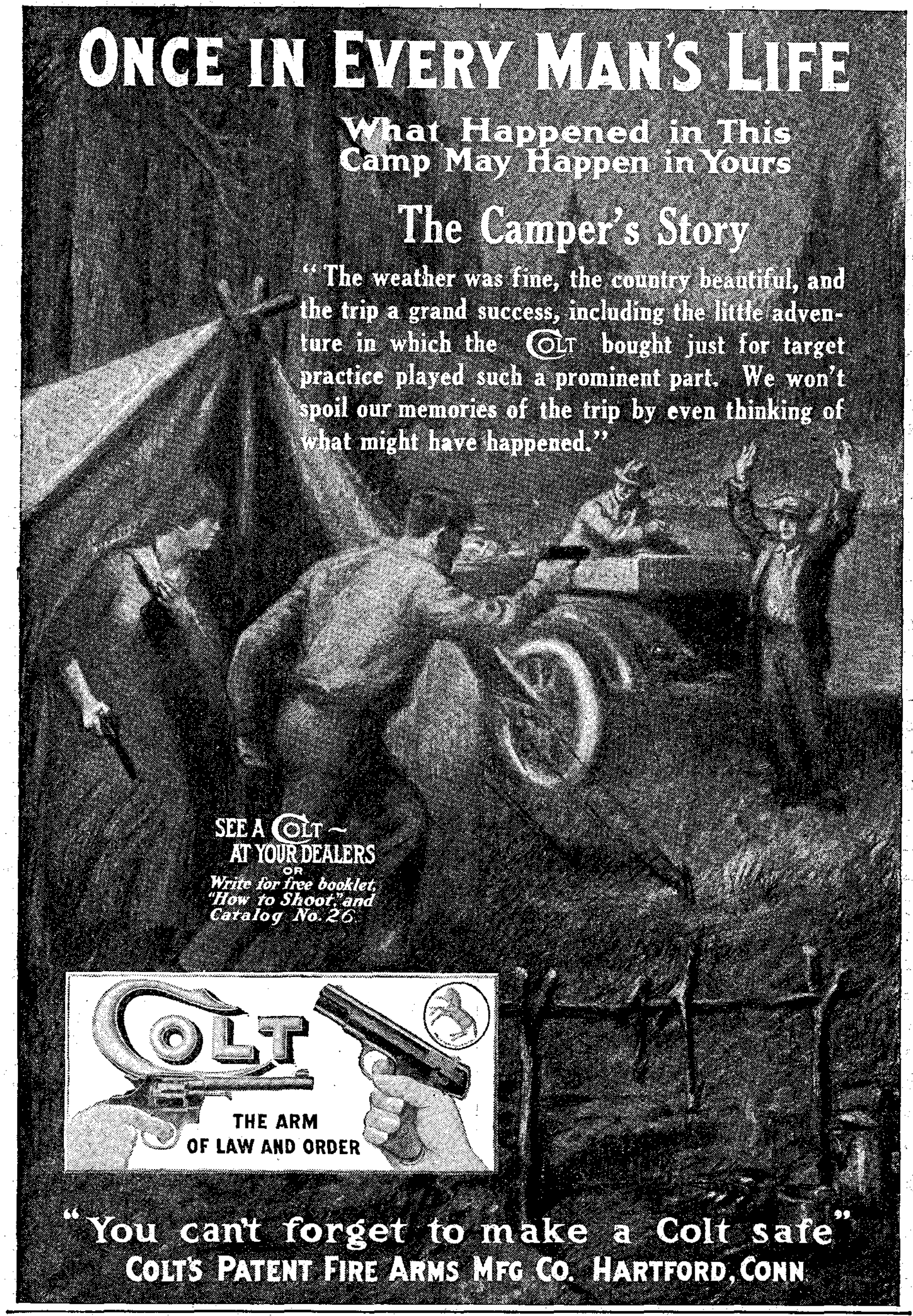
For smokers who prefer the convenience of a tobacco ready for the pipe, we have prepared Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed. It is the same tobacco as Plug Slice but already prepared for the pipe by special rubbing machines.

We will send you a sample of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed and so let you decide about Edgeworth, even to the form in which you prefer it.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket-size tin, 50c for large tin, $1.00 for humidor tin. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c, and $1.00. It is on sale practically everywhere. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

For the free packages, write to Larus & Brother Co., 5 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly send you a one- or two-dozen (10c size) carton by prepaid parcel post at the same price you would pay jobber.



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plain. She has a trim, neat figure, a winning smile, twinkling blue-gray eyes, and a well-set head.

Miss Rankin dresses smartly, and altogether is prepossessing and is a better-looking woman than the average House member is man. In other words, she averages well in deportment, looks, ability, energy, and strength of character.

The House to-day has about accustomed itself to the presence of a woman on the floor. There was considerable scurrying about at first; there was especially wonderment whether Miss Rankin would use the cloak-rooms, whether she would want to talk frequently, seek special privileges, or harangue the members on suffrage. She hasn't used the cloak-rooms, where male members sit, and tell stories, and smoke cigars; she hasn't pestered anybody about suffrage, and she has asked no special privileges.

No fault can be found with the demeanor of Miss Rankin on the floor. She is amiable, friendly, and an excellent conversationalist when members are talking in an undertone during a dull debate. She occupies a seat near the center aisle, well toward the rear of the hall. House seats are not now numbered, but Miss Rankin has one seat in one particular row that she prefers and sits there most of the time. Both Democrats and Republicans drop down beside her for a chat. Sometimes one of the callers invites Miss Rankin to lunch in the House restaurant; again, Miss Rankin will insist upon receiving the check and paying the bill. At other times she will eat alone or in company with one of her secretaries.

Miss Rankin is as matter-of-fact and natural in her daily associations about the House as any member of the male sex. She is respected and admired by all her colleagues, whether or not they agree with her politics and her votes, and this thing of having a woman member among more than four hundred male members isn't so bad as some of them feared.

Of course, there is opportunity for a legislative romance during the Sixty-fifth Congress—but that will be another story.

WHY THE GERMAN PEOPLE DEMAND PEACE

FROM the bleeding hearts of Germany has gone up a cry for peace that has penetrated even to the Reichstag, and the Kaiser has answered it with Michaelis—Michaelis, who speaks with the tongue of his master, and demands war, more war, ignoring the spirit of democracy that is stirring in the war-weary hearts of a suffering people whose fathers, sons, husbands, and brothers have been sacrificed to an ambition for world-power, and blind to the approaching crisis born of heartache and privation. The New York *Times* says of the unrest in Germany:

> The Kaiser has spoken. The German people yearned for peace, and, in some measure, perhaps, for democracy. They will get neither democracy nor peace. They learn it now from his own lips, for Michaelis's lips are his. When Bethmann spoke, he spoke as the servant of the Kaiser, but when Michaelis speaks it is the Kaiser himself who speaks. After all, Bethmann was an individual; Michaelis

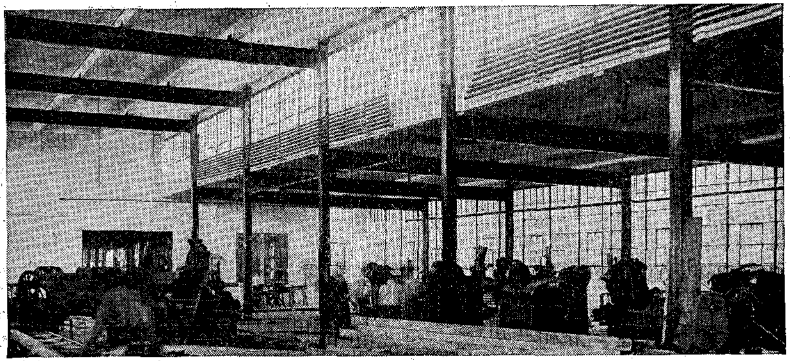
is not an individual; he has no identity. When the Kaiser dismissed Bethmann, he did not supplant him with some German statesman who had a personality; he picked out an obscurity with no known views, a blank sheet of paper on which to write. The Kaiser himself became Chancellor.

The soul of Germany was aching for peace three months ago. How desperate their situation is now may be gathered from conditions at that time of which A. Curtis Roth, then American Vice-Consul, at Plauen, in Saxony, wrote in *The Times* of March 15. He said:

> Wage-earning Germany's nerves have been worn raw by the increasing weight of suffering that the war has brought it. This class of Germans has become sullen, dissatisfied with the Government, almost rebellious. While the middle class remains intensely patriotic, parading before the casual observer a unified and determined Germany, fatigue of war is making alarming strides among the working people. A great many of these humble people want peace at any price—at the price of their colonies, of Alsace-Lorraine, even of their country's prestige and position.

Mr. Roth has lived in close touch with industrial Saxony, where he has spent seven years, and he is looked upon by the people as a friend. He therefore spoke with accurate knowledge of the situation when he declared that "the standard of living among the working people was on a par with the coolie standard of Asia." And conditions in Saxony, it is fair to assume, reflected those throughout Germany. Of the changed spirit of the people he said:

> The working people, at least in Saxony, are becoming restive. They have hungered and grieved and overworked for many months, with conditions steadily growing worse and with each promise of peace fading into an indefinite prospect of endurance. All foods but the very coarsest are beyond their means. The ration of these coarse foods is insufficient. The poor have been subsisting throughout the last year upon bread, potatoes, turnips, and salt.
>
> Pushed much further by the galling stress of starvation, overwork, and loss of dear ones, a second peasants' war may well be added to the miseries of Central Europe.
>
> The standard of living among the working people has been lowered fearfully. It is now on a par with the coolie standard of overcrowded Asia. Their work has increased; their share in clothes and foods and other creature comforts has diminished, and their amusements have entirely fallen away. The urban poor have become desperately poor, and they are beginning to realize that each added month of the war means that their plight must become more and more hopeless.
>
> In the beginning all was wild enthusiasm for the war. The people crowded around the railway-stations to see the troop-trains hurling past every twenty-five minutes. Then came the floods of wounded, the difficult readjustments made necessary by the absence of the wage-earners, and then the numbing pinch of hunger. Worst of all was the atmosphere that



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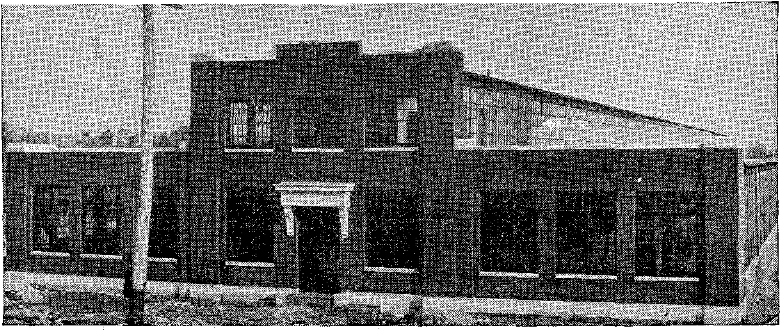

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settled down upon the land, an atmosphere of want, of fear, of suffering, of black depression, which seemed to seep through and through one and chill the consciousness.

An eternal New England Sunday gript the formerly bustling manufacturing towns in my district. The streets were bare of traffic. People passed about their errands silently. There was no laughing, whistling, loud talking, or jovial greetings. The business streets were dotted everywhere by stores closed up by war. Grass grew between the cobbles in the roadway. Now and again oxen dragging primitive carts of farm-produce lumbered through the streets. Restaurants and cafés were deserted. It cost money to frequent them, and, moreover, they had nothing to sell.

It is hard to describe life under these conditions. The best I can do is to say that it was suffocating. When not going to and fro about their work, the less well-to-do hid their unhappiness in their rooms. As it was, one was forever meeting on the street hollowed-cheeked, emaciated, dry-eyed sufferers. I felt as tho I had escaped from a dank prison when I got back to this country and saw happy, healthy, well-fed people again.

The strain is beginning to tell. I have heard the Emperor soundly berated by his famished subjects in the shops that the poor frequent. I have often during the last months of my stay listened to strangely seditious talk among the workers, men and women, which grew in violence after the check at Verdun. The working women have threatened a number of times to get out of hand and rough things. In Saxony, at least, war is successfully throttling, one by one, all the people's impulses for living.

The Saxon casualty-list has been very heavy. The Plauen regiment has been wiped out six times. All the young, dashing, professional officers who led the first onslaught have been wiped out. The troops are now officered by men of all classes who have made good in the field, and in some cases that I know of the derivation of the officer testifies to the startling democratizing effects of war. The call for more men is always insistent. The high-school boys go out once a week for drill. Boy Scouts drill from twelve to sixteen. The land has been denuded of its physically fit men.

Saxony has borne an overlarge share of the war-suffering. It is primarily a manufacturing country, and so has suffered most keenly from the effects of food-shortage. At one time last year the Saxons were eating a bread eked out with chopped straw. Then, Saxony did an enormous export business. The war swept this business away and closed hundreds of factories. I knew many men in my district who, wealthy in 1914, their all wiped out by war, saw themselves paupers in 1915. I believe that it will take many years of peace to repair the frightful losses and bring back the old prosperity.

The rich textile industries of Saxony have suffered staggering disaster. The woolen- and cotton-goods mills, once shippers to every part of the world, are just barely employed, going backward in organization, enterprise, capital, and, hence, in ability for the old stiff competition. War-conditions are threatening the destruction of the great leather-glove industries. The famous machine-made lace and embroidery industry of Plauen, whose products before the war graced the dresses of *miladi* in every land, likewise is decaying under the war-stagnation. And the highly trained operatives in these and other industries are being killed off as fast as cannon, machine gun, rifle, gas, and bomb can accomplish their work upon the battle-fronts.

A revolution, an economic revolution, has already been worked in Saxony, a revolution of destruction whose effects will outlive this generation. The Saxon poor realize this better than their more fortunate countrymen, and they are bitterly, very bitterly, war-weary.

A dispatch from Amsterdam to the New York *Tribune* of March 24 thus described the diminishing bread-ration and its effect upon the people:

Wheat has become so scarce in Germany that the bread-ration is to be diminished one-fourth beginning April 1, according to dispatches from Berlin. The announcement is said to have spread surprize and consternation throughout Germany. The potato-ration will be five pounds weekly, and the meat-ration will be increased by 250 grams weekly. Large stocks of cattle in Germany are being slaughtered owing to the shortage in fodder, it is said.

"The reduction is a very painful surprize," says the *Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung*. The Cologne *Volkszeitung* reproduces a semiofficial statement which contains the following:

"It should not be concealed that this new restriction means a great sacrifice, and can only be borne by a people who for the sake of the highest aims will bear even a heavy burden and who have a firm confidence that their patient endurance will be rewarded before long by a glorious peace."

The *Volkszeitung* says editorially:

"If the measure is absolutely necessary it must be accepted, but it must be stated that for many the limits of the bearable are thereby exceeded. Even now it is only with great deprivations that the industrial populations of the towns manage with the bread-rations."

SOLVING THE WAR-RIDDLE WITH A FISH-POLE

THE desire to go fishing, like hay-fever, has its victims who just have to succumb. You either have it, or you don't, depending on your constitution and past susceptibility. And fishing, too, seems to have a strange effect on the mind. Men who glowered last week when some one accidentally bumped into them, or had a grouch when there was too much salt in the soup, accept their mosquitoes cheerfully and regard ants in the mustard with indifference. But this is old stuff on the back shelves of the humorists. Perhaps touching fish works some magic change—the famous regeneration of Jonah would hint at it—but be that as it may, the stimulation of fishing on the imagination is unquestioned. As a cure for worries and a solver of problems it is unsurpassed. When the tired business man gives up in despair, leaves his world to crumble, and goes fishing, and when a certain twitch on his line by some eerie psychological

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On a visit to one of the large tire manufacturers, Mr. Pope, Secretary and Treasurer of the Company, had seen Burroughs Ledger Posting and Statement Machines at work.

So, when the call came from his department he knew what to do and did it with the promptness and thoroughness with which he goes at every trouble job that comes along.

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The work is handled more promptly and more accurately by an inexperienced young woman than it was formerly handled by a high-priced bookkeeper and an able assistant—although the number of active accounts has increased nearly four-fold.

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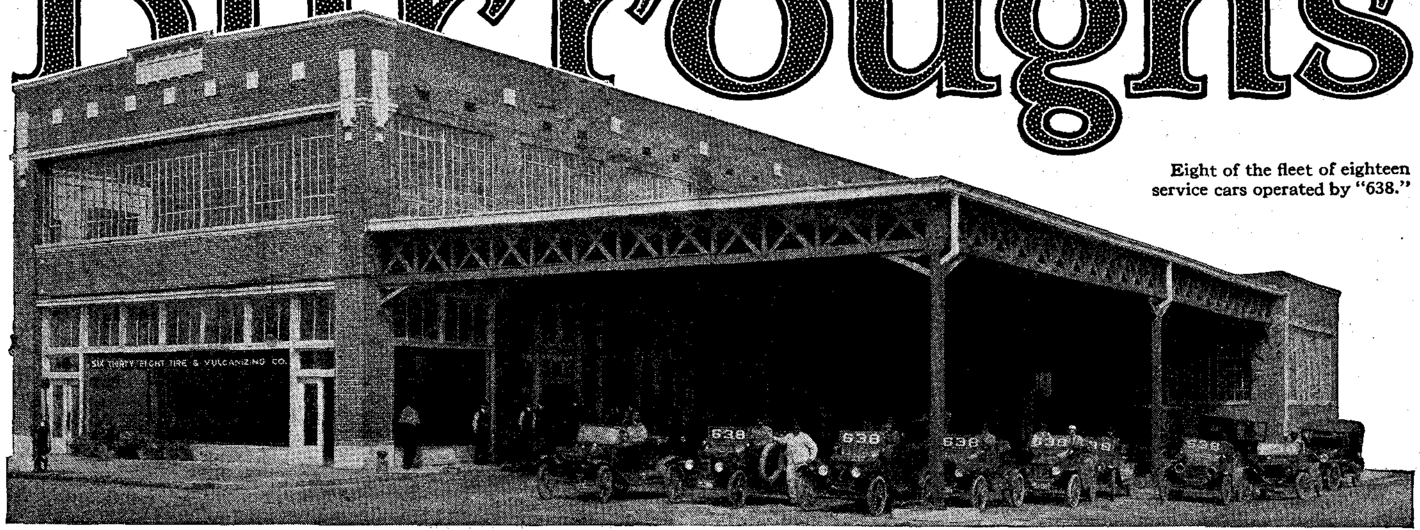

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process sends an electric current through him; in that flash he sees in his mind's eye not only a six-pound speckled beauty but the solution of his problem—as plain as typewriting.

Now we find all this philosophy in full operation in an article which he calls "A Trout Stream and the Cracking Universe" in *The Outlook*, where Mr. Joseph H. Odell dwells upon his escape from the disheartening turmoil of war, and editorial comment thereupon, to the Adirondack streams. But he couldn't get away from it. Louis, the guide, when the bacon and trout and flapjacks and coffee had been appropriately stowed away, thrust it at him like this:

> Suddenly Louis said: "What do you reckon this war is all about?" "Civilization," I replied without hesitation; "to save civilization." We smoked our pipes in silence in the lea of a smudge A quarter of an hour later Louis asked, abruptly, "What would you say civilization is?" A man who has lived in the woods all his life, who has patrolled tens of thousands of acres of timber throughout many a wild winter, who has walked alone from North Creek to Montreal, does not expect a hasty answer. I may take hours to ruminate, and reply in the twilight on the way home; or to-morrow; I need not respond at all, and he will think none the less of me, perhaps the more.

Obviously, the truth of the matter is that altho Mr. Odell had been thinking and writing about civilization for thirty months, he didn't know himself what it was—a typical editorial difficulty. He proceeded to ponder the matter as he fished that afternoon, but the only answer that came to him were things:

> What is civilization? Clubs, hotels, electric lights, telephones, automobiles, horse shows, starched shirts, manicure-sets, highballs, cotillions, ice-cream, damask table-covers, high-heeled shoes, phonographs, theaters, coats of arms, sex novels, investments, sky-scrapers, tooth-powder, greenbacks, Boston bull-terriers, engraved invitations, coffee—perhaps a hundred other specific "things." These insisted upon association with the word civilization. They cluttered every channel of my brain, I fell over them and hurt my spiritual instincts; I became angry, and bade the irrelevant *impedimenta* depart.

A successful cast diverted him, and sent him ashore for a self-congratulatory pause and pipe, and incidentally a fresh grasp of the question. Civilization had no essential relationship to things. So far he had advanced when one of those little one-act plays of the native inhabitants was suddenly staged for him, and gave him his clue.

> An ant was toiling terribly to move an object over an obstruction. Three other ants came along and immediately lent assistance. They paused in the work and appeared to caress one another. This seemed to give them strength, for directly

afterward the difficulty was overcome and the three auxiliaries proceeded on their way, leaving the original worker to a comparatively easy task. Just then a wisp of remembrance floated over many intervening years and led me quickly on to the right road.

This remembered answer he borrowed, with true editorial instinct, not being able to find one of his own, and sent it to Louis after the return home. It was from a speech delivered by Lord Chief Justice Russell before the American Bar Association at Saratoga in 1896 in which he said:

> What, indeed, is true civilization? By its fruits you shall know it. It is not dominion, wealth, material luxury; nay, not even a great literature and education wide-spread, good tho these may be. Civilization is not a veneer; it must penetrate to the very heart and core the societies of men. Its true signs are thought for the poor and suffering, chivalrous regard and respect for woman, the frank recognition of human brotherhood irrespective of race or color or nation or religion, the narrowing of the domain of mere force as a governing factor in the world, abhorrence of what is mean and cruel and vile, ceaseless devotion to the claims of justice.

To which Mr. Odell contributed: "Yes, Louis, this war is to save civilization; but civilization is not an aggregation of things, it is a consecration of soul."

Through other adventurings, fishly and spiritual, the article gently entices the reader. On the last day the fisherman experienced "an unusual kind of peace," and even when he found one of his pet pools shut away from him by a fallen tree, he only mused:

> What matter? Other things in the world were spoiled—many things, perhaps most things; henceforth, for the residue of life, all men must spend their strength and time and thought in readjustment, reconstruction; what mankind needed now was the calmness of conscious spiritual strength, of power equal to gathering up the physical, mental, and spiritual fragments of the old world for use as rubble in the foundations of the world that is to be. . . . Whatever stretched before me—radical changes in the handling of truth, new evaluations of the assets of civilization and of society, shifted emphasis in writing and in preaching—it all seemed natural; not an abnormal exaction to be rendered under the stinging thong of a pitiless taskmaker, but the common work of every day, as tho I had been born and apprenticed to it and had never known an alternative.

It needed but the letter from his English friend at the front to complete the crystallization of his feeling of the need of the time and of the part that all men must play in it. He says:

> One thing holds us all: there is work to do, and we must stay until it is done—nasty work, work we loathe, work that ought to be left for devils to do; but

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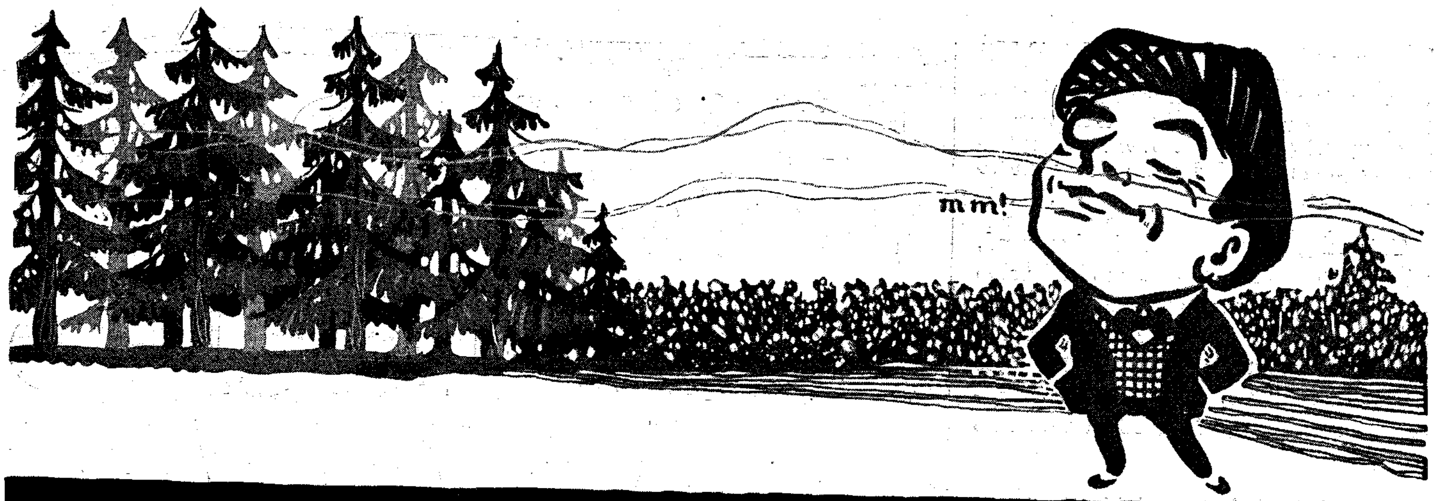

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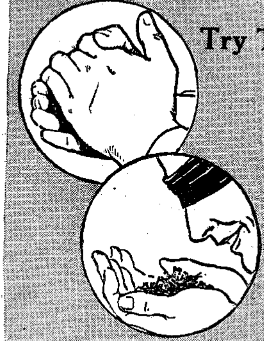

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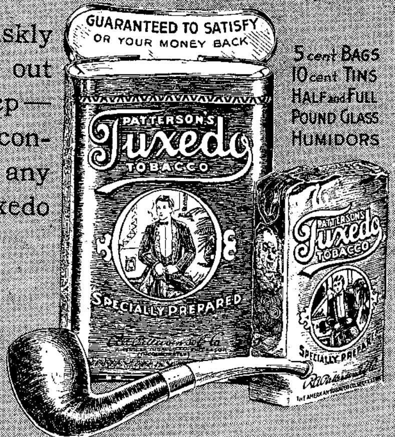
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it is our work just now, and there is nothing else on earth to distract our attention or divide our energy.

He concludes:

When I arrived home and thought over those five days in the woods and on the streams, it seemed as if I had passed through a baptism in which a thousand doubts and fears and superstitions and sins of convention had been washed away. I had found what I sorely needed—serenity of spirit and clarity of vision.

THE POWER BEHIND THE CHICAGO THRONE

OVER in the trenches of war-scarred France, where the "Sammies" will soon be fighting side by side with the "Tommies" and the *Poilus* for the liberty of the world, they are discussing with varying emotions the activities of Mayor William Hale Thompson, of Chicago. Way out on the battle-front they have heard of his opposition to the sending of more United States troops to help defeat the Kaiser, and the fighting Frenchmen—always polite—raise their eyebrows, and look askance at their American "bunkies." For such sentiments express by the executive of the big American city puzzle them when they see their comrades from over the sea eager to face with high courage and fierce determination their baptism of fire.

Floyd Gibbons, formerly of Chicago, is one of Uncle Sam's men at the front in France who feels keenly the peculiar attitude of the Mayor of his home city, and he writes to tell him so, frankly, very frankly. The New York *Sun* prints his letter which says in part:

DEAR MR. MAYOR—Dispatches carrying the news of your opposition to sending more United States troops to France are causing much ill-comment here.

The French-American relations are too strong and the French are too courteous to hold your attitude against all Americans here. The Parisians who discuss the matter with the embarrassed Americans beg them not to feel bad, and they explain you as a freak of politics. But my passport plainly shows that I come from Chicago and the Frenchmen's kindly forgiveness is far from satisfying.

I do not write this as one of your constituents. That is a matter you will have to settle with my mother. She voted for you.

The United States troops here are coupling your name with language hot enough to explode the ammunition-dumps at long range. The Englishmen are expressing sympathy for us for having such a Mayor.

The Americans here who are not denouncing you as a traitor are in self-defense trying to apologize and explain for you. We had an awful time alibi-ing for you when you refused to receive Marshal Joffre. I remember the fine hospitality which you enjoyed when Chicago raised the money to send the First Regiment of the Illinois National Guard across the continent as your escort during the San Francisco Exposition. I accompanied you on that trip and I recalled how well you were treated everywhere. Of course there were some who said that you were out trying to drum up a Presidential boom for yourself, but that did not seem to interfere with the whole-heartedness of your reception.

I could not understand how you could officially refuse to greet the man who saved the whole of France from the Germans. But somehow or other we explained that incident away and stood up for you.

But this latest move of yours is harder still to understand. A million United States soldiers in France will stop the war. I can not believe that the Chicago Mayor does not want the war to stop and does not want the Allies to win. Any other desire would be admittedly un-American.

Any more opposition to the movement of more United States troops to France will be interpreted here as about the strongest bit of German propaganda that could be played.

Mr. Mayor, your opposition to more United States troops coming to France is an antinational move and an anti-international move. On the word of the man who played football against you once and was one of your strongest admirers, it is a move that "big Bill Thompson would not be guilty of if he understood."

If any information in this dispatch helps you to understand the situation better and you care to let the American soldiers in France know where you stand, turn your message in to the Chicago *Tribune* and ask it to cable it to the army edition in Paris.

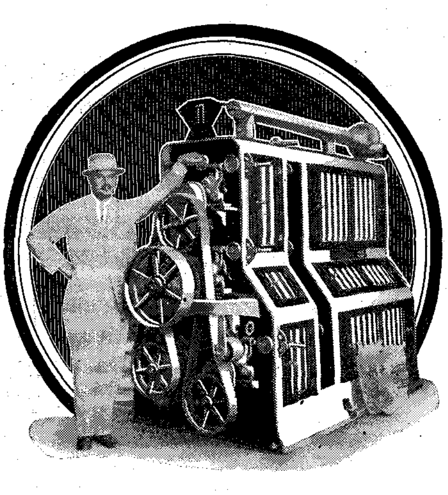
FLOYD GIBBONS.

In the heated controversies that have arisen all over the country as a result of the apparently pro-German spirit of this American mayor there have been those who have claimed in his defense that he was only a puppet in his seeming disloyalty, and *The Sun* says on this point:

To understand William Hale Thompson the official, the Mayor of Chicago, it is necessary to know Fred Lundin and the relationship that exists between the two. When Thompson was elected Mayor the public had heard little or nothing of Lundin. They did not know that it was Lundin, now the *generalissimo* of the City Hall, who had engineered the election; they did not know that it was Lundin's shrewd political maneuvering that enabled Thompson to pile up the biggest majority ever given to a Chicago Mayor.

Lundin looks like a clergyman. He wears a black Windsor tie and a black flowing coat. He has fine white teeth, and a persistent, imperturbable smile. So few persons know him intimately that he is almost a myth. Consciously or unconsciously, he cultivates the idea that he has mystical powers. They have said he is *Svengali* to "Big Bill Trilby," but that is not quite accurate. "Big Bill" has too much force of character ever to be *Trilby*.

City Hall No. 2 is where everything is discust in advance. It isn't *Generalissimo* Lundin's fault if Mayor Thompson fails to understand, or fails to say what he ought to say. Mayor Thompson's program was laid out in advance. It must be understood that Thompson has long since lost hope of being Mayor again; Lundin



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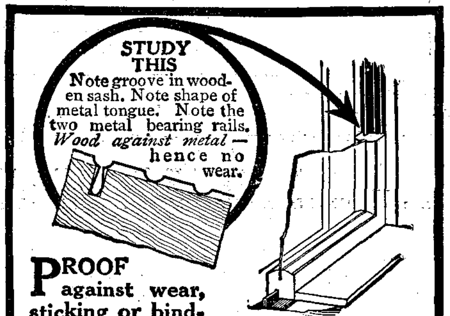
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has also lost hope of making him Mayor for a second time, but both Lundin and the Mayor think that William Hale Thompson can be made United States Senator.

Everybody who knew "Big Bill" in the old days will tell you he was a very likable fellow. He came of an old Chicago family, he spent several years on a Western ranch, and he was an ardent sportsman. His popularity in the athletic and yacht clubs laid the foundation for his political ambitions.

Thompson joined the old Lorimer organization and was elected to two or three minor offices. Then Lundin took him in tow. Lundin was an important cog in the Lorimer machine. Thompson was just the kind of man he was looking for. The "Big Swede," as they sometimes call Lundin, had once been a Congressman, but he did not and does not aspire to political office. It was, and is, his ambition to be a Warwick, a king-maker, a political boss. Thompson looked good because he was young, wealthy, amiable, likable—in short, a good mixer.

Mr. Thompson disclosed another quality which Lundin's shrewd eye discerned to be perhaps more valuable than anything else. This was a stubborn, bulldog tenacity once he was aroused. He could stand his ground in a rough-and-tumble encounter and he could take punishment. He has grit, and once he has determined to go through with a thing he will do it.

This element in Thompson's character was essential also for the operations of a boss who intended to ride his way, roughshod, if necessary, to power. Thompson has balked at times, and his stubbornness has upset carefully laid plans, but there can be no doubt he would have quit the Mayor's chair long ago were it not for this capacity to take punishment.

Reporters, with few exceptions, have never been able to get Lundin to talk politics even privately. He declares over and over that he is not in politics; he avers his only interests are his farm and his business. He used to manufacture patent medicines, but just at present he is making a patent door, that is, when he is not engaged in steering Thompson through the mazes of Chicago politics.

Mayor Thompson claims to have been so frequently misrepresented by reporters that he no longer grants personal interviews, but issues signed statements. *The Sun* says:

> With regard to these statements it may be said without hesitation that the signature is his own. The rest is quite frequently prepared by some one else and is usually O. K.'d by Lundin before it is promulgated.

During the visit of the Aldermanic baseball-players, of Chicago, to Milwaukee, Mayor Thompson, who accompanied the "boys," broke his rule and talked to the reporters. In an interview with the Milwaukee *Free Press* man he is quoted as saying:

> There has been a lot of loose talk in Chicago about my patriotism. I have been just a little too pro-American to suit some people—that's all there is to it. My hat has been on straight and is on straight

right now on the question of war and patriotism.

It seems that when I urged a garden movement in Chicago, and advocated a Governmental policy which would provide food for the people of the United States before permitting it to be shipped abroad, I invited the criticism of the metropolitan papers. I don't care anything about what they say because I know where I stand.

In England, American flour is 30 per cent. cheaper than it is at home. That is not my idea of good Americanism. I have advocated an embargo on all foodstuffs except this country's surplus.

In connection with the statement that he had forbidden the sale of Liberty Bonds in the Chicago City Hall, the Mayor thus explained his attitude in the Chicago *Herald:*

Just a conspiracy. Because I would not issue a letter coercing the employees of the City Hall into purchasing Liberty Bonds that story was tacked on me. As a matter of fact, Liberty Bonds were being sold in the City Hall two weeks before I was asked to write the letter.

GETTING INTIMATE WITH A SUBMARINE

YOU take your first submarine calmly, according to Mr. Heywood Broun, formerly dramatic editor of the New York *Tribune* and now in France. Mr. Broun knows. He was there. When the announcement, "*Voilà une sous-marine!*" was hurled into the smoking-room of the liner and was translated by a "Bang!" from the little gun on the after-deck, Mr. Broun let nothing keep him from his life-belt. He was in his stateroom when the third bang happened, and heard a cheer from the deck. He says it was a combination of the shout for the first touch-down and the last one and for all the field-goals and long gains, with something of a long-drawn "Ho-old 'em." He looked out the port-hole and asked, "Did we get her then?" "No, but we almost did," was the response. The periscope was pointed out to him. He says:

I looked where he pointed and saw a sort of bean-pole thrust into the ocean—somewhat carelessly, for it came out of a wave-top with a rakish tilt. Probably ours was the angle, for the steamer was cutting the ocean into jig-saw sections as we careened away for dear life, now with a zig and then with a zag, seeking safety in drunken flight. When I reached the deck, steamer and passengers seemed to be doing as well as could be expected, and even better.

The periscope was falling astern, and the three hundred passengers, mostly ambulance-drivers and Red-Cross nurses, were lined along the rail, rooting. Some of the girls stood on top of the rail and others climbed up to the life-boats, which were as good as a row of boxes. It was distinctly a home crowd. Nobody cheered for the submarine. The only passenger who showed fright was a chap who rushed up and down the deck loudly shouting, "Don't get excited!"

"Give 'em hell!" cried a home-town

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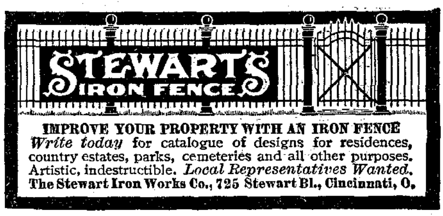
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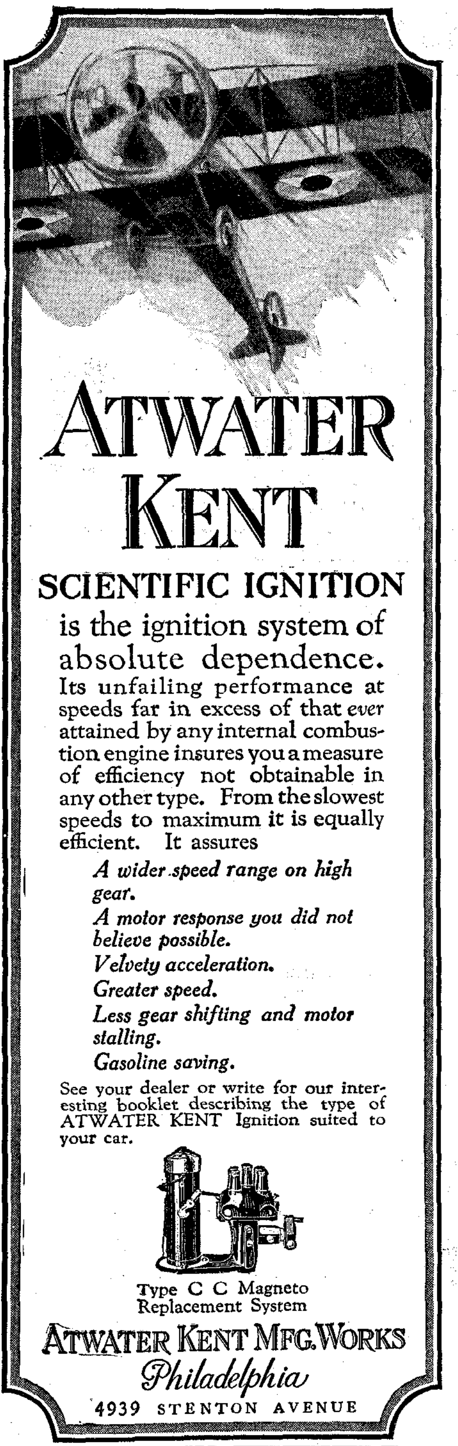

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fan, and shook his fist at the submarine. The gunner fired his fourth shot, and this time he was far short in his calculation.

Kenneth Hill, an English actor, came on deck with his Airedale snugly belted with a life-preserver. The dog had nerves and was trembling violently.

"It's a question of whether we get her first or she gets us, isn't it?" asked an old lady, in about the tone she would have used in asking Clayton Hamilton whether or not he thought *Hamlet* was really mad. I could not help expressing a fervent hope that the vessel would win the decision. It was the bulliest sort of a game, and a pleasant afternoon, too, but one passenger was no more than mildly interested. W. K. Vanderbilt did not put on a life-preserver, nor did he leave his deck-chair. He sat up just a bit and watched the whole affair tolerantly. After all, the submarine-captain was a stranger to him.

Our fifth and final shot was the best. It hit the periscope or thereabouts. The shell did not rebound, and there was a patch of oil on the surface of the water. The bean-pole disappeared. The captain left the bridge and went to the smoking-room. He called for cognac.

"*Il est mort*," said he, with a sweep of his right hand.

"He says we sunk her," explained the man who spoke French.

The submarine, the captain said later, had fired one torpedo and missed the steamer by about ninety feet. "Even German efficiency can not eradicate the blessed amateur," comments Mr. Broun. "May his thumbs never grow less!" Among those deserving honorable mention was the smoking-room steward, who carefully locked the cigar-chest and the wine-closet before going for his life-belt. The littlest ambulance-driver saw the submarine through the bathroom window while he was immersed in the tub. Not stopping for the formality of dressing, he girded on a life-belt and started for the deck, only to be inconsiderately turned back by some official Mrs. Grundy. Reviewing his own emotions, Mr. Broun says:

> I found that I had not been frightened quite as badly as I had expected. The submarine didn't begin to scare me as much as the first act of "The Thirteenth Chair," but still I could hardly lay claim to calm, for I had not spoken one of the appropriate speeches which came to my mind after we had escaped from the attack. The only thing to which I could point with any pride was the fact that before putting on my life-belt I paused to open a box of candy and went on deck to face destruction or what not with a caramel between my teeth.

However, before the hour was up, he says, he was sunk indeed. They were talking it all over in the smoking-room, and one of the passengers was just wondering whether the submarines were equipped with wireless. "Do you suppose now that that boat could send messages on ahead about us?" he asked. And just then the gun on the forward deck went bang!

> It was the meanest and most inappropriate sound I ever have heard. It was an anticlimax of the most vicious sort. It was bad form, bad art, bad everything. It was a last act by Hartley Manners. I felt a little sick, and one of the contributing emotions was a sort of fearfully poignant boredom. I tried to remember just what the law of averages was and to compute as rapidly as possible the chances of the vessel to complete two more days of travel if attacked by a submarine every hour.
>
> "The ocean is full of the damn things," said the man at the next table, petulantly.

But it turned out to be only a barrel, after all. During the rest of the voyage the morale of the passengers was rickety.

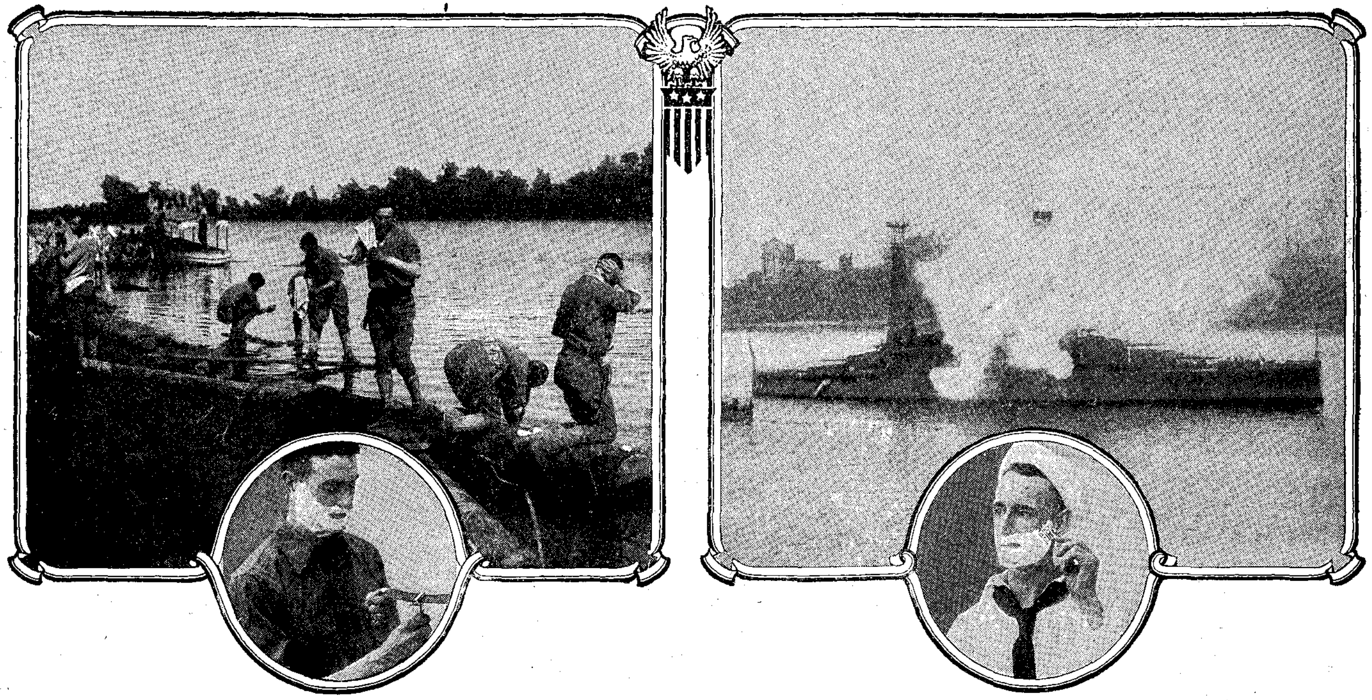
> Many passengers slept on deck and some went to meals with their life-belts on. Everybody jumped when a plate was dropt and there was always the possibility of starting a panic by slamming a door. Men, women, children, and dogs can weather a single submarine scare splendidly, but the second one finds less resistance. There was no one who would not admit relief when we slipt into the port early Monday morning and left the sea and *U*-boats behind us.

SPY-MAKING IN OLD RUSSIA

SINCE the overthrow of the Russian monarchy, a search of the vaults of the old secret police in the larger cities has revealed long lists of citizen-spies—men and women whose services were enlisted to trap those who were in active sympathy with the revolutionists. There is nothing, however, to throw any light on the source from which the Czar's secret agents drew this army of *provocateurs*. Neither is there anything to show whether or not these spies voluntarily entered upon the work of enmeshing in the dread drag-net of the police the workers in the revolutionary movement, but it is well known that, in many cases, the Ochrana managed by underhand methods and threats to so involve revolutionists as to leave them no choice but suicide or the service of the Ochrana. Indeed, the Petrograd *Ryetch*, in a recent issue, tells the dramatic story of an innocent man, entangled in the police-net, driven to desperation, and at last—after the triumph of democracy in March—to death by suicide.

A reporter named Iretsky was preparing an article for the paper on the revealed secrets of the political police, describing the spy-system that had spread far and wide throughout Russia until every man and woman—innocent or guilty—felt a sense of insecurity at all times. Iretsky entered the office of the *Ryetch* and stopt near the desk of the proof-reader, a pleasant, unassuming young man named Balashov, who was reading aloud from some copy.

"There were traitors at every step and turn, and we never were sure of any man or any movement," read Balashov, when another reporter entered the office with a new list of spies that he had just ob-



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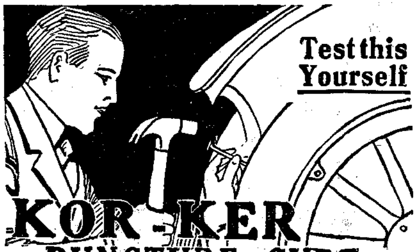

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tained from the Minister of Justice. The list was eagerly read, and in it appeared the name of Balashov!

The proof-reader turned ashen pale. Stammering that an awful mistake had been made, he left the office hurriedly. On the following day the editor of the *Ryetch* received a packet from the authorities of the Viborg district in Petrograd containing a notice and a letter. The notice read:

"On April 9, 1917, at 1:55 P.M., one A. N. Balashov committed suicide. The motive of his death, comrades, you will learn from the accompanying letter which the deceased has left."

This is Balashov's letter:

CITIZENS: My name is published in the list of the *provocateurs* of the Petrograd Ochrana with particulars of my activity for the secret service. It is stated that I used to spy on the members of the staff of the Socialist newspaper *Novoya Rabochaya Gazeta*, that my assumed name was Vorobiev or Morozov, and that I received for my work twenty-five rubles a month. Permit me to explain this matter to you.

I was arrested at the end of 1912 and brought to the headquarters of the Ochrana. There, by threats, force, and entreaties, they wrung from me a promise that I would consider a proposal to "work" for the Ochrana. Then they released me. Just at that time I had obtained a job as proof-reader for the Socialist daily, the *Lutch*. When I came home after my arrest, I found myself half-crazed by the ordeal that I had just gone through and the prospects that awaited me. My first impulse was to run to my nearest comrades and to tell them what had happened, but somehow I could not muster up enough courage to do it.

Several days and weeks passed, and I gradually began to forget about my nightmare. One morning I suddenly received an anonymous letter which invited me to come to the Maryinsky Theater at a certain hour. I felt that the terrible thing that I dreaded was about to happen. But I screwed up enough manliness not to go to the theater. Two days afterward, as I was leaving my home, a stranger of medium height, wearing a short Vandyke beard, stopt me.

"Gospodin Balashov," he said to me, "I have something to tell you."

I understood at once that he was an agent of the Ochrana. He took me to a house in a little lane near Offitzerskaya Street. My flesh still creeps as I recall the hours that I spent there with him. He squirmed and buzzed around me like a spider, running his fingers through his goatee, and talking all the time. He alternatively gave me "well-meant" advice or thundered at me, with an evil glare in his eyes, driving with all his cunningness at one point: I must "work" for the Ochrana.

"We do not place any obligations on you," he said to me. "We do not give you any orders. You will only inform us of what you yourself choose to. Or maybe you would prefer to take a trip for a few years to Narim?" (A point in the far north of Siberia, where serious political offenders were being exiled.) He threatened me with an ugly little laugh, staring directly into my eyes.

I sat there as if under hypnotic influence, paralyzed, and totally lost. He noticed my condition and said:

"Well, well, be calm, I mean no harm. By the way, do you know this and this one?"

"No," I replied.

"And did you ever meet that man?" He mentioned names to me.

"Never."

He would give me details of the appearance, clothes, and residences of the people about whom he wanted to get information. Finally he let me go with this admonition:

"Think it over, consider it, young man; besides, it does not matter much to you now, anyway; you are one of us."

I never met him again, and I took no steps to free myself from the dreadful web that the Ochrana was weaving around me. Spring came, and one day as I was leaving the office of the newspaper, I was stopt by another stranger, after having parted company with a member of our staff.

"Who was the man with whom you were just speaking? What is he doing in your office?" he asked me.

I managed without difficulty to evade a direct answer, as he was apparently a thick-headed, coarse fellow. Still I felt as if some ugly, cold, tiny reptiles were creeping all over my body while I talked to him. I could not shake him off until I reached my home. Again, a year after that, upon coming back from a two months' stay in my home town, I was stopt by strangers, but on these occasions I felt stronger and replied to all their questions that I did not know anything about the people they were interested in.

I did not have any surnames in the secret service, and since that time I have not seen an agent of the Ochrana. In 1914 I was drafted into the army and was stationed at Helsingfors, Finland, until 1915. After that I was transferred to the Petrograd garrison, and have been working at the same time as proof-reader on the *Ryetch*. I left the *Novoya Rabochaya Gazeta* before it was suppres. I had no relations with the Ochrana and saw none of its agents. Only once, a short time ago, I thought I saw in a big crowd the man with the goat-beard who had stopt me first. But he did not notice me.

I am bringing this letter to a close. It matters little to me what people will say after I am dead. I only write this to tell you how innocent people have, without their own knowledge, become "members" of the Ochrana.

That is all. It is time to finish and time to die. I wish to die, as it is the only way out. Of what value is life to me now? No one would have anything to do with me, and where would I turn my head in shame?

Be happy, free citizens of Free Russia! Life and joy to all of you!

N. Balashov.

"The poor, unfortunate, innocent Balashov," adds the paper.

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to combat the spreading growth of indifference, and what forms of belief shall be required as basic and vital? These questions are answered by over one hundred of the world's leading thinkers in an epoch-making book, *The Church, the People, and the Age,* edited by Robert Scott and George William Gilmore. Every thoughtful man should read it. 8vo, cloth, 573 pp., $3.00; by mail, $3.25.

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through Loisette's Memory System—

Practical, Scientific Mental Discipline

in popular form. Fits every type of mind, from the business manager to the clerk—from the ripe scholar to the young student. Acquire now the habits of attention, concentration and sound reasoning. Send a postal for free booklet "How to Remember."

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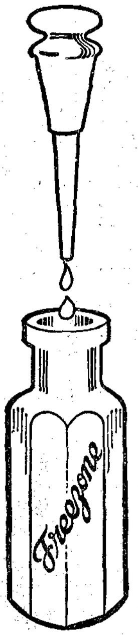
Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

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Pétrole Hahn

"The Crowning Glory", a fascinating little brochure, sent free on request.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Signs of the Times.—"Has your wife started her spring house-cleaning?"

"I guess so. The hired girl quit yesterday."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Retort Feminine.—She—"What do you suppose Harold meant by sending me those flowers?"

Also She—"He probably meant to imply that you were a dead one."—*Jack o' Lantern.*

Age Won't Matter Then.—The Boy—"I shall be glad when I am old enough to do as I please."

The Man—"And about that time you'll go and get married, so it won't do much good after all."—*Chicago Herald.*

Victim of First Aid.—Doctor—"Have you been the victim of an assault?"

Patient—"No, sir. I simply fainted and was brought to by a member of the First Aid to the Injured Society."—*London Opinion.*

Forced Courtesy

I rose with great alacrity
To offer her my seat.
'Twas a question whether she or I
Should stand upon my feet.
—*Cornell Widow.*

Well Irrigated.—George was hampered by a mother whose idea of godliness was cleanliness. Notwithstanding the frequent baths to which he was condemned, George thrived exceedingly. One day a neighbor remarked on his rapid growth.

"Yes," said George, "that's ma's fault; she waters me too much!"—*Tit-Bits.*

How They Act on the Screen.—"Has Crimson Gulch quit drinking?"

"Yes," replied Bronco Bob.

"And playing faro-bank?"

"Quit, entirely."

"What do you do for amusement?"

"Go to moving-pictures and laugh at the reckless way they think us Wild West fellers behave."—*Washington Star.*

Passing It Along.—"The neat and even elegant appearance of the American soldier isn't maintained," said War Secretary Baker in an address, "without hard work. Yes, the work is hard, but doesn't the result more than justify it?

"On the train the other day a private sat with his tunic unbuttoned, for the temperature was high. A sergeant strode up to him and said:

"'Button up that tunic! Did you never hear of by-law 217, subsection D? I'm Sergeant Jabez Winterbottom!'

"A gentleman in the seat behind tapped the sergeant sternly on the shoulder.

"'How dare you issue orders with a pipe in your mouth?' he asked. 'Go home and read paragraph 174, section M, part IX. I am Major Eustace Carroll.'

"Here a gentleman with a drooping white mustache interposed from the other side of the aisle:

"'If Major Carroll,' he said coldly, 'will consult by-law 31 of section K, he will learn that to reprimand a sergeant in the presence of a private is an offense not lightly to be overlooked.'"—*Washington Star.*

Premonition.—Spike Tuff—"Me fodder knew a month before his death when he would die."

Jim—"Who told him?"

Spike Tuff—"The judge."—*Lamb.*

A Bright Future.—"I want to be honest, sir. I can't support your daughter, but I am afraid to tell her so because she has set her heart on marrying me."

"Never mind. Do your best. I can't support her, either."—*Life.*

Only Wanted Facts.—They were having an argument as to whether it was correct to say of a hen she is "setting" or "sitting," and, not being able to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, they decided to submit the problem to Farmer Giles.

"My friends," said he, "that don't interest me at all. What I wants to know when I hear a hen cackle is whether she be laying or lying."—*Tit-Bits.*

The Bill Kept Lent.—Mr. Tucker had unexpectedly come face to face with Mr. Cutting, from whom he had frequently borrowed money.

"Er—aw—what was the denomination of the bill you loaned me?" he asked nervously.

"Episcopalian, I guess," said Mr. Cutting. "At any rate, it keeps Lent very well."—*New York American.*

Too Learned.—"That 'ere Sammy's an educated toff from 'arvard," said Tommy Atkins, leaning on his spade. "I'm jolly well weary of 'is learnin', too, that I am. We're ordered to throw up trenches along the Marne, and as 'e picks up 'is spade, th' bloomin' college blighter says, says 'e: 'Well, Tommy, come on; it looks like we're infra dig!' And wot I says is: Blarst a college education, anyhow, eh?"—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Thought Too Highly of Both.—On a road in Belgium a German officer met a boy leading a jackass, and addrest him in heavy jovial fashion as follows:

"That's a fine jackass you have, my son. What do you call it? . . . Albert, I bet!"

"Oh, no, officer," the boy replied quickly. "I think too highly of my King."

The German scowled and returned: "I hope you don't dare to call it William."

"Oh, no, officer. I think too highly of my jackass."—*Paris Liberté.*

A Mean Man.—The telephone-bell rang with anxious persistence. The doctor answered the call.

"Yes?" he said.

"Oh, doctor," said a worried voice, "something seems to have happened to my wife. Her mouth seems set, and she can't say a word."

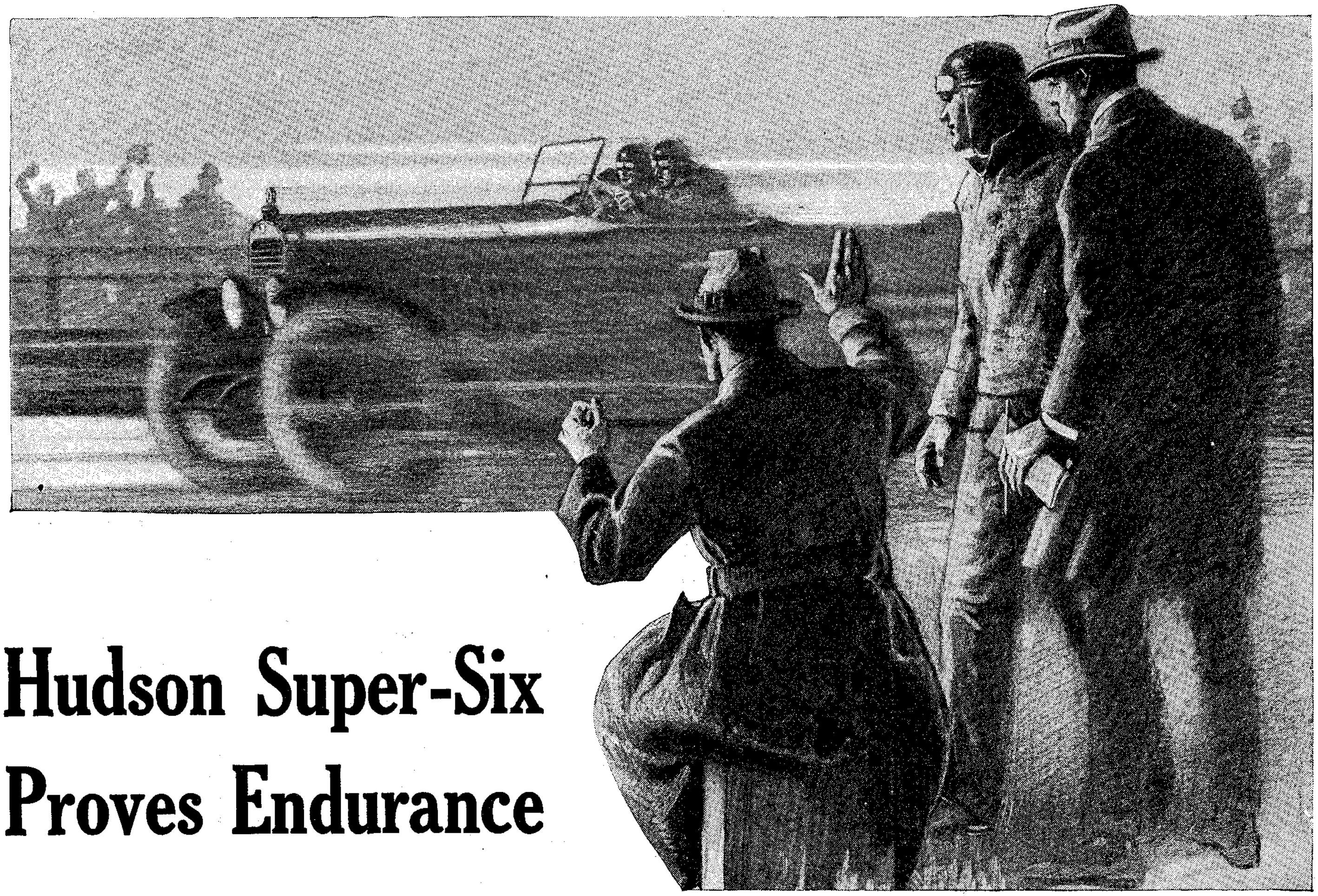
"Why, she may have lockjaw," said the medical man.

"Do you think so? Well, if you are up this way some time next week I wish you would step in and see what you can do for her."—*Harper's.*

Too Good to Waste.—"Then this," asked rejected James, "is absolutely final?"

"Quite," was Dorothy's calm reply. "Shall I return your letters, James?"

"Yes, please," answered poor James. "There's some good material in them that I can use again."—*Awgwan.*



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Stock Hudson Super-Six cars are deliberately sent through tests more trying, more destructive, than any the average driver could imagine.

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It was not a preconceived campaign of tests that we set out to make. Each test was thought sufficient in itself. But just as the giant is surprised as he realizes the ease with which he accomplishes each feat that he had felt would try his strength, so the Super-Six has so easily met every test that more trying and abusive trials have been devised.

We were sure that in the 24-hour test a stock chassis would break all previous records. But no one thought it would go 347 miles farther than any other car had ever gone in 24 hours. The Super-Six covered 1819 miles. It broke all records for a traveling machine.

So, too, when a seven-passenger Super-Six set out from San Francisco for New York it was with confidence that it would lower the time of all other transcontinental runs. It did so by 14 hours and 59 minutes. Then because the run had been made so easily and without special planning, the car was turned around and raced back to San Francisco. In the return trip it also did better than any other automobile had ever done in crossing the continent in either direction. Hudson's round trip required 10 days and 21 hours.

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Convincing as the official records are, there is still further proof that no other car has to offer equal advantages. These proofs are furnished by 37,000 Hudson Super-Six owners. They have added their experiences to the official tests.

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Other makers are now announcing price increases which bring the former $1,200 and $1,300 cars into the Hudson class. Until present material supplies are exhausted Hudson prices remain unchanged. So you can get for a limited time a Super-Six at a price not influenced by present high material costs. When the present allotment is exhausted then Hudson, too, must go up in price.

There are eight body types. The 7-passenger phaeton sells at $1,650 at Detroit.

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CURRENT EVENTS

THE GREAT WAR

AMERICAN OPERATIONS

July 26.—Secretary of War Baker submits to Congress deficiency estimates for the War Department aggregating $5,278,636,000. Of this amount $2,468,613,000 is for armament for home fortifications.

President Wilson accepts the resignation of Theodore Brent, of New Orleans, vice-chairman of the United States Shipping Board and a supporter of former Chairman Denman.

July 27.—Secretary McAdoo's revised war-budget reaches the Senate Committee on Finance. It calls for $11,651,194,000, of which $10,000,000,000 are for expenditures before July, 1918.

The Shipping Board reorganizes by electing E. N. Hurley, chairman; R. B. Stevens, vice-chairman, and ratifying the choice of Rear-Admiral W. L. Capps as general manager of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. Wooden vessels, it is announced, will be built to provide necessary tonnage in a hurry, but will not interfere with the construction of steel ships.

It is officially announced by Secretary Baker that only one more increment of 500,000 men will be called under the draft law. Every man of the 9,600,000 registered may be called within the year for examination for service in order that the country may be ready to repair losses.

The resolution authorizing the application of the Selective-Conscription Law to aliens, other than enemy aliens, is unanimously adopted by the Senate Committee on Military Affairs.

July 28.—The fact of the publication of the arrival of American troops abroad arouses Secretary Baker and the affairs in the Publicity Bureau are again stirred up. A separation of publicity and censorship is urged, with a man from the Army or Navy in charge of the latter.

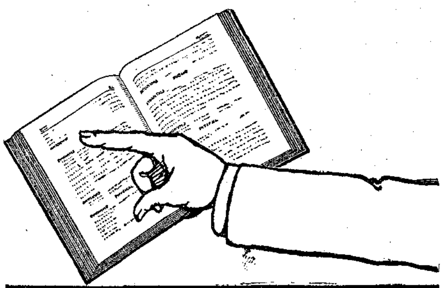
The Senate Committee on Finance sets $1,943,000,000 as the limit to which it is willing to increase the war-tax levy.

The Senate and House conferees on the Administration Food Bill agree upon a distilled-liquor ban. The act will be in effect thirty days after it becomes a law.

Washington reports that fully one million American troops will be in France in time for the great spring drive of next year and that our forces abroad will number 2,000,000 by the fall of 1918.

President Wilson approves the formation of a War-Board of Industries, to be composed of seven members and to have supervision of all Government war-needs, including the purchase of supplies, munitions, and foods. Frank A. Scott will head the Board and the other members will be Bernard M. Baruch; Lieutenant-Colonel Pierce, representing the Army; Rear-Admiral Fletcher, representing the Navy; Hugh Frayne, a labor organizer; Robert S. Brookings, and Robert S. Lovett, chairman of the executive committee of the Union Pacific system.

July 31.—The United States takes the first steps toward another Liberty Loan when the Treasury Department offers $300,000,000 in certificates. Subscriptions close on August 7 and are payable on November 15.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WITH AMERICA'S ALLIES

July 26.—The House of Commons defeats, by a vote of 148 to 19, a peace-resolution offered by J. R. MacDonald, Socialist and Labor member, London reports.

The Russian Provisional Government restores the death-penalty, to be imposed upon all officers and men who refuse to meet the situation at the front.

French troops in the Aisne and Champagne sectors regain part of the ground lost to the Germans in the furious fighting on the previous night. The artillery-battle in Flanders continues and violent duels are in progress on both sides of the Meuse River. A surprize attack by the Germans at Dixmude, in Belgium, is repulsed.

July 27.—Reports from Vienna state that the Russians are evacuating Czernowitz, the capital of Bukowina. At a stand made further south, the German troops are reported to have mowed down thousands of Russians.

The German Staff reports a powerful reconnaissance by the British in an effort to find the weakest spot in the German line in preparation for a drive. The French in the Champagne district repel attempts of the Crown Prince to smash their line.

As a result of the conferences of the Entente Allies in Paris, it is announced that the troops of France, Great Britain, and Italy will be withdrawn from Greek territory, Greece having been restored to her former status before the vacillating policies of King Constantine forced the Allies to take action.

July 28.—Generals Ruzsky and Gurko are summoned to Petrograd to take charge of the troops in Galicia with the purpose, it is believed, of making a stand against the Germans.

Led by wounded soldiers and women, a mob attacks and breaks up a pacifist meeting in a church in London.

Petrograd reports that the women's battalion, known as the "Command of Death," captured a number of German women in the action near Smorgon.

Artillery-fire of an intensity without parallel is reported from Flanders, where London hears the British are preparing for a great drive. The Crown Prince, it is announced, is paying enormous toll for his futile attacks on the French line on the Chemin des Dames.

July 29.—The British and German forces are reported at close grips in the battle in Flanders, and a London dispatch declares that the air-fighting is continuous.

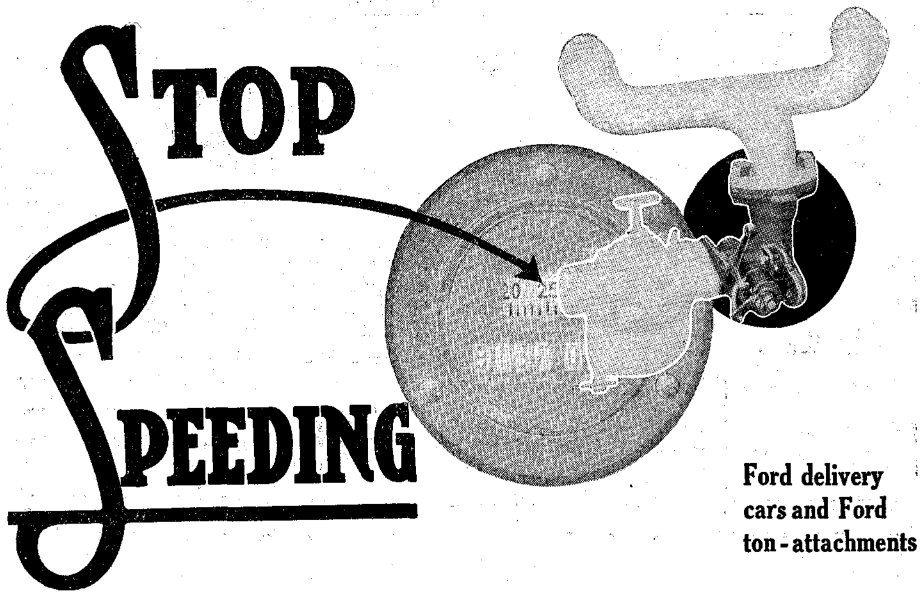
London dispatches announce that Dictator Kerensky has again hurried to the front, where he will endeavor to reorganize the Russian armies with the aid of old leaders.

American hospital women establish a base in the area occupied by the first contingent of United States troops. They are the first American women to reach the region of the fighting front.

July 30.—Houses in London are shaken by the terrific cannonading in Flanders, 120 miles away.

The British press declare that the German peace-talk is primarily intended to delay America's preparations for war.

Asked to state Great Britain's war-aims, Foreign Secretary Balfour, in the House of Commons, says that he doubts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the wisdom of outlining the policy a the present time.

July 31.—London reports that in the greatest offensive of the war the British and French forces tear out the German first line and a portion of the second and third over a front of more than twenty miles in Flanders. Ten town and 3,500 men are taken.

London dispatches announce that the German forces are still pressing forward in Galicia, altho the loyal part of the Russian troops are making themselves felt, having won back lost positions on the Zbrocz.

August 1.—London hears that in the battle of Flanders 5,000 German prisoners have been taken, and that the offensive is expected to last several weeks. Reports from Holland state that the Germans are moving their headquarters further eastward.

The British Admiralty reports a falling off in the submarine losses for the past week. Following is the report: British vessels of more than 1,600 tons sunk by submarines or mines, 18; under 1,600 tons, 3. No fishing-vessels sunk

THE CENTRAL POWERS

July 26.—Austro-German troops press their victory in Galicia over the demoralized Russian forces. Petrograd concedes that most of the heavy Russian artillery has been lost and the entire Eighth Army is declared to be in extreme peril.

July 27.—The Navy Department in Washington has information to the effect that while the German *U*-boats are being sunk at the rate of one a week they are being constructed at the rate of from three to four a week, and 200 are now said to be in service.

July 28.—German aircraft raid Paris for the first time in a year and a half. Only two bombs are dropt, which do little damage.

July 29.—Chancellor Michaelis declares that the Allies are seeking conquest and says the French designs involve the left bank of the Rhine, Copenhagen dispatches state, while Count Czernin reiterates that Austria-Hungary is ready to accept an honorable peace as outlined by the German Imperial Chancellor.

London reports that General Pilsudsky, head of the Polish Legion, and other leaders of the movement are arrested following the refusal of the Polish Army to take the oath of allegiance to the Austro-German authorities.

August 1.—Emperor William issues an address to the German people in which he declares that he is animated by no spirit of conquest, but is fighting in defense of a strong, free empire. In another statement to the Army, Navy, and Colonial forces he insists that Germany is invincible and will be victorious.

DOMESTIC

July 26.—Two white men and a negro are killed and about twenty persons are injured in a race-riot at Chester, Pa.

The Rivers and Harbors Bill, carrying an appropriation of $27,954,000 and attacked as "pork-barrel" legislation, is passed by the Senate.

July 28.—A strike on nineteen railroads of switchmen affiliated with the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen holds up freight in Chicago.

Rear-Admiral Stephen Bleecker Luce, father of the present training system in the American Navy, dies at the age of ninety.

July 30.—Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, general manager of the Los Angeles *Times* and a dominant newspaper figure in the West, dies of heart-disease at the age of eighty.

July 31.—All records of the New York City Marriage Bureau are broken by the rush of 527 young men to wed. General Crowder announces that those who seek draft-exemption by marriage will be prosecuted.

The foreign trade of the United States in 1917 reached the unprecedented total of $8,953,000,000, of which $6,294,000,000 were exports and $2,659,000,000 imports, Washington announces.

August 1.—The Senate adopts a resolution for submission to the States of a prohibition amendment to the Federal Constitution.

The Administration Food Bill, stript of the features to which the President objected, is reported out of conference, and enactment next week is expected.

Masked men in Butte, Montana, take Frank Little, an I. W. W. leader, from his boarding-house and hang him to a railroad-trestle. The police have no clue to the lynchers.

How to Repel Tramps.—" Don't you want to hire a feller to keep the tramps away, Mrs. Subbubs? " asked the small boy.

" How can a little fellow like you keep the tramps away? " demanded Mrs. Subbubs.

" Easy enough," replied the boy. " I kin eat up all the pie an' cake an' things wot's left over."—*Judge.*

Adding to War's Horrors.—" George has written a patriotic song to help the war."

" So I hear. Aren't the modern methods of warfare horrible? "—*Yale Record.*

One Sense Left.—SHE—" That poor beggar was deaf, dumb, and blind."

HE—" Yes, but he had a sense of touch."—*Siren.*

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BEWARE OF SUBSCRIPTION SWINDLERS!

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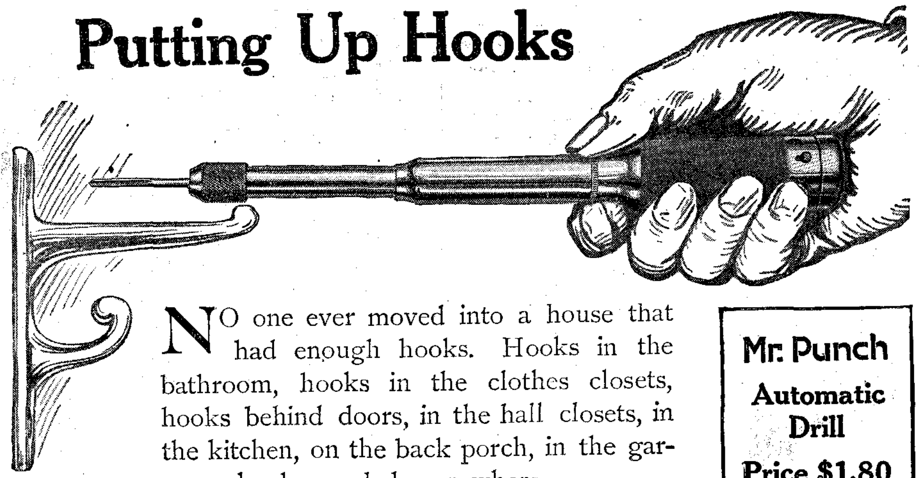

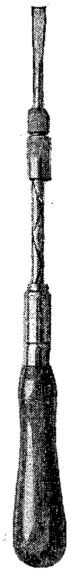

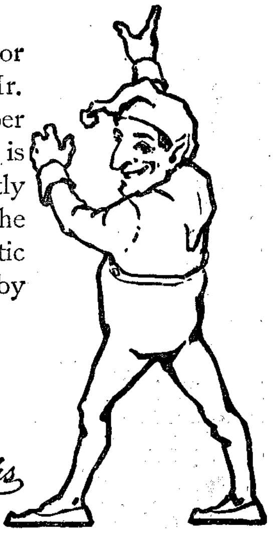

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NO one ever moved into a house that had enough hooks. Hooks in the bathroom, hooks in the clothes closets, hooks behind doors, in the hall closets, in the kitchen, on the back porch, in the garage—hooks needed everywhere.

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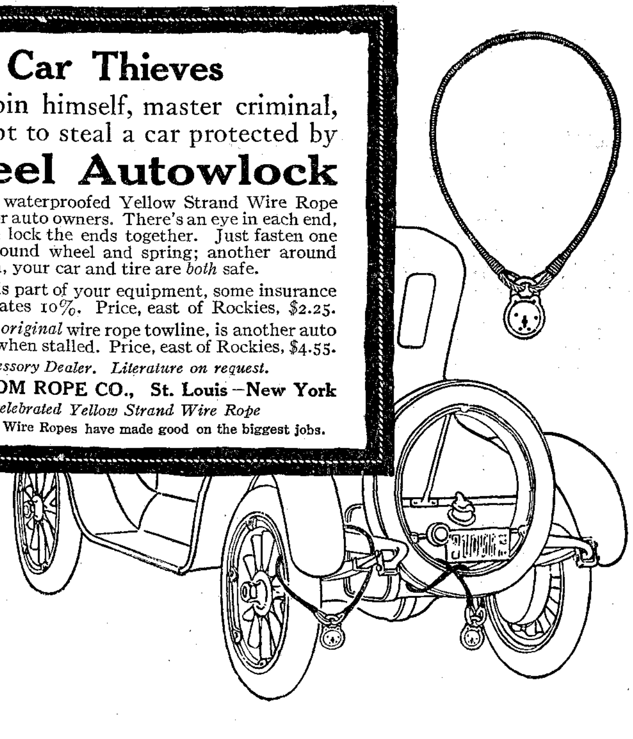

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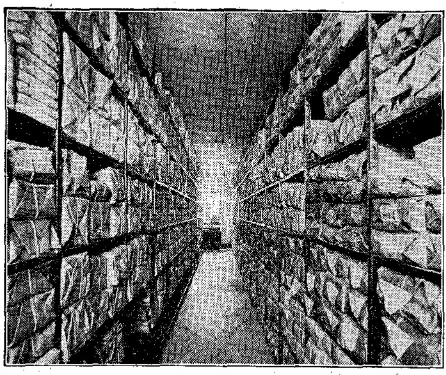

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INVESTMENTS-AND-FINANCE

WHAT NEW YORK'S DAILY FOOD-SUPPLY IS

A WRITER in the New York *Times Annalist*, believing the daily bill of food-consumption in New York City is "worthy of close study in this time of world-rationing," has presented a series of interesting facts on the subject. It appears that in a single day the 5,602,841 residents of the city consume 5,374,478 pounds of meats, vegetables, fish, butter, cheese, coffee, and tea; 3,377,023 quarts of milk, ice cream, tomatoes, peaches, and strawberries; 643,730 dozen of fruits and eggs; nineteen car-loads of other fruits, and 4,111,472 loaves of bread. "What suffices New York for only a day might feed London or Paris for two days," he says. "It probably would serve Berlin for a week." The writer says further:

"The amazing demands of New York's appetite are supplied from all parts of the United States and from many foreign countries as well. Rarely has it on hand a supply to last more than a week, and not infrequently it is forced to make emergency calls for food-supplies on its neighbors, Boston and Philadelphia. Left to its own devices, New York City would begin to starve after a week.

"But, if New York demands only the best and plenty of this, requiring of every section of the country the choicest products of the soil, it is always ready and able to pay for what it gets, and it does not haggle over the price. Its daily food-bill, as calculated in a recent issue of *The Annalist*, is $2,767,079, and this does not include its expenditures for confections, tobacco, and alcoholic drinks.

"The figures quoted in the accompanying table are taken from the current reports of private and Governmental experts on markets and crops, and they represent New York's food-consumption at the present moment, when the cost of living is increasing daily, and is already 100 per cent. or more higher than it was five years ago, and when the city might be expected to hold its appetite in leash if it ever is to do so.

"Daily the city consumes 1,600 head of cattle, 1,688 calves, 2,147 sheep, 1,933 lambs, and 795 swine, a total of 8,163 head. Farmers have found that cattle will graze over three acres each and keep them close-cropped; ultimately they would starve on them if pasturage furnished their only food-supply. So 24,489 of New York's 210,400 acres would have to be devoted exclusively to pasturage, an area equivalent to practically all of Manhattan Island. But still other acres would have to be given over to the growing of hay and grain to augment this fodder, so most of Brooklyn would have to be so utilized, leaving only Queens and the Bronx, with Staten Island, to furnish the other crops which New York consumes in Gargantuan quantities. Somewhere in the city there would have to be planted a crop that would yield 1,888,740 pounds of potatoes a day, 104,350 pounds of onions, 62,250 pounds of beans, 9,950 pounds of peas, and 141,184 quarts of tomatoes.

"But all these supplies would last only for a single day. To provide the quantity which New York consumes throughout the fresh-vegetable season would require many more acres than the entire expanse of all the boroughs; so, were the city to plant all its land, the regular importation of food would still be necessary. Now the average freight-car has a capacity o 60,000 pounds, or a little more, so each da a train of nearly forty cars, each lade to capacity, must enter New York t supply these vegetables alone. Anothe train of more than sixty cars brings in n more than the necessary quantity of dairy products, and still a third of similar capacity handles no more than the supply o fruit which the city has to have on it table each day.

"But, in addition to all these car-loads New York must import its meat-supply, since grazing is poor in city streets. Som arrive "on the hoof," and some as dres beef, mutton, pork, and lamb; and i either form tremendously increases the number of freight-cars, the services o which are required daily. Nearly 2,000,000 pounds of meat alone—1,939,68 pounds, to be exact—is the city's dail ration. And yet the average per capit consumption of foodstuffs in New York i not high. In fact, it appears extraordinarily low when it is discovered that th tremendous bulk of food supplies th average resident with only about a poun of meat and vegetables, a pint of milk less than a whole loaf of bread, and a moderate supply of fruit.

"The average New-Yorker's menu comprises about a third of a pound of mea and a similar quantity of vegetables, a tenth of a pound of butter and cheese, a pint of milk, an egg, and nearly a loaf of bread. He eats about a tenth of a pound of fish also, to vary his diet, but he is sparing in his use of tea and coffee, consuming only about a cup a day. He indulges freely in fruits, using the dried variety as well as the fresh.

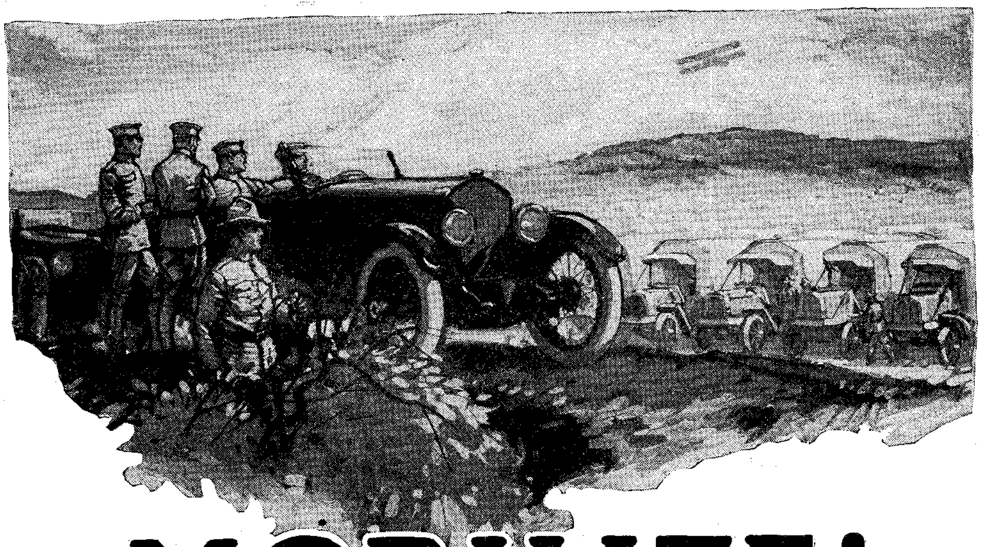
"But the average New-Yorker does not exist in tables of statistics. He is made up of the well-to-do citizen, who consumes, by wastage, more than he can eat, and the laborer, who makes a loaf of bread and slice of cheese do duty as a full meal. It is the well-to-do citizen of whom the 'average' resident of other parts thinks when he refers to the 'average' New-Yorker and it is he who keeps New York's food-consumption high, despite the rising cost of living.

"For very little of New York's food-supply originates within the city, and to the initial cost of imported products is added the cost of cartage. Strangely enough, the city produces a large quantity of a product which few New-Yorkers even realize is manufactured at all in their city. This is flour. Probably every one thinks of his flour, if he thinks of it at all, as coming overland from Minneapolis and, consequently, he blames the transportation rates, together with the rising price of wheat, for its increasing cost.

"But flour is milled in the very heart of down-town New York, and as many as 1,644 barrels are produced each working-day. Large as these figures sound, however, this flour forms only a small part of the quantity consumed daily in the city's baking, and is nowhere near sufficient to affect the price, especially as the wheat from which it is milled carries itself an increased cost for transportation into the city."

The writer appends to his article a tabular statement of "what New York City eats each day," as follows:

Meats		*Bulk*
Beef	1,600 carcasses or, pounds	880,000
Calves	1,688 carcasses or, pounds	168,825
Sheep	2,147 carcasses or, pounds	139,571
Lambs	1,933 carcasses or, pounds	67,672
Swine	795 carcasses or, pounds	119,500
Dressed poultry	pounds	187,700
Live poultry	pounds	178,500
Bacon	pounds	173,242
Ham	pounds	24,678



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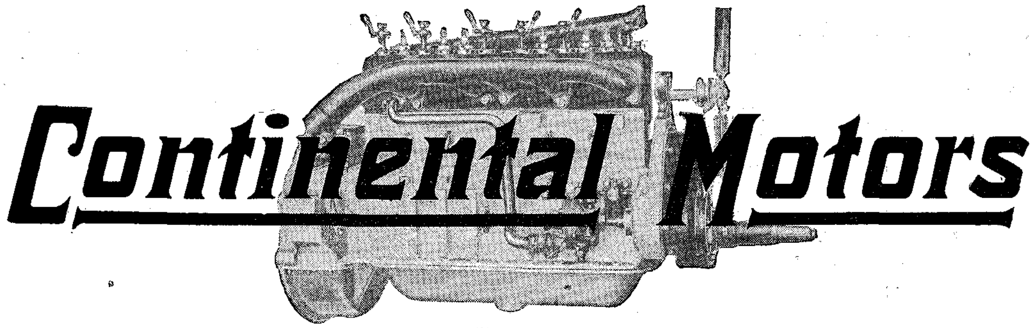

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Dairy-Products		*Bulk*
Butter	pounds	393,000
Cheese	pounds	151,890
Eggs	dozen	495,850
Milk	quarts	2,500,000
Ice cream	quarts	241,092
Vegetables		
Potatoes	pounds	1,888,740
Onions	pounds	104,350
Beans	pounds	62,250
Peas	pounds	79,950
Tomatoes	quarts	141,184
Fruits		
Cantaloups		156,486
Watermelons		23,200
Grapefruit		61,360
Pineapples		11,890
Peaches	quarts	340,251
Strawberries	quarts	154,496
Apples	pounds	65,240
Evap. apples and other dried fruits	pounds	28,000
Oranges	dozen	129,690
Lemons	dozen	18,190
Deciduous fruits	car-loads	19
Other Products		
Coffee	pounds	142,465
Tea	pounds	15,350
Fish	pounds	450,000
Lard	pounds	43,465
Bread	loaves	4,111,472

"Flour to the amount of 1,644 barrels per day is produced in this city and mostly consumed here. It is a small part, however, of the total flour used."

OUR ENORMOUS FOREIGN TRADE IN SPITE OF SUBMARINES

On the face of the May returns of exports and imports, submarine warfare, said a writer in *Bradstreet's*, "has still a long way to go to stop or even to check our trade with the rest of the world, or even with Europe, our largest customer." May exports, he found, had only twice been exceeded, and then in months of large movements, January and March, while imports reached a new high level in May. If an opinion were hazarded, indeed, it would be that "the vastly higher level of all prices here and abroad had had more of a repressing effect on foreign trade, as it unquestionably had had on this country's domestic business, than had the submarine." The writer added:

"It may be noted that the general level of all commodity prices was 29 per cent. higher than a year ago on May 1. The eleven months' returns of exports show a gain of 47 per cent. over the like period a year ago, while imports show a gain of 20 per cent.; but here the gain in the price-levels is found to be 23 per cent. The fact remains, therefore, that with all the drawbacks, whether high prices, submarines, scarce vessel-tonnage, or any other reasons current export trade is close to the peak-point, imports are at their maximum, and the fiscal year's trade dwarfs all previous records. Following are the detailed returns by months since January, 1916, of merchandise and gold-exports and -imports:

	Merchandise		*Excess*
1916	*Exports*	*Imports*	*of Exports*
January	$330,036,410	$184,350,942	$145,685,468
February	401,783,974	193,935,117	207,848,857
March	410,742,034	213,589,785	197,152,249
April	398,568,532	218,236,397	180,332,135
May	$474,803 637	$229,188,957	$245,614,6
June	464,685,956	245,795,438	218,890,5
July	444,713,964	182,722,938	261,991,02
August	510,167,438	199,316,480	310,850,95
September	514,924,134	164,038,614	350,885,5
October	492,813,918	178,658,730	314,155,1
November	516,167,324	176,967,749	339,199,57
December	523,233,780	204,834,188	318,399,5
Tot., 12 mos.	$5,481,423,589	$2,391,654,335	$3,089,769,2
1917			
January	$613,324,582	$241,816,282	$371,508,3
February	467,648,406	199,479,996	268,168,41
March	553,988,239	270,418,139	283,570,
April	530,416,891	253,916,366	276,499,
May	551,000,000	281,000,000	270,000,

	Gold		*Excess*
1916	*Exports*	*Imports*	*of Imp*
January	$10,313,517	$15,008,232	$4,794,
February	13,684,667	6,016,006	*7,668,
March	10,774,354	9,776,439	*997
April	11,502,999	6,121,788	*5,381
May	11,918,597	27,321,943	15,403,
June	8,312,023	122,734,739	114,422,71
July	9,395,035	62,107,665	52,712,63
August	11,780,129	41,238,716	29,458,5
September	6,849,141	92,562,247	85,713,10
October	7,053,684	97,508,875	90,455,1
November	26,335,062	46,972,903	20,637,84
December	27,973,719	158.620,681	130,646,9
Tot., 12 mos.	$155,792,927	$685,990,234	$530,197,30
1917			
January	$20,719,898	$58,926,258	$38,206,36
February	22,068,059	103,766,495	81,698,43
March	17,919,601	139,498,590	121,578,98
April	16,965,210	32,372,455	15,407,24
May	58,000,000	52,000,000	*6,000,00

*Excess of exports.

"Merchandise trade for the eleven completed months of the fiscal year compare as follows:

	1917	*1916*	*1915*
Exports	$5,718,000,000	$3,867,115,373	$2,500,041,92
Imports	2,342,000,000	1,952,033,212	1,516,474,60
Ex. exp.	$3,376,000,000	$1,915,082,161	$983,567,3

"The summary of our trade from August 1914, to May, 1917, inclusive—the period of the European war—follows:

Thirty-four Months	*Exports*	*Imports*	*Excess of Exports*
Mdse	$12,665,114,442	$6,065,404,041	$6,599,710,401
Gold	407,178,702	1,488,462,521	†1,081,283,81
‡Silver	165,592,326	84,108,163	81,484,16
Total	$13,237,885,470	$7,637,974,725	$5,599,910,74

†Excess of imports. ‡Thirty-three months.

When the figure for the whole fiscal year ending on June 30 came to hand it appeared that more than $10,000,000,000 worth of merchandise and precious metals had passed through the custom-houses of the United States in that year. The National City Bank of New York, using these figures, made a compilation to show how this return compared with those for 1916, 1915, and 1914. It appeared that the grand total for 1917 was, in round terms, twice as great as that for 1914, the year which immediately preceded the war. The total of imports and exports [illegible] chandise in 1917 was $8,90[illegible] against $6,531,000,000 in 1916, [illegible],443,000,000 in 1915, and $4,259,000,000 i

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14. The gold- and silver-imports and ports of the fiscal year 1917 aggregated ,382,381,000.

Further points in the bank's compilation ere these:

“The fact that the export trade of the untry has only increased 165 per cent. the three years of the war will doubtless a surprize to many who based their imate of growth in exports upon the equently published figures showing enormous increases in certain articles, especially se required for war-purposes. Explo- es, for example, show total exports in 17 more than 100 times as great as in 4; horses and mules, 20 times as great; ar, 35 times as much in value; firearms, times as great; zinc and brass, 60 times nuch in value; commercial automobiles, times, and condensed milk, 20 times as uch in value as in 1914. On the other nd, however, cotton—always an im- ortant factor in our export trade—shows actual decline, having been in 1915 t $550,000,000 against $610,000,000 in '14. Naval stores, an important item in r export trade, in 1917 are much below e figures of 1914. Agricultural imple- ents exported in 1917 are about two-thirds much in value as in 1914; hides and ins show a falling off of more than one-half quantity exported in 1917 when com- ared with 1914; sewing-machines in 1917 ittle over that of 1914, despite the fact values of all machinery made of iron teel have necessarily greatly advanced time; illuminating oil in 1917 ma- lly less than in 1914 in both quantity value; cottonseed-oil in 1917 less in uantity than in 1914; tobacco a slight duction in 1917 compared with 1914, d of lumber in 1917 a reduction of over e-half in both quantity and value when mpared with 1914.

“The great increases occur in food and ar-material. Wheat and flour exported 1917 amount to $388,000,000 against 142,000,000 in 1914; corn in 1917 to $75,000,000, against $7,000,000 in 1914; eat- and dairy-products in 1917 approxi- ately $400,000,000 against $146,000,000 1914; condensed milk in 1917 to 3,000,000 against but a little over $,000,- 0 in 1914; sugar in 1917, $71, 0,000 inst less than $2,000,000 in 1914; ather and manufactures thereof in 1917, 150,000,000 against $57,000,000; brass nd manufactures thereof in 1917, $389,- 00,000 against $7,500,000; zinc and anufactures, $69,000,000 against less han $1,000,000; copper, approximately 00,000,000 against $145,000,000; gun- der, $350,000,000 against less than 000,000; commercial automobiles, $43,- 0,000 against $1,000,000; tin plat $28,000,000 against $3,650,000, and ir nd steel and manufactures thereof, 117,000,000 against $251,000,000 in 19

lysis of imports showed that the ccurred chiefly in materials for ring. The total importations raw material in 1917 were $1,100,000,- 0 compared with $633,000,000 in 1914; manufactures for further use in manu- acturing $465,000,000 compared with $319,000,000, while manufactures ready or use showed a fall amounting to only 370,000,000 1917 against $449,000,000 n 1914.

The raw cotton imported in 1917 had a value of $37,000,000 against $19,457,000 in 1914; raw silk imported in 1917, $166,000,000 against $97,828,000 in 1914; india-rubber, $133,000,000 against $71,220,000; hides and skins, $216,000,000 against $120,290,000, and copper, $[illegible]00,000 against $54,292,000. Sugar in 1917 was valued at $237,000,000 against $ 01,649,000 in 1914, and cacao, $40,000,000 against $20,798,000 in 1914.

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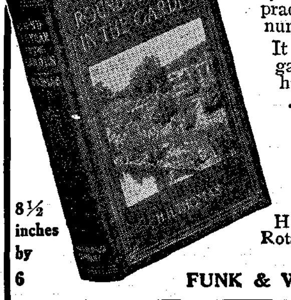

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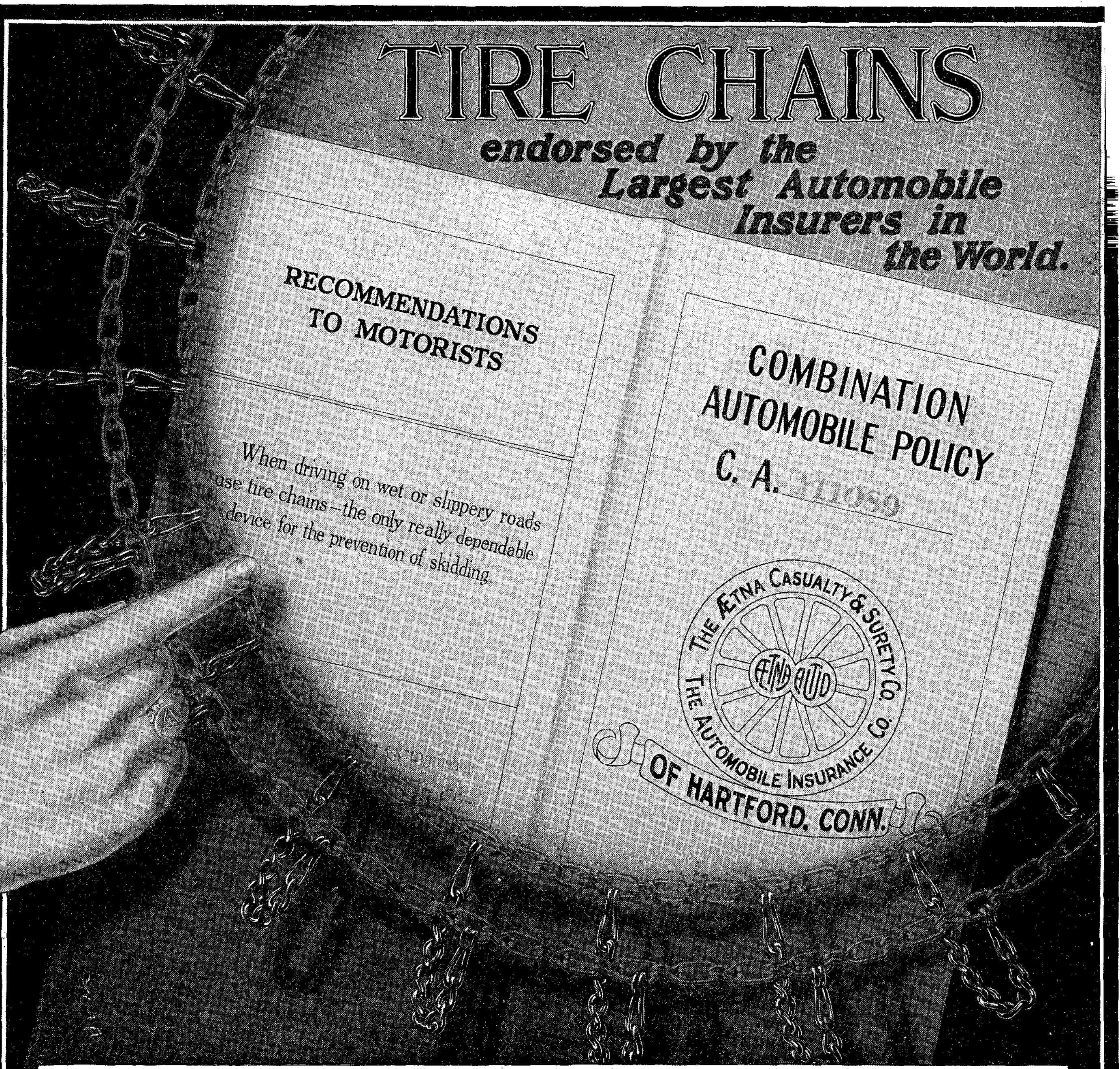
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